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Cosmopolitan

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HARRY S. TRUMAN

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A Complete Mystery Novel

The Incredible
JOAN CRAWFORD



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teeth and gums,
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Picture of the Month

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CLARK GABLE in "ACROSS THE WIDE MISSOURI"

co-starring Ricardo MONTALBAN
John HODIAK • James WHITMORE

with ADOLPHE MENJOU

J. CARROL NAISH • JACK HOLT
and
introducing María Elena MARQUÉS

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by TALBOT JENNINGS

Story by TALBOT JENNINGS and FRANK CAVETT

Directed by.....WILLIAM A. WELLMAN

Produced by.....ROBERT SISK



When we first read Bernard De Voto's "Across The Wide Missouri" we said, "What a movie this would make!" Next thing you know, we heard M-G-M had made it. And certainly they couldn't have made it closer to heart's desire.

"Across The Wide Missouri" has just the kind of dynamism and surge you'd expect from the studio that made "King Solomon's Mines" and "Kim." As with those two, M-G-M trekked right out to the actual locale and brought it all back in spectrum-bursting Technicolor.

Have you ever been to the Rockies—felt their shouldering grandeur, sensed the strength that is theirs—the same character that seems to belong to leaders of men. Such were the Mountain Men who opened up the West. Inevitably they took the impress of the very mountains they forced to their way. Rugged, crude and often cruel, they nevertheless performed an inestimable service for America and this is their story!

For the role of the towering Flint Mitchell, we had in mind somebody like Clark Gable. And since there is nobody else like him, M-G-M simply had to cast him in the part to do a Herculean job of moving mountains, men and one very beautiful girl. Newcomer Maria Elena Marques is a breath-taking spitfire who is just what this romance calls for.

It's a big picture, with thousands of Indians adding their harassing raids to the raw conflict of Mountain Men against nature. With the strongest cast of the year, every part is played for color and character in the immense tapestry of one of the most stirring periods of our history.

After seeing "Across The Wide Missouri", we feel certain its fame will travel far and wide across the nation. Once again M-G-M has given us something that only the motion picture screen can offer. And that includes Gable!

P.S. This is the year of "Quo Vadis"!

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APRIL, 1951

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THE COSMOPOLITAN COVER GIRL PHOTO BY STUDIO ASSOCIATES

Gloves by Kay Fuchs

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Why Sweet Sixteen's first party was so wonderful



THINK OF IT: Dancing every dance at the school party . . . twice with the nicest boy there. Meanwhile a schoolmate, far prettier and more expensively dressed, sat neglected most of the evening.

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It was as simple as this:

Betty Lou was *extra-careful* of her charm. The other girl wasn't.

Betty Lou took no chances with halitosis (unpleasant breath). The other girl did.

Betty Lou used Listerine Antiseptic before leaving home. The other girl didn't.

That little *extra-careful* precaution spelled the difference in their popularity.

How Is Your Breath Today?

Never take it for granted. Never risk offending. Remember, halitosis (unpleasant breath) can affect you any time, without your realizing when.

So, always, before any date where you want to be at your best, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. Instantly your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend . . . stays that way not for seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.

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It's Time to Give Up!



EVEN THAT SILLY CUCKOO KNOWS YOU'RE GIVING ME A BAD TIME, SALLY! WHAT'S HAPPENED?

NOTHING AN EXPERT ON...ON BAD BREATH CAN'T FIX, TOM! SO ASK YOUR DENTIST, WON'T YOU, PLEASE?



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY, BEST!



READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

Reader's Digest recently reported the same research which proves the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed the Colgate way stopped *more* decay for *more* people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other dentifrice, ammoniated or not, offers such conclusive proof!

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COLGATE CARE CAN TAKE A BOW FOR THINGS RUN SMOOTH AS CLOCKWORK NOW!



Use Colgate Dental Cream
✓ To Clean Your Breath
✓ While You Clean Your Teeth—
And Help Stop Tooth Decay!



***YOU SHOULD KNOW!** While not mentioned by name, Colgate's was the *only* toothpaste used in the research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.

What goes on at

ABOUT A YOUNG LADY WITH ALL THE ADVANTAGES, OUR

Caroline Bird's article on the first jobs of important people, page 48, sent us on a tour of the editorial staff to find out how each exalted editor first earned his daily bread.

The editors' first jobs ranged all the way from one apprentice accountant at seventeen dollars a week (he lasted two months), to one of our ladies who mailed circulars at ten dollars a week (she lasted one month).

However, the first-job Oscar must go to our managing editor who launched his career writing the little cards that tell your fortune and give your weight, all on the same penny. The trick of success in this art form, he explains, is to say the most obvious things in a fashion that makes them seem original and wise.

Sample: "Leo, the Lion—July to August—You are by nature impetuous and hot-tempered. Avoid conflict with those bigger and stronger than you are. Be careful of lifting things heavier than you are, and take drugs and strong liquor in moderation. Avoid cliffs, hazardous trips, and tension if you want to live long."

Like most very young and very pretty models, Patricia Donovan, the girl on our cover, has simple ambitions. All she wants is to become a famous actress and/or musician, travel all over the world and, in her spare time, acquire a wonderful husband. We have no way of telling whether Patricia will accomplish all her dreams, but she is already an accomplished musician (piano and accordion) and she's an odds-on favorite to snare a wonderful husband. Besides being almost excessively beautiful, Patricia has a highly uncommon edge over other young huntresses. Her mother, Dr. Patricia Collins Donovan, Sr., is a practicing psychiatrist and psychoanalyst.

This, we believe, affords an excellent talking point for Patricia, Jr. There are many young husbands who are continually being analyzed



The darling Patricia

by their mothers-in-law, but usually these unprofessional critics proceed on the simple theory of "once a bum, always a bum."

In her search to catch a man for \$1.50, page 64, Jean Block naturally had some weird experiences. In one club, for instance, as her Cesar Romero-type partner whirled her about the floor, he asked, "Where's your husband?"

Jean wanted to know what made him think she was married.

"You can't kid me," he said ominously. "You're not like the other women here. You're too sure of yourself. You've parked your husband somewhere while you went out slumming."

Jean left hurriedly at the end of the number.

For the record, Mr. Block, a district attorney, was nervously awaiting a jury's decision on that particular evening. However, he did make the rounds with Jean on another night, disguising himself as a lone man in search of companionship.

"It was awful," he says. "Every time someone held Jean too close,

Cosmopolitan

EDITORS' FIRST JOBS, AND A LADY-WRITER'S HUSBAND

I was torn between her career and punching the guy in the nose."

Pierce G. Fredericks, no relation to the Mr. John (previously John Fredericks, born John Harburger) he profiles on page 38, graduated from Williams College in 1941, with a degree in economics. During World War II, as a gunnery officer on a destroyer, he spent four long years brooding over his own definition of an economist—a scholarly type who starves while teaching other people to make money. After his discharge, a short term on the *Wall Street Journal* convinced him he was right.

Incidentally, in his article Pierce makes passing reference to the other half of the original John-Fredericks team, Mr. Fred. Mr. Fred's first job in this country was as a floorwalker in Russes department store, where he finally failed because "my manner was so debonair, it threw the customers into a panic."

Despite their long partnership, Mr. John and Mr. Fred, according



John Pico John

to our author, when speaking of each other, now refer to "that other shop."

William Bradford Huie, author of "The Terrible-Tempered Mr. Truman," page 32, is a specialist in

articles and books that manage to arouse wrath. He upset the Navy, for example, with which he served as an officer during World War II, with his highly controversial *The Case Against the Admirals*. His recent COSMOPOLITAN articles, "The Government's Plan for Drafting Women" and "The Misfit Who Became a Hero," raised both tempers and temperatures.

At thirty-nine, white-haired, good-looking Mr. Huie is the new editor of the *American Mercury* and, continuing his career in controversy, has dedicated the magazine to "telling censors to go censor themselves."



Marjorie Hillis Roulston, whose article, "How to Choose a Second Husband," appears on page 36, is the lady who wrote the charming best seller, *Live Alone and Like It*, which attacked the problem of the loneliness faced by many career girls. At that time, Mrs. Roulston had been on the editorial staff of a fashion magazine for sixteen years and her book, written with humor and wisdom, became a handbook for the working girl.

Four years after the publication of *Live Alone and Like It*, Marjorie Hillis, startled herself and her readers by marrying Thomas H. Roulston and becoming the complete housewife. After ten wonderful years of marriage, Mr. Roulston died, and our author is once again faced with loneliness.

In her article attacking the problem so many women face, Mrs. Roulston has again written with the common sense and good taste that made her earlier work so helpful.

J. O'C.

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there goes
perspiration

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You can be sure of Stopette. Each mist-fine spray envelops the entire underarm... destroys odor-producing bacteria, checks excess perspiration instantly. Does both with the lightness of a fine, fine cosmetic. And Stopette is easier than ever to use. You never touch Stopette, hardly know it touches you. Harmless to clothes. And the squeezable Stopette bottle is unbreakable... can't leak or spill. It's time you joined the millions of Stopette users! Buy it for the whole family—your man wants it, too! At all drug and cosmetic counters.



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Her genius

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Permanent
Wave*

Since nothing less than the best ever satisfies this greatest of beauty authorities, there is a distinction to this wonderful home permanent which is recognized, and prized, by beauty-seeking, quality-conscious women everywhere. It is the one permanent wave for home use with oil actually spun into the magic curling lotion.



PIN CURL PERMANENT, fast and easy as setting your hair. Spun-Cream Lotion, special alloy Bob-pins, Curlstick, Curleap, Neutralizer. \$2.

ROD CURL PERMANENT perfect for all types and lengths of hair. Spun-Cream Lotion, Rod Curlers, Blue Grass shampoo, hair pomade, neutralizer, cotton pads, curleap. \$3.50. Refills, \$1.65.

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What's New in Medicine

GASTRIC ULCERS in women, as in men, result when the victim reacts to a conflict in her environment—a conflict that frequently stems from unfulfilled love and sex desire. Women seldom suffer ulcers during pregnancy, because for them this is the period of fulfillment. However, ulcers are frequently observed during the menopause.

ACUTE RHEUMATIC FEVER has been treated very effectively with ACTH at New York Hospital. In each of eleven children thus treated, the symptoms of progressive damage to the heart halted. From four to twelve months after treatment, four patients showed no signs of damage to the heart from rheumatic fever, and in three the evidence was doubtful. Drs. May G. Wilson and Helen N. Helper say that early treatment with ACTH should shorten the course of acute rheumatic fever, minimize the damage to the heart, and prevent death due to damage of the heart. These appear to be the best results ever achieved in acute rheumatic fever, which for years has been the leading cause of death in children from five to fifteen years old.

MIDDLE-EAR INFECTION—otitis media—usually yields more readily to streptomycin than to penicillin. In a British survey, the patients were usually injected with streptomycin every eight hours for ten days. Antibiotics are so efficient in controlling middle-ear infections, that one hospital in the Middle West, which used to have twenty-five beds occupied continuously with patients recovering from mastoid operations, now has only five cases a year.

MOST OVERWEIGHT PEOPLE say they eat because of an empty feeling in their stomachs. Psychosomatic specialists say these people are starved for affection. They are bored and try to fill their empty lives with food. One specialist says the overweight are compulsive eaters, and, like compulsive drinkers, they lack the ability to control their appetites. "Unfortunately," he says, "we have no will-power pills. If a patient does not want to lose weight more than anything else in the world and is unable to follow a low-calorie diet without supervision, there is no chance of his losing weight."

TRANSPLANTING OF SKIN from one person to another is called homografting. Research shows that after transplanted skin "takes," it not only survives for three to ten weeks, but also grows briefly. Skin for homografts may be stored in a refrigerated skin bank for several weeks without losing its ability to take. After being transplanted, the skin eventually disappears completely, except in identical twins, in whom the grafts may persist indefinitely.

FIFTEEN HUNDRED TONS OF OPIUM are produced in the world each year, but only one hundred tons are needed to supply all the world's scientific and medical needs.

TUBERCULOSIS is increasingly often diagnosed among people of advanced years. At a Canadian tuberculosis sanatorium having over two hundred patients, thirty-one active cases had first been diagnosed after the patients were more than fifty years old.

Compiled for Cosmopolitan by Dr. Morris Fishbein

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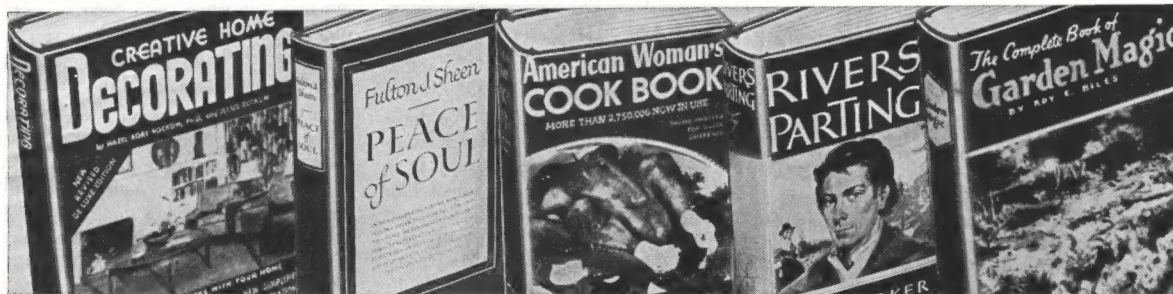
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Thrifter new Mum gives you more applications, ounce for ounce, than other leading deodorants. Contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No shrinkage, no waste. Exclusive new fragrance. Get a jar of new Mum today!



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Readers Write

Who's Crazy?

DENVER, COLORADO: Bouquets to Cosmopolitan and George Frazier for the January article, "Are Psychoanalysts Crazy?" Having formerly been employed by two psychologists (who were supposed to untangle the problems of company employees), I have long since been convinced that an unshakable belief in God, and an effort to live by the Golden Rule, will do far more to keep a person "normal" and mentally at peace than any psychologist or psychoanalyst ever could! —T. L. H.



FOREST HILLS, NEW YORK: We have just read the article, "Are Psychoanalysts Crazy?" by George Frazier. It is most regrettable that a periodical like yours could fall so badly for the manipulations of dangerous irrationalism: Mr. Frazier's remarks on Wilhelm Reich are perfectly nonsensical, without basis in fact or truth, and bear witness to an irresponsible neglect of most primitive rules of public conduct on the part of journalists. The writer has obviously never seen an orgone energy accumulator, never used one, and probably never read a line of the literature describing the discovery of the cosmic orgone energy. Reich has not been a "psychoanalyst" for twenty years, he has nothing to do with "bebop," he has never proclaimed "a cure for cancer," the patients don't "climb in" and "stretch out" in the orgone energy accumulator, the accumulator does not solve any "personality problems," Reich does not "rent accumulators to patients"—we could continue endlessly.

—MYRON R. SHARAF, ASSISTANT
IN PUBLIC RELATIONS, ORGONE
INSTITUTE RESEARCH LABS, INC.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: May I suggest a sequel to your current story on psychoanalysts? Why not a feature written by a psychoanalyst called "Is George Frazier Crazy?"—or substitute the name of an appropriate editor.

—ROBERT M. WENDLINGER

Disaff Advice Requested

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: I have just finished reading your very interesting article, "Young Man Versus New York," in the January COSMOPOLITAN. George Devlin certainly appears to have conquered this city and I admire him for it. But how does a girl go about it?

I am twenty, come from a good family, and left college nine months ago to work in an art studio in New York. My parents have taken an apartment here and I now live with them, but I have no friends. I sometimes have an insane desire to return home. I was popular there and was never without a date. But I will stick it out here, with hopes that my social life will improve. How does a girl go about meeting people her own age when she is surrounded by older or married people? Will you ever write an article on "Young Woman Versus New York"? —MARA MULLER

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA: I enjoyed "Young Man Versus New York," very much. But please don't stop there. How about a sequel, "Young Lady Versus New York," giving some of your excellent inside information to the female of the species? —MARY JANE ROHR
"Young Woman Versus New York" will appear soon. —THE EDITORS

Black Star



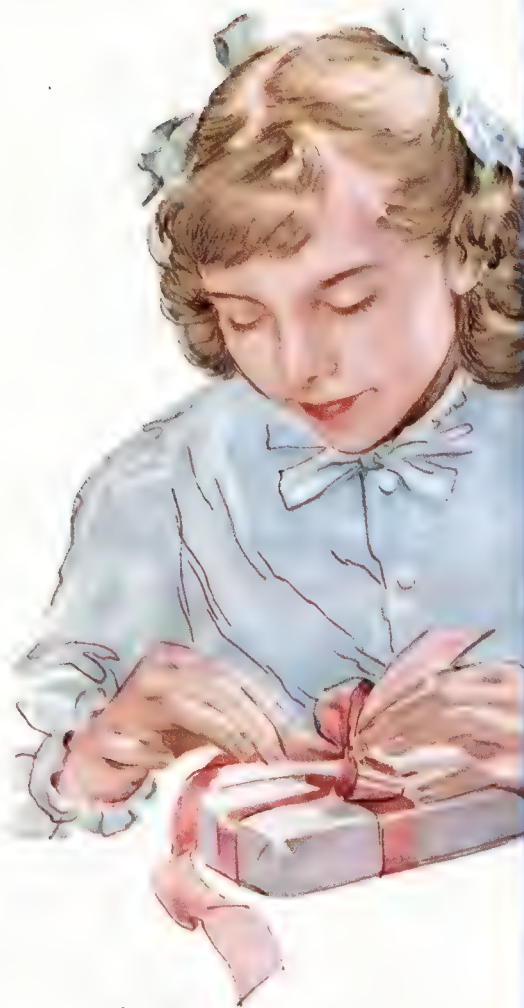
A peek at the Golden Gate

Long View

ANKARA, TURKEY: Herb Caen's article, "San Francisco's Cable Car," in your December issue, was good; however, he failed to mention one breath-taking view—the Golden Gate Bridge from the Hyde Street Cable as you go down the hill to the old Sausalito Ferry. Although I'm presently stationed in Turkey, I can't forget my home—Baghdad-by-the-Bay.

—E. GREEN

(Continued on page 10)



...her first
Grown-up
Treasure

... that shining gift of Wallace Sterling.

Precious, for it's a Wallace gift, the finest silver she could own. Memory-making, because it's a gift for a new young lady, the first step towards her wonderful future, her very own home.

GRANDE BAROQUE

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ROMANCE OF THE SEA

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ROSE POINT

WALLACE STERLING
The only silver with "Third Dimension Beauty"

Beauty in Front
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Beauty in Profile

Famed designer, William S. Warren, created these exquisite patterns in full-formed sculpture. Each design is lovely from every view—not only in front, but in profile and back as well. Only Wallace Sterling Silver has "Third Dimension Beauty." Six piece place settings from \$32.50 to \$43.50 including tax.

Readers Write

(Continued from page 8)

Best-Liked Story

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA: I would like Margaret Cousins to know that my friends and I think her latest story, "Ring in the New Love," in the December issue, is the best we have ever read. It not only has a new plot but is also extremely well written.

—JEANNE H. MCGREGOR



"Ring in the New Love"

Over Forty and Lonely

SHERMAN, TEXAS: Goody Goody Gumdrops! At last we are getting some information on what to do about the wily male who ignores the mating call and refuses to succumb to matrimony. We know "How to Meet That Man" [November issue], and we have had our course charted for us in "The Two-Week Plan for Winning a Man" [August issue], but what if there aren't any eligible men—men who do not have green-eyed wives riding herd on them, censoring their jokes, their drinks, and their ties? That is the problem that faces the woman past forty who lives alone but passionately does not like it. Won't some enterprising writer do some research on "The Habitat of the Middle-Aged Eligible," or "What About Loving and Longing Ladies Who Wish Life Would Begin at Forty?" Not all of us old hags are willing to be chloroformed.

—MRS. MARY FLOY EAGER
(*Widder and Schoolteacher*)

True or False?

NEW YORK, NEW YORK: Since *True Magazine* published the first authoritative story on the phenomenon of the flying saucers (January, 1950), I read with much interest Bob Considine's treatise on the same subject ["The Disgraceful Flying Saucer Hoax!"] in *Cosmopolitan* for January of this year.

In my view, the learned gentleman is as wrong as a nine-dollar bill in many respects. Nonetheless I was happy to see the piece, as it marks the twelfth consecutive month of continuous controversy and hubbub stirred up by the

Walk
in beauty...
Revel
in comfort

with

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Truly Vitality's tantalizing new collection satisfies every shoe need for Milady's busy Spring season... tailored classics, dressy straps and ties, smart walking shoes...

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Lancier
Delightful to look at, delightful to wear with suits, prints, tweeds.

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Softly draped sandal for afternoon and evening wear all spring and summer.

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Gleam
Your favorite opera pump!... to wear any time, anywhere!

Vitality Shoe Company,
Division of International Shoe Co.,
St. Louis 3, Missouri

original *True* article. This is indisputably a record that will stand for some time to come.

I am not irked at Mr. Considine, as I note that wherever in his article he mentions *True*, he spells it correctly, that is to say, T-R-U-E. To expect more would be greedy.

—KEN W. PURDY, EDITOR
TRUE

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY: COSMOPOLITAN and Bob Considine are to be congratulated for the article about the flying saucer hoax. It is about time this foolishness received a knockout blow once and for all. I trust your article will have the desired effect of restraining further will-o'-the-wisp flying-crockery jitters from plaguing our Government services, when all our and their resources should be turned to really serious duties.—MRS. I. SCHOENBART

NO ADDRESS: Considine's article is the biggest hoax of all. It appears obvious that he is playing straight man for the Air Force. There is considerable suspicion that the little-men stories, if not true, were originated by the Government. A photo taken in Mexico City shows a twenty-seven-inch man tied to two detectives. Two women in the background are obviously shocked. The little man has what appear to be wings or, more likely, a web of skin attached to each shoulder—certainly for gliding or flying. Another photo, taken by a geologist who saw a saucer land, shows ten tiny figures in Death Valley.

—UNSIGNED

Missing from this letter are both the signature of the writer and the photos of the "little men." —THE EDITORS



Vicki LaMotta

Not-So-Dumb Blonde

AURORA, ILLINOIS: Have just finished re-reading the item about Vicki LaMotta ["What Goes on at Cosmopolitan," November issue] and her inability ever to be on "Information Please," and again, for the umpteenth time, I am upset to the very roots of my blonde-by-nature hair. I remember reading some time ago that "There is no such thing as a dumb blonde. They act dumb, but only to make a man feel clever by comparison." —A DUMB BLONDE



Looking across Bear Lake toward Longs Peak

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"CITY OF DENVER" *Between Chicago-Denver*

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Start your Colorado vacation relaxed and refreshed . . . free from driving fatigue. Rest as you ride.

It's just overnight to Denver from Chicago—or St. Louis—on the Streamliners; also fine service from Pacific Coast. Spacious Pullmans offer complete comfort. For travel economy . . . restful, reclining Coach seats. And, as always, Union Pacific's "meals that appeal" are courteously, deftly served in attractive dining cars.

Ask your ticket or travel agent to route you "by Union Pacific"—west or east, to Colorado.



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booklet. Beautifully
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I am interested in a train trip to Colorado.
Please send free booklet.

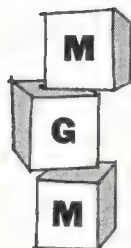
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THIS IS



BEST STARRING PERFORMANCE—Loretta Young is magnificent in the suspense-thriller, "Cause for Alarm," which takes her out of her usual sophisticated roles. She plays the part of a drab, suburban housewife.

Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

A wondrous sight is being presented on the screen this month. I've seen romance and beauty—the unbelievable beauty of the Hawaiian Islands in their ravishingly lovely color. I've heard the haunting, exquisite native music of the Polynesians. And I've seen achieved what I thought was virtually impossible: goodness portrayed and projected in a manner that makes it exciting and profound. Does this sound like a rave? That's the way I want it to sound.

I'm speaking of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Bird of Paradise."

For years, I've been pleading with my friends among the producers for more love stories. I've often admitted in these pages how much I enjoy melodramas. I confess that, for a little while, I was equally held by psychological dramas. But I've always missed the romances of the lyric type we so often had in the silent days of Gaynor and Farrell, Gilbert and Garbo, and in the first operetta days of MacDonald and Eddy.

Now romance is back again—and it won't (Continued on page 138)

BEST SUPPORTING PERFORMANCE—Mercedes McCambridge holds audiences spellbound in "Lightning Strikes Twice," an unusually interesting murder mystery starring Richard Todd, Zachary Scott, and Ruth Roman. →



BEST PRODUCTION—Darryl F. Zanuck's "Bird of Paradise" is reminiscent of the big, romantic films that featured John Gilbert and Carbo. Louis Jourdan and Debra Paget star in this South Sea Island love story.



BEST NEWCOMER—Jack Elam, cast as a second-string villain in "Rawhide," is terrifying in a role for which he will long be remembered. This Western stars Tyrone Power, Hugh Marlowe, and Susan Hayward.



THIS IS
**SPENCER
TRACY**



THIS IS
**JOAN
BENNETT**



THIS IS
**ELIZABETH
TAYLOR**



IN *M-G-M's* NEW HIT **THAT'S FUNNIER**
THAN "FATHER OF THE BRIDE"



DON TAYLOR • BILLIE BURKE
Screen Play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich
Based on characters created by Edward Streeter • Directed by
VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by **PANDRO S. BERMAN**
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Broadway

Main Street

COMPILED BY C. K. EGAN

- Nine times out of ten, the reason man can't find a way out of a difficulty is that he's looking for an easy way out.
Tribune
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

- It's strange—every mother can cook but no mother-in-law can.
Earl Wilson, Sentinel
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

- A one-tenth-of-one-per-cent rise in the cost of living passed unnoticed. . . . A man who has been hit by a freight train doesn't notice the bite of a gnat.
Walter Kiernan, "One Man's Opinion"
Bulletin, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

- The difference between you and your neighbor is that you don't tell half of what you know, while he doesn't know half of what he tells you.
Joe Harrington, Post
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

- It's a great life if your don'ts weaken.
Walter Winchell, Post
WASHINGTON, D. C.

- Statistical tables show July to be the most dangerous month. By then the June bride has progressed to the new cookbook's pie section.
H. V. Wade, "Senator Soaper Says"
Times, CINCINNATI, OHIO

- Life sometimes seems to be composed of little but slow periods of five minutes each, quite often following one another almost indefinitely, like a string of elephants.
"Topics of the Times," The Times
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

- In a praiseworthy attempt to keep the conversation clean, an anthropologist describes the marriage habit of Hollywoodians as "serial monogamy."
Evening News
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

- I wouldn't mind a woman having the last word if she didn't have so many before she gets to it.
Olin Miller, Journal
JERSEY CITY, NEW JERSEY

- If you think that you are a big shot, always remember that you can be fired.
Times-Union
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

- What is so rare as a day in June or the beef that you ordered well done?
Morning News
DALLAS, TEXAS

COMPILED BY JOHN M. HENRY

- One doesn't lead a double life; he is shoved around by it.
R. B. Lockhart, "Once Over"
Gazette, PITTSBURG, TEXAS

- Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of both parties.
A. B. Jordan, Herald
DILLON, SOUTH CAROLINA

- No one should come to a small town unless he wants the smallest details of his life inspected, appraised, and discussed. Of course, a man can keep himself apart and away from the neighborliness of the small community. But he has to work at it, and it doesn't come easily. We try to make him feel at home by being interested in him. If he rebuffs us, eventually we'll leave him alone, but he'll regret it. The only thing lonelier than being a stranger in a big city is being a self-determined stranger in a small town.
Paul F. Watkins, "In My Opinion"
Herald-Progress, ASHLAND, VIRGINIA

- Nothing prompts the payment of an old dentist bill like a new toothache.
Vivian Shankland, Blade
EUREKA, SOUTH DAKOTA

- No man feels he's really in middle age as long as he knows his teacher in the first grade of school is still living, even though she's ninety-five years old.
Merrill Chilcote, "It Seems to Me"
Tribune, MARYVILLE, MISSOURI

- A pastor friend of ours complains that an increasing number of fine boys and girls are asking him what to do with their parents.
Edgar T. Harris, "The March of Events"
Times-Leader, WEST POINT, MISSISSIPPI

- What's a normal, friendly person to do, anyhow! If he has a little triumph, he likes to tell some friend about it; but then that makes the friend envious, and that makes the man sad, and so on, until everyone is behind where he started.
Epitaph
TOMBSTONE, ARIZONA

- We armed the Russians to whip the Germans, and maybe we'll arm the Germans to beat the Russians. And, we ask you, could anything be fairer?
Cliff Memmott, Standard
ROOSEVELT, UTAH

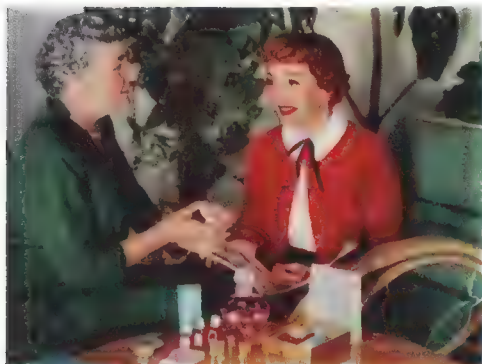
- An example of what absent-mindedness can lead to is the skeleton who started as a strip-tease artist.
News
DAMARISCOTTA, MAINE



PORTRAIT BY PAUL CLEMENS

"...and I think Avon lipsticks are sensational!"

Sincerely, Claudette Colbert"



Welcomed into Miss Colbert's home, her Avon Representative, Mrs. Nelle Ginthner, helps Miss Colbert make her selection of Avon cosmetics.

"Those creamy Avon lipsticks have such luscious colors," enthuses lovely Hollywood star Claudette Colbert, "and their lasting ability is amazing. Any discriminating woman would be proud of the smart case, too."

You, too, may purchase Avon cosmetics and toiletries — all of superb quality yet moderately priced — at your own home through your local Avon Representative.

... Welcome her when she calls!

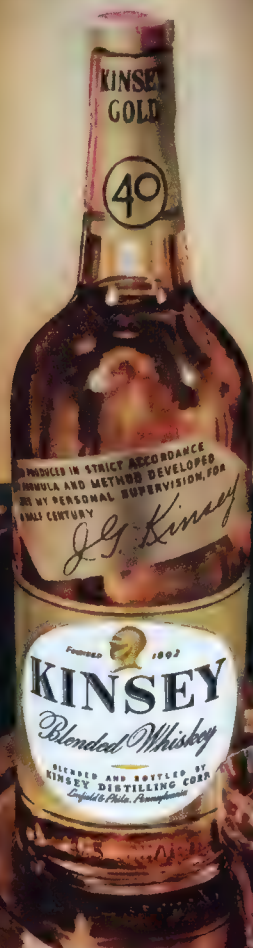


COSMETICS

IN RADIO CITY, NEW YORK

KINSEY

The Richest Whiskey of Them All



BLENDED WHISKEY • 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, 86.8 PROOF • KINSEY DISTILLING CORP., LINFIELD, PENNSYLVANIA

Cosmopolitan Conveyances



Circus Train

BY WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

The train sat off in the yards, the cold midnight rain glinting in the yellow light that streamed from the windows. I pushed open the train door—and then I didn't want to go to bed anymore. I had stepped from the drenched railroad yards of Petersburg, Virginia, into an instantaneous trip around the world. Petersburg was gone, and I was in Hamburg, Paris, Rome, and even Shanghai.

The car was similar to a Pullman sleeper except at one end where an upper and lower had been pulled out to make space for a cooking range. A scholarly Negro presided over the range. Sitting on a bunk was a girl of twenty who somehow managed to encompass in one face the best of the loveliness that Spain and China bestow on their daughters. Beside her was a smallish, curvaceous blonde tightly wrapped in a bathrobe. A bulky plaster cast stood out stiffly from the hem of the blonde's bathrobe. A sinister male, right out of a "Perils of Pauline" sawmill scene, was tilting a bottle of Coke under his waxed mustache. Another man reached for a plate of fried chicken, and the muscles in his arm rolled and swelled like an angry sea. A lady with three Indian caste dots above her nose announced gently, "It's cold tonight. I think I'm going to sleep with the snakes."

That was my introduction to the Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus train. The magnificent Eura-

sian was an acrobat from Shanghai; the blonde was a Hamburg *Fräulein* who had plummeted thirty feet in Pittsburgh; the sinister gent with the mustache had learned, in France, how to make horses dance; the mass of muscle, an Italian, vaulted over six elephants; and the lady who was going to sleep with snakes was, of course, a snake charmer. She was reticent about her birthplace, but her accent was the purest Back o' the Yards, Chicago, Illinois. They were typical of the two hundred and fifty exotic people who live aboard the performers' section of the four-section Ringling caravan.

There are seventy-nine railroad cars in this caravan. They house three hundred captive beasts and twelve hundred humans, equally captive. I lived and traveled with this caravan. It is always too hot or too cold, it is something short of immaculate, and it moves fitfully through the night like a harassed hobo. When it rests it sits, gaudy but forlorn, in the meanest part of town. For all that, the twelve hundred happy captives refer to it affectionately as "home."

The human captives—performers, roustabouts, executives, animal handlers, ushers, ticket sellers, etc.—live in twenty-three cars, and most of them sleep two to a bed. So "home" consists of half of a bed seventy-four by forty-four inches, and a foot locker. The sleeping units are United States Army surplus (Continued on page 20)



There is only one
Weathervane*
and it's tailored by
Handmacher



A look all its own and a fabric, too... the wonderful won't-muss, won't-crush rayon suiting Celanese* makes for Handmacher in a multitude of colors. Sizes 10 to 20; 7 to 15. \$25. At one fine store in your city. For its name, write Handmacher-Vogel, Inc., 533 Seventh Avenue, N. Y. 18.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Jon Whitcomb's Page



THUMBS DOWN. This page fails to intrigue at least one reader. Feeling strongly on the subject, a Miss M. McM., of Portland, Oregon, throws spelling over her shoulder and says, "Your literary genius is nill. Your material is not only trite, but insipid. In my opinion, the American public (save for a few gullible women) doesn't give a hoot about *your* moronic opinions. If one has to be cynical, bitter, and employ quaint witticisms in their writing, I shall drop the trade." Drop the gun, too, Miss M. McM., darling. Nill as I am, I can still admire your handwriting. The way you cross those T's with a horizontal flourish means clearly that we were meant for each other. Just forget my quaint witticisms, and let's go steady.

FAIR WARNING. *Nothing is more stimulating than people who take a brisk interest in your ups and downs. A Miss J. G. of Cisco, Texas, who deplores what she calls the characterless, colorless, and blank aspects of my recent work, wrote me sweetly, "I am in college, majoring in commercial art. When I reach the point where I feel capable, I shall start on my career. From then on, I shall progress to the end of my ability;*



therefore, you had better wake up and keep going or I'll pass you when you least expect it." Fair enough, Miss G., and let me welcome you to the illustrating business. It's not so much like a horse race as you

seem to think, but there is always room for a new filly, snorting hard and wearing handsome colors, to paw the ground at the starting line. Let me know when, so I can salute you at the two-dollar window.

STORY OF MY LIFE. Up in Buffalo, New York, sentiments are warmer. I was astounded and touched to hear from Miss R. LeB. that "I think 'Jon Whitcomb's Page' in COSMOPOLITAN is the greatest thing since Columbus discovered America." The same note contained two biographical questions: "1. Were you a talented child? 2. Who put the bug in your ear and started you on a career?" Answers: 1. Lover girl, I'm not even a talented adult. I just try real hard. 2. Necessity. Being allergic to Latin and Greek, I had to create what the military manuals call a diversion. During college, drawing was just a smoke screen to conceal the fact that the *Iliad* and I would never meet.



ESPIONAGE, JUNIOR GRADE. *The seven-year-olds in my neighborhood all worship J. Edgar Hoover. The mother of four small boys told me over cocktails that actually they are six feet tall, carry gats, and can become invisible at will. A pug-nosed mirage named Billy Baker is frequently seen peering into my windows. He knows nobody can see the Shadow, and right now Operator Baker is the Shadow, gathering points to win a game. One hot Sunday morning the Head Point-Collector set my household on its ear by reconnoitering the guest bedroom, where two young movie actresses lay sleeping. The curtains were closed, and so the guests were sleeping raw. At seven, scratching noises at the window awakened Miss L. She sprang from the bed, as did her image in the mirrored wall. Startled, she turned what she took to be the bathroom doorknob, but what was in reality an air-conditioning control. The machinery went on with a roar. Disorganized, Miss L. began to scream, awakening Miss T. Miss T. ran to the curtains and yanked, baring the room to the sunny Connecticut landscape. Squatting smack in the center of the view was Operator Baker, nose flattened, Junior G-Man pistol at the ready, piling up the score of his career. The visitors from Hollywood remembered dates in New York and left right after breakfast.*



Women are **buzzing about**
the amazing new enamelon ingredient
that makes low-priced nail polish
chip less, wear better, look brighter
than high-priced polish



PHOTOGRAPHED AT NEW YORK'S SHERRY-NETHERLANDS HOTEL,
CLOTHES BY RUSSEKS

If you're tired of paying high prices for nail polish that chips, peels or flakes off quickly—then here's thrilling news. • This is the true story of an amazing new miracle-wear ingredient called Enamelon. Found *only* in low-priced, luxury CUTEX polishes, including the beautiful new CUTEX Pearl Brilliance—it's guaranteed** to give incredible wear . . . to last longer, chip less than your high-priced polish. • Here, too, is a new conception of color—a wonderful range of fabulous high-fashion shades that hold their original lustre even after constant wearing. • New CUTEX costs only a fraction of high-priced polishes. Try it today!

**NEW CUTEX
COLORGENIC LIPSTICK**

made by an exclusive electronic process. Unbelievable lustre and color-fast . . . won't bleed, cake or wear off like many high-priced lipsticks. So inexpensive. Try it.



CUTEX luxury
nail polish

**Money back if not completely satisfied

"Hollywood won't show my favorite scenes!"



says JANE RUSSELL, starring in
"HIS KIND OF WOMAN"
an RKO RADIO PICTURE

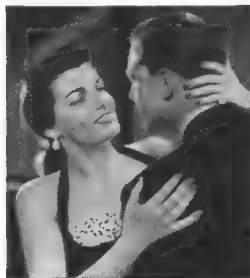
"I'm always cast in exotic roles, so no one sees me in settings I like best... at the bowling alley and golf course. These sports are harsh on my hands.



And hours of badminton leave my skin parched...



But Jergens Lotion softens my hands and face...



So they're lovely for close-ups at the studio."



Being a liquid, Jergens is absorbed by thirsty skin.

CAN YOUR LOTION OR HAND CREAM PASS THIS FILM TEST?

To soften, a lotion or cream should be absorbed by upper layers of skin. Water won't "bead" on hand smoothed with Jergens Lotion. It contains quickly-absorbed ingredients that doctors recommend, no heavy oils that merely coat the skin with oily film.

Prove it with this simple test described above...



You'll see why Jergens Lotion is my beauty secret.

More women use Jergens Lotion than any other hand care in the world

STILL 10c TO \$1.00 (PLUS TAX)

Cosmopolitan Conveyances

(Continued from page 17)

hospital cars. Four have been remodeled to provide star acts with staterooms, which is an ornate word for a walled-off section with two or three bunks. Scattered throughout the train are about a dozen large private rooms for top management, and for star attractions with insistent managers. But one of the greatest circus acts in the world shares a minute stateroom with his father and sister.

MOST performers are young, healthy, and attractive. Their mores are invariably European, so inhibitions are rare. This attitude is compounded by full realization that "tomorrow we die" is, in this case, considerably more than a melodramatic cliché. But if love laughs at locksmiths, it remains respectfully glum when confronted by the strict chaperonage of sixty or more people sharing a car. To say nothing of two persons sharing a bunk.

Nevertheless, you cannot help stumbling into the middle of highly personal encounters. I shall never forget a bizarre love scene that was enacted within my sight and hearing. In a dirty old railroad yard under a warm, full Carolina moon, I heard a beauty refuse, in a soft accent, an invitation to a stroll ardently tendered by a midget. She was very gentle. He was very angry.

But normal family life thrives on the train. There are many children traveling with their parents, and in many instances, kids are part of the act. In a few cases, kids *are* the act. The non-performing children spend most of their spare time practicing to be performers. But despite this regimen, kids is kids. I stood by a porter's range and watched a young lad dressed in a Hopalong Cassidy outfit pull his toy gun and stick up two adults who shuddered in mock terror—a scene that unfolds daily in every American household, except for a minor difference. Hopalong gave his orders in squeaky Plattdeutsch. His frightened victims begged for mercy. One begged in French and the other in a rich Yorkshire brogue. Everybody understood everybody.

I did a little aisle wandering, and found that the fabulous had a habit of becoming commonplace: midgets running up rope ladders to their bunks; an Alabama-born porter who spoke German, the language of circusdom, and who prepared chicken cacciatore or *arroz con pollo* considerably better than he dished up Southern fried chicken; and I met a lovely lady star who was yearning for a lowly clown—which should confound all the novelists from London to Hollywood.

Gaiety is the rule of the performers' train—a European music-hall kind of

gaiety full of Gallic effervescence, Latin bravado, and Teutonic bellowing. Midway in the train is a car in which there is far more beauty than gaiety. It is Car 62, the "Girls' Car," which has thirty-eight berths and one padlocked closet. In it are the nearest thing to unwilling captives on the train. These girls are minor equestriennes, minor aerialists, and show girls. Many have a son of three in Chicago or a daughter of six in Houston. They are generally ballet or musical-comedy dancers who could not wait for engagements more to their liking. Show business is the only business these girls know or want, but economics has them working in a branch a little outside their ken. Nevertheless, they cheerfully perform feats that would send any prima ballerina into an eight-hour swoon. When you consider their ambition, beauty, and courage, you develop a deep admiration and affection for them. And you hope they get that break next season.

Their car is spotless and colorful. The green berth curtains have been thrown away and the girls have made their own gaudy drapes. They sleep, of course, two to a berth, and in those berths hang more pictures of babies than of Tyrone Power. Touring the Girls' Car is like visiting a harem, and I was well-equipped with chaperons, one of whom raucously screeched out my sex as we approached. It was not the time or place to ask any questions, so later, in the line of duty, I snagged one beauty on the lot and bought her a cup of coffee. I had an embarrassing but essential question to ask and, with much halting and stammering, I asked it: "Inasmuch as you so obviously do bathe, where in heaven's name do you do it?"

She laughed. "Five, six times a day. In the dressing tent. Out of water buckets. We help each other."

"And what," I asked, "is in the closet that is so carefully padlocked?"

"Each girl keeps a 'basic' dress there. You never know." That answer will be clear to lady readers. Gentlemen may as well learn that girls dress with great forethought, depending upon what they have in mind, what you have in mind, and where the dress will be worn. As each girl is allotted space for only one dress, she chooses one that, with minor alterations, becomes a luncheon, cocktail, or dancing frock. That, fellows, is a basic dress, and pretty girls don't like 'em much.

EACH of the seventy-nine cars in the four sections has something exotic aboard. It may be a Shetland pony who can count to ten or a famous star who can't. All the glamour rides in Section Four, the performers' section, but the real miracle workers of circusland ride in Section One, (Continued on page 112)



*I dreamed I got caught
in the rain in my
maidenform bra

Nice weather for dreams...especially when it brings a shower of compliments on my figure! Wind tumbles my hair...raindrops splash my umbrella...but every reflection shows my curves in perfect shape. No chasing rainbows for me...I've found the treasure already... my Maidenform* bra!

Shown: Maidenform's Over-ture* in white satin; also available in nylon taffeta and broadcloth...from 1.75

There is a **maidenform** for every type of figure

Julianella Boots. General Umbrella.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. © 1951, Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc

The Cosmopolitan Look

By Virginia C. Williams

FASHION EDITOR



How two Brides went away

One bride was a little thing; the other was a tall-size-14-and-no-alterations. Very different girls—but here's how both looked pretty en route.

The junior bride (far left) wore lace-topped crepe scooped at the neck, and a rib-high bolero. In blue, pink, vanilla. Sizes 7 to 15; about \$40. Ira Rentner.

The taller bride wore silk-and-rayon separates. American Silk Mills Siltussa. Sizes 10 to 16. Jacket; about \$18. Skirt; about \$15. Tie-silk blouse and belt; about \$13. Raissa Masket.

Both brides carried Crown Luggage. Their hats, Bernard Workman. Their handbags, Josef. Their gloves, Fuchs. Their jewels, Trifari. Both brides' dresses at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; and stores listed on page 126.





Try on a new personality!

There is a charm about you—a beauty—a grace—a loveliness that deserves the very best. Your "Perma-lift"* Bra is the artist that inspires the best that's in you—fashions your silhouette with a stroke of sheer genius—draws young lines, moulds flattering curves. And through countless washings it remains firm, yet soft—never loses its magic uplift. Discover its secret—with an art all its own, it will design fashion success for you. At your favorite store—\$1.50 to \$4.

Wear a wonderful "Perma-lift" Girdle too—No Bones About It—Stays Up Without Stays

*"Perma-lift" a trademark of A. Stein & Company, Chicago, New York (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



LOOK FOR THE

MAGIC INSET

The Cosmopolitan Look (continued)

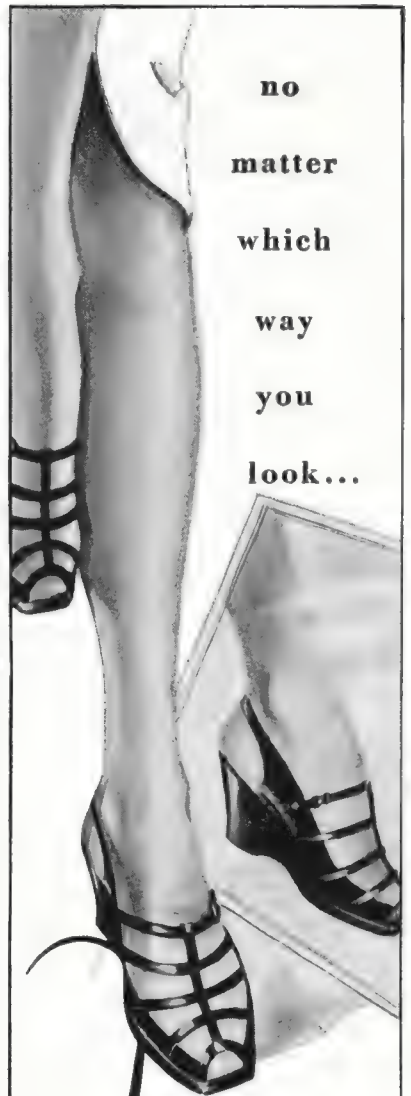
Of course they danced on the Honeymoon—each bride in print. The taller bride (below) chose separates again—a black chemise top, a wide black skirt. Her asymmetrical overskirt was printed with big bursts of color over white. All pieces are William Simpson cotton. Sizes 10 to 16. The top; about \$8. Both skirts; about \$23. Raissa Masket. Both brides wore Trifari jewels.



The India print (below), with its sawtooth neckline, was an astonishing heightener on the little junior bride. It's a mix of bright colors outlined in gold on beige. The fabric, a starched cotton, by Edwards. Sizes 7 to 15; about \$45. J. L. F. Originals. Both dresses at all Saks Fifth Avenue stores; J. P. Allen, Atlanta; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; and stores that are listed on page 126.



no
matter
which
way
you
look...



Velvet step
CASUALS

are your best buy!

Every view of you in these unique-new casuals of softest leather, genius-fashioned for fit and lots of footwork, adds up to a wonderful buy.

SIZES 4 TO 10...SLIM, NARROW, MEDIUM...
for the store nearest you, write
PETERS SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

Someone
lovely
has just
passed
by!



THAT'S WHAT YOU'LL HEAR
EVERYWHERE WHEN YOU WEAR THE
HEAVENLY NEW FRAGRANCE

Divine
BY
D'ORSAY

PARFUM AND EAU DE TOILETTE
FROM \$3.00
SOLID FORM EAU DE TOILETTE \$1.75

PLUS FEDERAL TAX

I Wish I'd Said That!

A game to increase and improve your vocabulary

BY LINCOLN HODGES

Here's an exercise in the art of conversation. First comes a statement made to you; then three replies you might make, only one of which proves that you get the drift. If you pick 9 or 10 right, you're superb; 8, just wonderful; 7, average-plus. Correct answers are explained below:

1 What a *seraphic* smile she has!

(A) *She's an angel.* (B) *She's a devil.* (C) *She's a puzzle.*

2 There's a *moiety* of danger in it.

(A) *Foolhardy!* (B) *A trifle foolish.* (C) *Foolproof!*

3 He's a *perennial* favorite.

(A) *Popular once.* (B) *Popular again.* (C) *Popular always.*

4 It's a *tenuous* relationship.

(A) *A feeble tie.* (B) *A strong bond.* (C) *A lasting love.*

5 Their leader proved *perfidious*.

(A) *Fearless!* (B) *Faithless!* (C) *Flawless!*

6 It's a *quixotic* scheme.

(A) *So strange!* (B) *So brilliant!* (C) *So impractical!*

7 He's a *sentient* fellow.

(A) *So sad!* (B) *So smart!* (C) *So sorry!*

8 What a *slatternly* woman!

(A) *Skinny?* (B) *Silly?* (C) *Sloppy?*

9 A *florid* man, isn't he?

(A) *So ruddy!* (B) *So flashy!* (C) *So courtly!*

10 He's a *dissident* Russian.

(A) *A capitalist?* (B) *A conformist?* (C) *A Communist?*

ANSWERS

1 **A** Seraphic (sih-RAF-ick) means angelic, or heavenly; a seraph (SAIR-ih) is one of the angels surrounding the throne of Jehovah.

2 **B** Moiety (MOY-uh-te), from the French word for half, has come to mean a small amount.

3 **C** Perennial (per-EN-e-ul) comes from Latin words meaning through the year; it means long-lasting, or unceasing. In the case of flowers, it means living more than two years.

4 **A** Tenuous (TEN-yoo-us) is from the Latin *tenuis*, thin; it means weak, or slender.

5 **B** Perfidious (per-FID-e-us) is from the Latin words *per*, away, and *fides*, faith; it means disloyal, faithless.

6 **C** Don Quixote was an idealistic dreamer, so quixotic (quicks-OT-ick)

means impractical, or foolishly chivalrous.

7 **B** Sentient (SEN-shunt) means capable of perceiving; intelligent. The Latin word *sentire* means to feel, and also gives us the word sense.

8 **C** A slattern (SLAT-ern) is an untidy, sloppy woman. There was an old English word, *slatter*, meaning to waste or slop.

9 **A** Florid (FLAHR-id) is from the Latin word for flower. Applied to a person, it means flushed, ruddy of complexion; applied to a speech, decoration, etc., it means ornate.

10 **A** Dissident (DISS-ih-d'nt) means disagreeing; refusing to conform, as would a capitalist in Soviet Russia. The Latin *sidere* means to sit, and *dis* means apart.

It's Always Cocktail Time Somewhere...



but at Anytime . . . Anywhere . . .

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in the market"*

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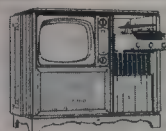
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Model 321K18 with

Twenty inch Television screen

Shanghai

Affair

She was a gorgeous, barbarous White Russian, much too young and too much in love. She wanted the American reporter—and the Reds wanted them both. A complete novel of political intrigue and private passions in war-ravaged China

BY AHMAD KAMAL

After I paid off the taxi, I gave the driver two hundred yuan to keep his mouth shut, and followed Valya through the revolving door. She threw her fur coat over her arm. Her evening dress was a lovely blue affair, with a lace top and no straps. As she crossed the foyer, the chiffon veil over her hair billowed and came off.

The doorman got the veil and was starting after her just as I went by. I took it, and caught up with her at the elevator. The arrow said the cage was in the basement.

"Honey," I said, "take it easy. You'll bust

your finger." She was pressing the button so hard her finger arched backward. She turned away from me.

"Here," I said, "you're coming apart."

She snatched the veil from me and started for the staircase. Just then the elevator cage showed up. The Chinese operator was rubbing sleep out of his eyes. I got in and told him to step on it.

The staircase wound around the open-grilled elevator shaft. We caught up with Valya at the next floor.

"Hey," I said, "want a ride?" She just



Shanghai Affair (continued)

kept climbing. We could see each other and speak through the bars all the way up. Only she wasn't speaking. She picked up her skirts and did the first three floors in a rush. I beat her to the fourth floor and got the elevator door open. I stood in front of the cage and blocked her way.

"Look, girl," I said, "it's ten more floors to your place. I've got a flying carpet here. This is the wrong time of day for strenuous athletics. And besides, you really aren't dressed for the role—"

"Marry me?" she shouted.

"No," I replied.

So she slapped me, hard. The elevator boy said something in Chinese.

"Your humble and obedient servant," I said, bowing. Two slaps in one evening! The first had been in the taxi.

She got around me and continued up the

stairs. I re-entered the elevator cage. We passed the fifth floor in silence, not going so fast anymore.

"Valya," I said, not being humorous, "I'm not the kind of husband for you. So you hate me now—you'd hate me a lot worse if you were hitched to me! Come, take a ride with me and my Chinese friend here, all the way up to the fourteenth *étage* for no extra charge."

She was starting to cry. I didn't like it. I hadn't seen her in tears since she was eleven. And I didn't like bringing her home to Vianor like this.

"Girl," I said, "pick up your coat. You're dragging it, and it cost Vianor eighteen hundred bucks, wholesale. I helped him pick it out."

She picked it up, stopped, and looked at me. We were between floors. She leaned against the outer grill, needing a handkerchief. I didn't have one to give her; mine was wound around (*Continued on page 151*)

SHE PUT HER ARMS around my neck, pulled me down to her, and kissed me—as if she had never kissed me before. This, I told myself, was the last time.



The Terrible-Tempered



What makes him blow up? How many other letters has he written to music critics? Why did he so dislike Roosevelt? What does he say and do in moments of anger?

By William Bradford Huie

Out where Harry Truman comes from, a man may be known as an "elegant cusser" and a "good hater." Such a man, when shoved or slighted, eschews buckshot but explodes into an atomic cloud of long-handled invective, then simmers down to several generations of solid hating. As President of the United States, Truman is developing into a cusser not without elegance, and a hater who simmers down slowly. He doesn't smile when he says that he never forgets a slight to him or his'n.

Truman comes by his hot head honestly. I spent many days in Independence talking to those who knew his father, John Truman. Old John, as he was known, was a little man with a fierce reputation: for thirty years, he never missed a Democratic meeting in Jackson County, and he got into a fist fight at every meeting. A truculent cow trader and farmer whose hair often stuck through holes in his hat, he believed

MR. TRUMAN

in swinging on any rascal who tried to shove him.

"He wasn't more'n five feet six," the late mayor of Independence told me. "He carried a poll list all his life, and when the Democrats were in, his share of the booty was a road overseer's job in his district: later he was postmaster at Grandview. But when the fists began to fly, Old Man John was always in there punching."

The President's mother, too—Old Miss Ellen—was belligerent. A Confederate to the day she died, she is said to have believed that the only sensible way to deal with varmints was to attack them forthwith with fists, shotgun, or meat cleaver. The President's only brother, Vivian, has inherited Old Man John's reputation: "He'd just as soon fight you as look at you."

The Trumans come from scrappin' Kentucky stock—the same red-necked, Anglo-Saxon yeomanry that produced Lincoln and Eugene Talmadge. Step on or "look down on" one of them and, at best, he will hate and beset you for forty years, or, at worst, he'll rip out your viscera with a hawk-billed knife.

According to his Independence neighbors, the President himself was never a fist-fighter. He wore heavy glasses from childhood; when he was in school, he carried a music roll under his arm; he never played much with the boys; he helped





EX-CONGRESSMAN ROGER C. SLAUGHTER is unpopular with Truman because Slaughter's family is said to have snubbed the Trumans back in Independence. Truman once barred Slaughter from the battleship Missouri.



SENATOR ROBERT TAFT offered to patch up political differences with the President, but Truman is reported to have scorned this gesture with a colorful remark. Truman regards people as simply being for or against him.

Five of these men rank high on

his mother with the dishes. From six to sixty-four, he was a taunted boy and man. As a boy, he heard himself called a sissy; as a man, a deadbeat; as a public official, a water boy for political gangsters, and a man too little for the Presidency. Now, at sixty-seven, in a position to indulge his temper, he is demonstrating that he has never forgotten or forgiven a taunt, and that while he has never swung his fists, he is just as quick to wrath and long of memory as Vivian or Old Man John or Old Mis' Ellen.

The President's biographers—Jonathan Daniels and Robert S. Allen—agree that the Roosevelts are at the top of his hate-list. Lord, how he hates them. From the departed Franklin to the ubiquitous Eleanor, from their children to their grandchildren, Truman despises them all. Compared to Truman, Westbrook Pegler is a Roosevelt idolator. But, mindful of Eleanor's large and devoted following, Truman made her a delegate to the UN.

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TRUMAN'S FATHER, John, was a little man of whom it was said, "He'd just as soon fight you as look at you." The Trumans come from scrapping Kentucky stock, although the President himself was never a fist-fighter, even as a boy.





BERNARD BARUCH angered Truman when the President heard that Baruch had once raised money to finance a political campaign against Truman (at Roosevelt's request). Today Baruch is an elder statesman without portfolio.



GENERAL CHARLES DE GAULLE is said to be held in contempt by the President. Truman is reported to have said, in a conversation with former Representative Joseph Clark Baldwin, "The less I see of De Gaulle, the better."

Harry Truman's private hate-list

Truman's attitude toward the Roosevelts goes back to the time when, after the death of Senator Joseph T. Robinson, President Roosevelt decided to make Alben Barkley majority leader. Truman was an uneasy freshman senator smarting under the published report that Pendergast had boasted: "Oil and Steel send their senators to Washington; I sent my office boy." And Truman had promised to support Senator Pat Harrison against Barkley.

Roosevelt "slighted" Truman when he didn't bother to invite him to the White House to ask him to support Barkley. Instead, Roosevelt telephoned Pendergast and asked Pendergast to tell Truman to switch to Barkley.

This was too much. The "office boy" had been pushed too far. He exploded, cussed elegantly, defied both Pendergast and Roosevelt, and voted for Harrison. From that day, all of Truman's friends (Continued on page 118)

PAUL HUME, the Washington music critic who received a threatening letter from the President, is merely one of a score of newspapermen who have received similar letters. Hume's letter is simply the first one to have been printed.



How to

Choose a





Would you marry your mate again—if you knew what you know now? Well, whom would you marry if death or divorce dictated a second choice? • **BY MARJORIE HILLIS ROULSTON**

An odd notion popularly believed by many people, and all men, is that after a reasonable time a widow is sure to start out in panting pursuit of a second husband. To many unattached males, she is a terrifying object, and a divorcee falls into the same category. She may be young and beautiful, but the heart of a bachelor or a widower sinks when he finds that he has been decoyed to a party and put next to her. He will decline the most enticing weekend invitations if he knows that one is to be loose on the premises, and when one's around, moonlight becomes a menace, and two isn't company—it's peril.

Statistics show that women outlive men in alarming numbers; this means that there are a great many more widows around (and divorcees, too, for that matter) than there are men. So many, in fact, that it is not altogether impossible to understand why an odd man may feel like a fox with a pack of hounds in full pursuit. In any case, that's just how a lot of men behave, but they couldn't be more mistaken about the danger.

It can truthfully be said that most widows, and many divorcees, must be either very young or in crucial need of support to be really interested in acquiring a second husband, unless he does some persuasive and skillful groundwork. Even those comic characters who flutter in widow's weeds through plays and novels, struggling to catch a man, are invariably down on their luck financially. And in real life, that isn't usually the case. In half the periodicals one reads today, some mention is made of the fact that a large proportion of the country's wealth is now in the hands of women, and the greatest number of these are widows. Most widows, in fact, have at least some small income, and for the divorcee there is usually alimony. Neither needs to get married for her bread and butter—which is the reason a great many

women have married a great many men, though the latter never suspected it was not because of their irresistible charms. A woman may need to get married in order to have icing on her cake, but by the time she is old enough to have been widowed or divorced, she usually knows that icing isn't sufficiently important to take just any man along with it.

The truth is that marriage is a job that requires a tremendous amount of work. It's a wonderful job, the very best there is. But, well done, it means making and running a home, largely to suit not the woman's hours or comfort, but the man's. It means building and keeping up a social life, largely around his friends. It means getting up at the time that works out best for his schedule, going to bed at the hour that suits him, and devoting a good proportion of the hours between to his interests. This is not to say that all marriages run on this plan—it's to say that the best ones do. An outstandingly successful marriage is never a fifty-fifty affair. A much larger proportion is the wife's responsibility—and so it should be. Home life is based on customs that developed when marriage was always a woman's full-time job, and while this isn't always true today, the results haven't changed.

A widow who doesn't need to work usually thinks longer, and with more reason, than a widower about marrying a second time. She thinks infinitely longer than a woman who has never been married and who, therefore, doesn't know the half of it. She knows what she's getting into, but more than that, she is often reluctant to put away memories of happiness. A divorcee may hesitate, quite understandably, because she's not sure she *can* put away memories of unhappiness. If one intends to play fair in a (Continued on page 116)



The Mad Hatter



MR. JOHN (full name, Mr. John P. John) is responsible for the hats on some of the world's loveliest



WELCOMING one of his celebrated clients, Washington Columnist "Austine."



APPRAISING Maggi McNellis' sailor.



APPROVING Anne Jeffreys' chapeau.

BY PIERCE G. FREDERICKS

Once upon a time there was a shop that made hats so beautifully that all the great ladies of society and the theatre went there whenever they needed something to put on their heads. It was called John-Fredricks, Inc., and its owners called themselves John Fredericks and Fred Fredericks—although anyone who had known them when they were young department-store floorwalkers knew their real names were John Harburger and Frederic Hirst. For clients, they had the Duchess of Windsor and Lady Iris Mountbatten, Margaret Sullavan and Gene Tierney, Countess di Frasso and Gloria Vanderbilt Stokowski, Ginger Rogers and almost any other female notable you'd care to mention. For income, they had a couple of million dollars a year. They even became part of the language—everyone knew that a "John-Fred" meant a chic hat as surely as they knew that a "Don Juan" meant a great lover. There were other hat designers, but it was conceded that Mr. John, who did John-Fred's designing, was the only genuine Mad Hatter.

Then—alas—it all vanished. First, Mr. John and Mr. Fred moved to separate apartments. Next, in 1948, a woman minced into Mike Romanoff's restaurant in

and most famous heads.



PROFESSIONAL models show the fabulous bonnets. Each hat has a name. Examples: "Flowers in Love," "Video Pink," and "John's Other Hat."



MR. JOHN talks by the hour as models walk by in his new creations. The showroom conversation and the hats can be equally entertaining.



MODELING a straw job, Mr. John ponders the milliner's woes. Sample problem: Gertrude Lawrence once requested a hat "like a vegetable salad."

Hollywood wearing a singularly awful purple-and-green hat. "My Lord," murmured Mr. John, "have you ever seen anything as ghastly?"

"You made it," said Janet Gaynor, his companion.

"I certainly did not," replied Mr. John, who prides himself on not making awful hats.

"She got it," said Miss Gaynor firmly, "in your Hollywood branch."

Mr. John's face darkened with a terrible rage. "Once too often," he cried, "without waiting for the master's touch, the court jesters have been at work!"

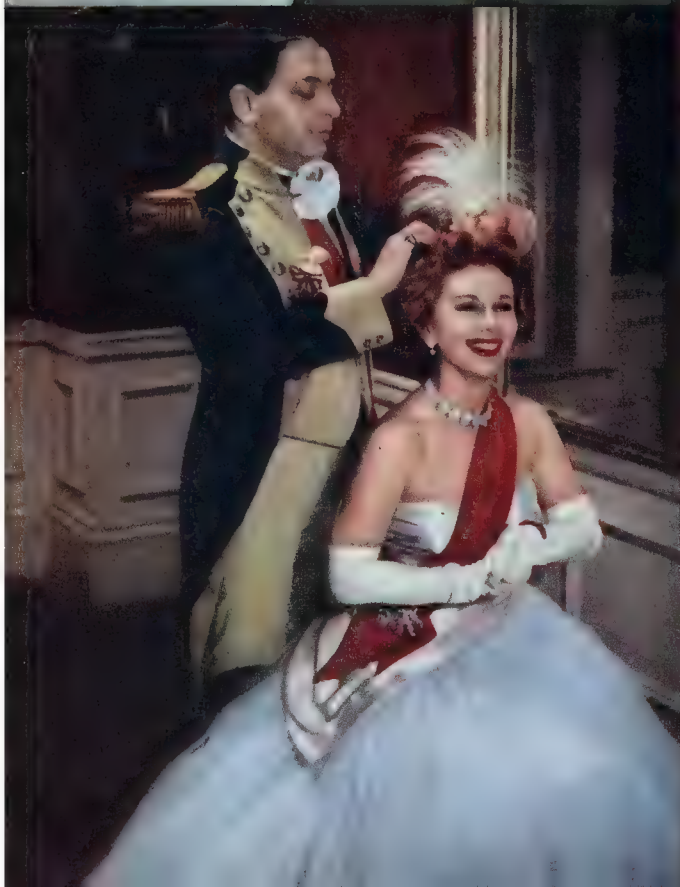
John and Fred had disagreed for a long time because Fred wanted to produce in quantity and John wanted to keep the business small and personal, and the purple-and-green hat finished the argument. John announced that he could not continue in a firm where fancy-fingered assistants made terrible hats and put his name in them. The customers cried that they were losing the best thing that had happened to feminine heads since hair. They protested that John was fuzzy-headed in the business end and couldn't get along without Fred. John left anyway—selling John-Frederics, Inc. to Fred, who keeps it rolling along comfortably.

In his own puckish way, John turned out to be about as fuzzy-headed as an IBM machine. Mr. John, Inc. opened its doors two years ago with ten employees and now it has two hundred and twenty. It sells a million and a half dollars' worth of hats a year. In two Broadway plays this season, heroines who are complimented on their hats reply, "It's a Mr. John." Gossip columns report (inaccurately) that he plans to fill the sidewalk in front of his shop with diamonds and (accurately) that a father has set up a special trust fund to provide his daughter with a Mr. John hat every Easter of her life. Celebrities in need of custom-hatting crowd his showroom until he remarks happily, "It's just like Morocco." He means the night club, El Morocco, not the French colony. Seven hundred stores spread across the country find less celebrated women delighted to buy his regular line at prices ranging from \$55 to \$150, and last year he became the first milliner to receive fashion's Oscar, the Neiman-Marcus Award. In short, John is the only king in history to abdicate and then succeed himself on the throne.

When a dachshund belonging to Betty Betz, the teen-agers' columnist, required a chapeau in which to graduate from Housebreaking School, Miss Betz naturally turned to the Mad Hatter. A Sane Hatter might boggle at the idea of hats for dogs, but John—who has changed his name to John P. John—regards such jobs as the best part of his business. If a publicity man needs a hat in which a live elephant can attend a Republican Convention. John is happy to mount a ten-foot ladder and make the fitting personally. When Vivienne Segal, the actress, broke (Continued on page 113)

CELEBRITIES CROWD HIS SHOWROOM until, as the Mad Hatter puts it, "It looks like El Morocco." Last year he became the first milliner to receive fashion's Oscar, the Neiman-Marcus Award. At right are some of his latest hats, including one, at lower left, modeled by actress Eva Gabor. Mr. John, dressed as Napoleon, stands behind Miss Gabor, who is temporarily the Empress Josephine.

Hats by Mr. John



Sketches by Joe. B. Connolly



Paris . . . an enchanted city, perfumed,
warm, exciting . . . oh, so beautiful.

A Good



Next she knew, it was midday. He was standing over her with a thermometer, but all she could hear was a

Place to Fall in Love



Are Frenchmen better lovers than Americans? Some may dispute Lucy's answer but at least she learned from experience • BY SHEILA SIBLEY

When they were both twelve, Lucy remembered, Priscilla had given her friend Lucy the measles. As if that were not enough, ten years later she gave her Henri. "You'll need someone to show you Paris," she'd said. "Use Henri."

Lucy's big blue eyes had widened apprehensively. "Who's Henri?"

"A French boy. A lamb. I've known him for years."

It was true she had known him for years, but only as a pen-friend. She sat safely at home in London, with the English Channel between her and Henri, but she saw no reason to burden Lucy with that unimportant detail. (Henri always wrote to Priscilla in English, and she replied in French. It was hard to say, offhand, which language took the worse beating.)

"I'll write to him," Priscilla had rushed on, "and tell him to take care of you."

And here he was, taking care of her.

Lucy peered at him through the smoky haze of Club Saint-Germain-des-Prés. He was leaning negligently against a pillar, clapping his hands in rhythm with the boisterous band. He was a handsome boy, dressed à l'Américain in a sports coat with plenty of drape at the back, and he wore a crew cut that made his black hair stand up like the bristles of a boot brush. Lucy was fascinated by the way his hair appeared to be clipped straight across the top, leaving a flat surface like a hedge. He was further decorated by a bow tie and suede shoes with inch-high (Continued on page 83)

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ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT HARRIS



Watching Paris go by was like having a box at a vaudeville show.

trumpet—played by a persistent young man

Are the Services Wasting



Wide World and International

Once more the armed forces are lustily calling, "Is there a doctor in the house?" This time, the doctors are not rushing to answer the call. They are remembering the beginning of World War II, when the military services pleaded for physicians, cajoled them, and then ordered them into uniform. The generals and the admirals never tired of reminding them that victory itself depended on their skills in fighting disease, treating the wounded, and saving lives. Our doctors performed their mission magnificently—their medical record in World War II surpassed any in military history—but by the end of the war, they had become the most emphatically disillusioned group in uniform.

The doctors said that the armed forces, behaving like greedy children let loose in a confectioner's shop, had gobbled up far more than they could possibly digest. The military had collected 67,000 doctors to care for an armed force of 12,000,000, leaving only 120,000 physicians back home to care for a civilian populace of 125,000,000. Although the services said all their physicians were used in essential and valuable work, the doctors declared that they were used haphazardly and that much of their time was wasted.

War, of course, is fantastically wasteful of all civilian talents. The physicians themselves agree that it is necessary for the armed services to maintain reserves of doctors, as well as munitions, to meet sudden emergencies, but they insist heatedly that medical skill should never again be wasted as it was in World War II. They add that in event of a third and atomic world war, the United States civil population will need far more physicians than the military left at home in 1942.

At the end of World War II, the usually aloof medical profession raised its voice in a thunderous protest, and when old-time brass hats declared that the doctors were behaving like prima donnas, the doctors' diagnosis was so firm that the Pentagon finally heard it. The Pentagon, as we shall see later, has taken action to meet the doctors' demands.

The big gripe began with a questionnaire dispatched in 1946 by the American Medical Association to 50,000 physician-veterans. More than half of the physicians questioned filled in the blanks, a response almost as spectacular as that which the Bureau of Internal Revenue receives. Almost unanimously, the doctors complained about idleness while in the military service. The chief

Our Doctors ?



In many places, physicians are scarce—yet the armed forces are grabbing them by the thousands. Do they need them all? Is there any truth to the charge that the military uses doctors as garbage inspectors, clerks, and mere pill-dispensers? A full report of urgent importance

BY MILTON LEHMAN

trouble, they said, was that there simply had been too many doctors in the armed forces—more than the military knew what to do with. Army physicians observed that they were busy only eighty per cent of their working time, and that only fifty per cent of this time was spent in performing true medical duties.

Another sharp criticism came from Dr. Loyal Davis, editor of *Surgery, Gynecology and Obstetrics*, who became downright eloquent. "The doctors were justifiably irritated," he wrote. "They remember not being allowed to schedule operations because upon that morning all doctors had to devote themselves to the inspection of latrines, the motor pool, and the enlisted men's dayroom. They remember being ordered to leave their wards of sick and wounded men to act as military police for two weeks before being allowed to come up for promotion in rank. They remember that in those two weeks, instead of treating battle wounds, malaria, or hepatitis, they made the rounds of houses of prostitution to rout out the wayward GI, or they trapped the unwary soldier on the street for not saluting properly, or they made him roll down his sleeves or jerk up his tie."

During World War II, medical schools and hospitals

willingly formed medical units for the military. They are not so willing now. The University of Pennsylvania Medical School supplied the Army with its 20th General Hospital. The 20th General spent fourteen months in idleness in Louisiana, where the physicians amused themselves growing victory gardens around their tents. Emory University of Georgia turned out the 43rd General Hospital, and its doctors are still dismayed at what happened. Dr. R. Hugh Wood, dean of Emory's medical school, was so aroused that he sent a sharp criticism to Louis Johnson, then the Secretary of Defense. "Our experience was not unique," the doctor observed. "We sat around Camp Livingston, Louisiana, for eleven and a half months, with almost nothing to do. We listened to earnest second lieutenants in the Medical Administrative Corps lecturing us on military medicine. They even showed us training films on how to sterilize a hypodermic syringe and how to inject vaccines.

"Then we were sent overseas," Dr. Wood went on. "We set up our general hospital in Oran, North Africa. There were four other hospitals in that medical center, and any two could have handled the patient traffic. However, medical officers were (Continued on page 121)

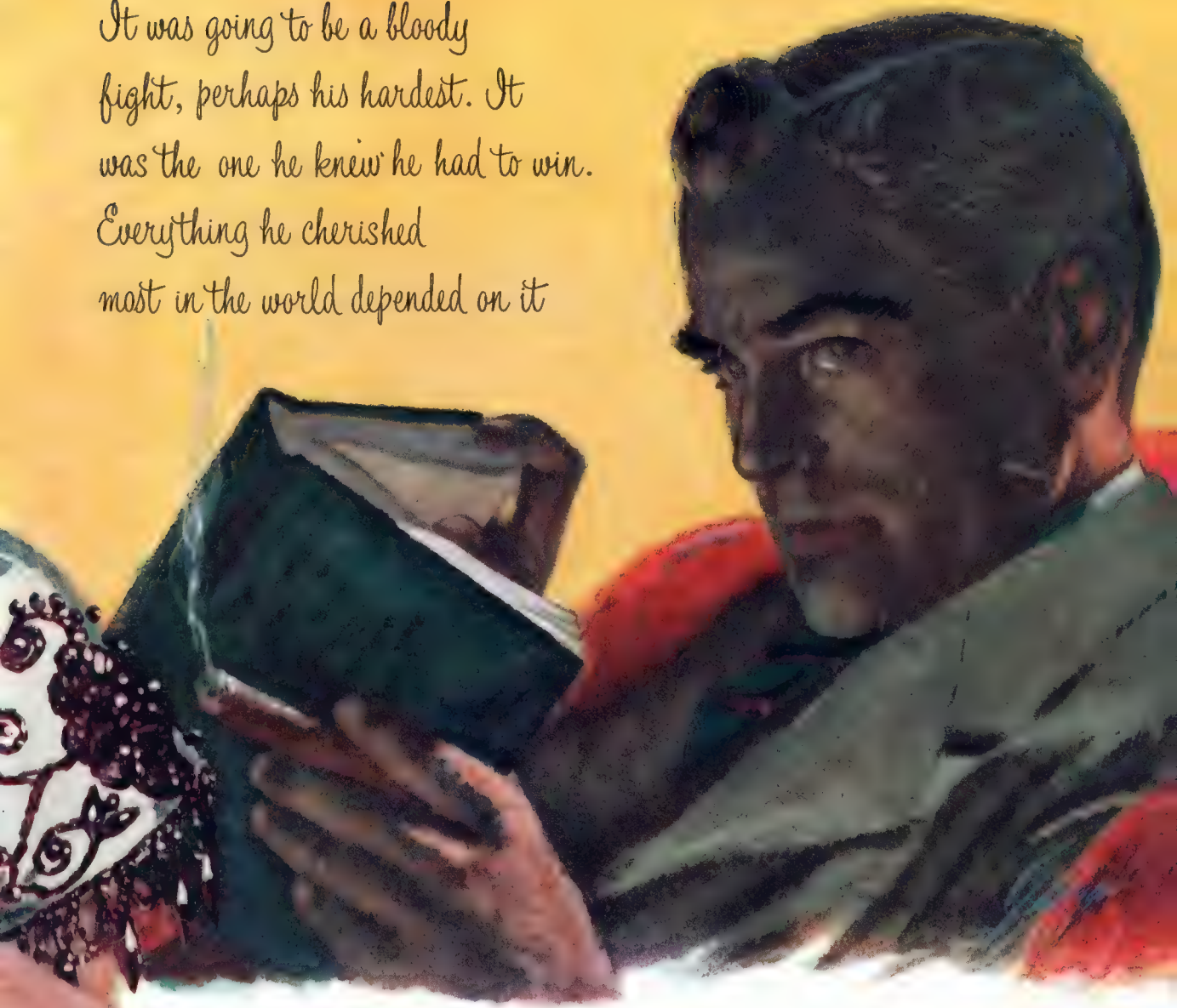


"Are you enjoying
the book?" she asked.

BIG BOSS

What a man of power really fears. By Lawrence Williams

It was going to be a bloody fight, perhaps his hardest. It was the one he knew he had to win. Everything he cherished most in the world depended on it



ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN GEORGE

George Dunbar let himself into his one-and-a-half-room furnished apartment in downtown Manhattan at two-thirty in the morning and sat down on the edge of his bed—just to see if he felt as happy in that position as he did standing up. He did, and he knew he would have in any other position on this singular day. He was aware that there would never be another day like it in his life—even if the whole thing happened again it wouldn't be like it—and he wanted to stretch it out.

George had already stretched it out a good deal, considering that he was just getting home from what was originally designated as a cock-

tail party. But, he thought, that was probably one of the pleasant things about being a successful novelist and hanging around with publishers and book-club representatives who had expense accounts—no scheduled hours. George took off his shoes, humming a sort of amalgam of songs he had heard played in the last two night clubs the book-club man had taken him to. Then he picked up a copy of his book—copies were all over the place—kissed its bright-green dust jacket passionately, and put it under the pillow on his bed. Then he began to undress.

His sense of well-being rose higher. They laughed when I sat (*Continued on page 102*)

Their First Jobs

Before you become disheartened with your present lot, read what the biggest shots in politics, business, entertainment, and sports were doing when *they* started out • **BY CAROLINE BIRD**

This year, several million youngsters will start out on their first jobs. Though thrilled to earn their first real money, a lot are going to look up the ladder and feel that the top is lost in the clouds. Yet out of this crop will come the statesmen, corporation presidents, glamour girls, entertainers, and sages of 1971.

Life is exciting in this country because nobody knows which ones will make the grade. As proof, look back twenty years and see what today's leaders were doing in those days.

Some were dreadfully poor. At a tender age, Charlie Wilson, Jim Farley, and Eddie Rickenbacker were helping to support their widowed mothers. On the other hand, Tallu-

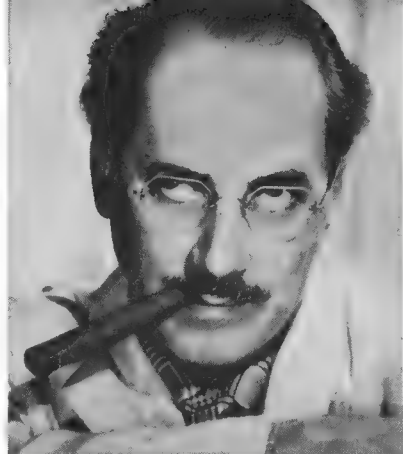
lah Bankhead and Ilka Chase had to overcome the equally grim handicap of rich and illustrious parents. Some, like Harry Truman and Clark Gable, lingered beyond the days of youth at the low end of the totem pole. Eisenhower was rejected by Annapolis because he was too old. J. Edgar Hoover didn't feel he could ask his family to support him while he studied for the ministry. Groucho Marx thought his career was over when his voice changed. Cole Porter was so discouraged over the failure of his first show that he joined the French Foreign Legion.

On the following pages, you will find pictures of eighteen men and women whose names you will probably recognize. They are yesterday's unknowns, today's celebrities.



DINAH SHORE SANG FOR FREE.

While a sophomore at Vanderbilt University, Frances Rose Shore won her own song program over Nashville's WSM. She opened each program with "Dinah," and the name stuck. Encouraged, she struck out for New York. "I got the brush-off," she says, "until I landed in Martin Block's office. He offered me a job without pay, and I took it." Her first paid engagement was singing one chorus at the Strand Theatre. She earned \$75 for the two-week booking and impressed Xavier Cugat, with whom she made her first recordings.



GROUCHO MARX SANG SOPRANO.

In answer to an ad for a boy soprano, he walked sixty blocks to a New York tenement. He recalls that "an unkempt slattern in a red kimono, lip rouge, and high-heeled shoes greeted me. This turned out to be a man. He escorted me to the roof to audition. I was chosen, and it turned out we were female impersonators. We toured the Midwest in silk stockings, high-heeled shoes, picture hats, and short, spangled, soubrette dresses. One night in Denver my voice cracked, and I sounded like a bullfrog. That finished me with the act."



TALLULAH WON A BEAUTY PRIZE.

Tallulah Bankhead's father and grandfather were skeptical about her stage ambitions. Then she entered a beauty contest run by a movie magazine. Months later, she discovered she'd won. "I rushed back to the hotel where Daddy was staying and yelled Daddy, I've won, and everyone said Oh, Lord, Tallulah is going to have one of her spells, but I showed them the pictures and they said well now I guess we'll have to let her be an actress because she's no good for anything else now." So she hit New York. Her first break was in "39 East" in 1919.



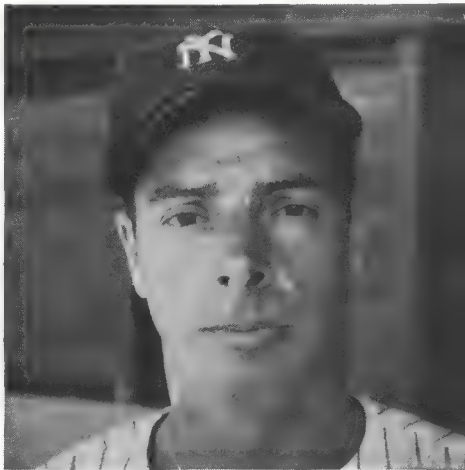
EISENHOWER WAS A FOREMAN.

Otherwise he might have become an admiral instead of a general. As a boy, Ike wanted to go to Annapolis. Neither he nor his brother Milton, now a college president, had money enough to go to college, so they agreed to take turns supporting each other in school. Milton went to college first, and Ike got a job as night foreman in a creamery. At the end of the year, Ike was too old to qualify for Annapolis, but managed to get into West Point instead. He was graduated from the academy in 1915 and assigned to duty at Fort Sam Houston.



MARY MARTIN TAUGHT DANCING.

The Depression, a new baby, and a husband starting out in law sent Mary casting about for a way to make money. "I loved to dance, so I thought I'd start a dancing school," she explains. "The idea was a joke in the beginning, because I didn't really know how to dance or teach. A loft in a storage house in Weatherford, Texas, was the first classroom. My sister taught me my first routine the night before the school opened. I started with three pupils, but by the end of six months I had two more schools and three hundred pupils."



JOE DI MAGGIO SWEEPED A MARKET.

One of nine children, Joe couldn't work on his father's crab-fishing boat in San Francisco because of his weak stomach. So he left high school to work at odd jobs. "When I hawked newspapers, my father said it was just the occupation for me—all I'd have to do was stand and shout," Joe recalls. "Meanwhile, my older brother Vince was playing baseball with the San Francisco Seals. I figured if Vince could, I could, too." In 1932, Vince persuaded the club to hire Joe as shortstop. So, at seventeen, Joe had a contract with the Seals for \$225 a month.



J. EDGAR HOOVER CATALOGUED.

When illness in the family made it impossible for J. Edgar to go to theological seminary, he got a job as messenger boy in the Library of Congress so he could attend George Washington University law school at night. "My salary was three hundred and sixty dollars a year," he says. "I also worked in the Cataloguing Department. The job trained me in collating material and gave me an excellent foundation for my work in the FBI. I held the job until I got my master's degree from George Washington. Then I entered the Department of Justice."



BETTY GRABLE WAS A HOOFER.

While attending a Hollywood dancing school, Betty answered an audition call for dancers for "Let's Go Places." "Archie Goettler, the director, gave me a spot in the chorus and let me do a specialty number. I enjoyed it, and the sixty-five dollars a week they paid me looked awfully big. Right after that, all minors were dismissed by the studios, so I accepted a small singing role in 'Tattle Tales,' a Broadway show. Ted Fio Rito happened to see the show and asked me to sing with his band. And I've been kept pretty busy ever since."



BING CROSBY SERVED PAPERS.

Bing worked one summer as a life-guard, but his first real job was during his junior year at Gonzaga University, where he was studying law. "I located witnesses and carried summonses for a law firm in the afternoon," he says, "but evenings I made music with my pals. One of them was Al Rinker. Al and I organized a sextet. I played the drums and sang. The six of us got eighteen dollars for our first engagement, but I came out about even because I broke my snare-drum head. We ended up as Paul Whiteman's Rhythm Boys."



COLE PORTER AUTHORED A FLOP.

Grandson of a multimillionaire, Cole played the piano through Yale and was deep in Harvard Law School before a friend hired him to write the songs for "See America First," a play produced in 1916. "I made very little at it," he recalls wistfully, "because the show ran only two weeks. But it convinced me that I wanted to spend my life writing for the theatre." T. Lawrence Riggs, a fellow student who wrote the book for "See America First," entered the priesthood after the flop; Cole was so depressed he joined the French Foreign Legion.



HATTIE CARNEGIE PINNED HATS.

Although she never really learned to sew, Hattie Carnegie left school before she was twelve to go to work in a millinery workroom and support her Austrian-immigrant family. After her father died, Miss Carnegie's family was so poor that she had only one skirt and three blouses to wear. She wore them with such a flair that a seamstress in the neighborhood offered to dress her free as an advertisement. After a brief period as a clerk in Macy's, Hattie and her seamstress-friend opened up a little millinery shop on East Tenth Street.



CLARK GABLE GREASED OIL RIGS.

Hoping for a stage career, Gable quit his first job, in an Akron rubber factory, to be a call boy without pay for a visiting theatrical troupe. He later went to Oklahoma, where he worked atop eighty-foot rigs for \$12 a day. For seven years, Gable tried to break into the theatre and the movies. He was often broke, so he sold classified ads, collected for the phone company, picked hops, and worked as a lumberjack. He proposed to the boss's daughter on one of these jobs and was turned down—he "showed no promise of being a good provider."



TRUMAN WAS A TIMEKEEPER.

Disappointed that he couldn't go to Annapolis or West Point because of his bad eyes, Harry Truman got a summer job as timekeeper for a construction company in 1902. He got \$35 a month and keep. He liked working with the tough crew, which was grading the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe between Sheffield and Sibley, Missouri. Truman has said this job taught him all the cuss words in the English language—"not by ear but by note." Next he worked in the mail room of the Kansas City Star, and in 1904, he became a bank clerk.



BABE DIDRIKSON WAS A TYPIST.

She got her first job when the coach for the girls' athletic club of a Dallas, Texas, company saw her play basketball on her high-school team. Before she was sixteen, he had her working for the company. When not playing on the company basketball team, she filed letters, looked up rates, and typed. The job paid \$75 a month. After being discovered as a natural all-round athlete in the 1932 Olympics, Babe turned professional to help her ailing father and her six brothers and sisters. However, in 1944 she was reinstated as an amateur athlete.



DALE CARNEGIE SOLD COURSES.

After graduating from college, Dale Carnegie got a job selling International Correspondence School courses to ranchers and farmers in Nebraska. "I got ten dollars a day," he recalls, "plus commissions, which were almost nonexistent. I became so discouraged that I threw myself on my bed one noon and wept. Finally, I persuaded my first customer—a man stringing telephone wire—to become an electrical engineer. Then I quit and took a job selling bacon and lard to butchers for seventeen dollars and thirty cents a week plus expenses."



PEGLER PHONED OUT PONY NEWS.

He got his first full-time newspaper position at sixteen, when he went to work for United Press in Chicago. "I was a telephone pony transmitter. I sat in a telephone booth and read UP stories to nearby papers that couldn't afford leased wire service. I got ten dollars a week, which was a darn good salary back in 1910. I thought the job was wonderful, but my boss told me I'd never be a good newspaperman if I didn't get some schooling. So I quit to go to Loyola Academy. After a year and a half, I got to write the pony reports."



KATHLEEN WINSOR WAS FIRED.

"The first full-time job I held was as receptionist for the editorial offices of the Oakland Tribune in Oakland, California," she reports. "My duty was to announce callers, and that was all there was to the job. The rest of the time I talked to the reporters or read books. As I recall, the salary was sixty dollars a month. I worked for six months and then was fired politely in what they called an 'economy drive.' The job only served to convince me it should be my last. I went home and began to write my first novel which I called Forever Amber."



DEWEY SANG SOLOS IN CHURCH.

As a boy in Owosso, he wasn't allowed to peddle papers, but he organized a dozen other youngsters to sell magazines. His first real job was singing baritone solos in a New York church at \$15 a week to put himself through Columbia Law School. In 1925, he joined a law firm at \$150 a month. "I looked up law, answered calls in court, dug out documents, served papers, and worked like a printer's devil," he says. He and Mrs. Dewey spent four years working in New York and waiting until he could make enough money so they could marry.

Dot-Dash

= DUE IN PORT THREE DAYS MATE VERY VERY SICK





Surgery

TEMPERATURE 102 PULSE 110 ADVISE URGENT:

What happens when a seaman becomes dangerously ill aboard ship, and no doctor is available? The amazing story of a little-known service that answers an average of twelve hundred human distress signals every year • **BY JOHN KOBLER**

Scattered along America's seaboard are eleven powerful short-wave stations, which comprise the Radiomarine Corporation network, and which receive a continual stream of messages preceded by the code phrase, DH MEDICO. How they handle those messages often means the difference between life and death to sick or injured people at sea. For DH MEDICOs are distress signals from ships without doctors, urgent appeals for diagnosis and advice. There are about ten thousand such American ships plying the seven seas—oilers, freighters, barges—and thousands more of foreign registry. In fact, the laws of most nations do not require a ship carrying fewer than twenty passengers or a total of fifty hands to employ a doctor.

Not long ago, the tramp steamer *Carmody* was plowing through heavy seas some 450 miles off Cape Hatteras, when the first mate collapsed in agony. Like all American merchant-marine officers nowadays, the skipper, Mike Goss, held a first-aid certificate, kept a medicine chest aboard, and was familiar with the instructions on reporting symptoms as outlined in the handbook, *Ship Sanitation and First Aid*. After examining the stricken mate, Goss ordered his radio operator to start tapping out DH MEDICO. Under international maritime agreements, the signal instantly cleared the airwaves of all messages except S O S's. Seconds later, over the receiver in Radiomarine's Chatham, Massachusetts, station, Morse-code beeps spelled out: SS CARMODY LONGITUDE 67 LATITUDE 40 WESTBOUND HATTERAS SPEED NINE KNOTS

DUE IN PORT THREE DAYS MATE 56 DOWN WITH HEADACHE VOMITING TEMPERATURE 102 PULSE 110 ADVISE MASTER GOSS.

The Chatham operator selected the nearest United States Marine Hospital, which was in Boston, slammed the message through a Western Union wire printer. In Boston, Western Union telephoned the hospital's outpatient department. It was then two A.M. Barely six minutes had elapsed since the *Carmody* radioed her first DH MEDICO.

The doctor on duty puzzled over the symptoms. They were common to numerous diseases—polio, flu, pneumonia, appendicitis, to name only a few. Ten minutes later Goss, who was standing anxiously at his radioman's shoulder, watched him jot down the incoming message: NEED MORE INFORMATION: PATIENT'S STATE OF MIND ANY ABDOMINAL PAIN RASH COUGH SORE THROAT BLOOD IN STOOL BURNING URINATION.

Swiftly Goss checked each item, radioed his follow-up: SLEEPLESS IRRITABLE TWITCHING SHARP PAIN LOWER LEFT QUADRANT NO RASH NO COUGH NO SORE THROAT DIARRHEA STOPPED.

This considerably limited the possibilities. The doctor fired three more questions. The answers made him ninety-per-cent sure, frighteningly sure—meningitis, a spinal infection that, untreated, can kill in hours. It is also highly communicable. But he could not determine which of several types of meningitis the patient had contracted. So he prescribed for all of them: ISOLATE PATIENT (Continued on page 135)

What will Happen

Will a defense "freeze" darken TV screens? What changes are most likely in stars and programs—and what will remain the same?

What is the truth about color?

BY ALBERT H. MOREHEAD

Television, our most talked-about topic, is also the most rumored-about, and if you have ears, you've been hearing a lot of extravagant tales about what's coming. There are optimistic rumors—a few—and pessimistic rumors—a lot—and generally speaking, you can forget all of them.

Despite the optimists, you won't be seeing Class-A feature movies on your television screen this year or next, and perhaps never, for reasons we'll explain. Because rearmament and stockpiling will remove some of TV's essential materials, if your community doesn't have television now, don't expect it this year or even next. Color television—a gorgeous spectacle, make no mistake about it—which seemed so close to being a



BIG SHOWS LIKE MILTON BERLE'S will continue. But many Broadway and Hollywood personalities will find television's appetite so ravenous that the quality of their shows will diminish. Berle is credited with pioneering the big-name trend in television.



CHILDREN'S SHOWS LIKE "MR. I. MAGINATION" will still draw vast young audiences. Television has the magic ability to engross youngsters for hours. There will also be children's educational programs in the mornings, to quiet the current criticism. The eventual aim is a TV set in every schoolroom, and programs worthy of class time.

to Television!

reality, has once again become a dream of the future.

But the pessimists are even more wrong. The big freeze won't stop expansion altogether; today's ten million television families will grow to fifteen million within a year. The quality of TV programs won't fall off for any of the reasons you hear; the trend will be to more lavish and more expensive shows. True, there will be few changes in TV programming, but they will be changes for the better.

And don't listen to the pessimists who live in areas that television hasn't reached yet. They moan, "All the stars will desert radio for television. Then radio won't be worth listening to—but as a result of the freeze, we won't have TV either." Well, they're wrong. For the

rest of this year and through 1952, at least, your radio set will bring you the same major stars and shows as today.

As for your television fare, here, briefly, is what you'll be seeing:

More big stars as guests, but not many on regular shows of their own—they can't stand the pace.

More of your favorite movie stars in TV dramas, but not in televised films.

More comebacks of familiar names like Kate Smith and Conrad Nagel.

Fewer sports programs—or at least fewer good ones. TV cuts into gate receipts.

Few quiz shows, unless some good TV-quiz ideas



SUCH SPORTS EVENTS AS BASEBALL GAMES will not be televised so often in years to come. Gate receipts have suffered heavily as a result of television. Huge fees to the clubs—the only answer—are not feasible with television costs going up daily. So more sports promoters are going to refuse to have their events televised.



MUSIC SHOWS LIKE VAUGHN MONROE'S give television glamour. Established band-leader personalities with stage experience, and attractive vocalists like Shaye Cogan (above) are in demand. Camera tricks help prevent band numbers from bogging down.

Television (Continued)



Eric Hedlund

Why can't new movies be shown on TV? When will the coast-to-coast cable go through? Here are the answers!

come along to fill the present rather conspicuous void.

Coast-to-coast network shows, but otherwise no great technical developments.

And, increasingly often, more-elaborate live shows than television has ever offered, such as musical comedies that will rival the best Hollywood and Broadway presentations.

The last may surprise the pessimists, with their dollars-and-cents figuring. The television networks are losing money and always have; frequently they build a show that costs, say, \$70,000, and sell it to an advertiser for \$40,000, that being the value of the audience they can deliver. And they can't charge more so long as we have only 107 television stations instead of the 500-odd we need, or 65 television areas when there could be 140. So if the freeze prevents expansion of the audience, won't the networks refuse to go on pocketing the loss? Won't they cut costs, which means cutting quality?

No, they won't—for sound business reasons: What they lose on the onions they make up on the potatoes. Dr. Allen B. Du Mont readily reconciles himself to a half-million-dollar loss on the Du Mont network when his Pittsburgh station alone shows an annual profit of around a million—and it is one of four Du Mont television stations. Network operation has never been highly profitable, anyway, not even in radio; CBS has consistently made more money on the seven broadcasting stations it owns wholly than on its network of more than two hundred affiliates. And unless the networks put on good shows, the stations won't be so profitable.

Television won't be a Government stepchild, either; somehow the restrictions will be relaxed enough to keep it alive. Its value to the defense effort is too great to relinquish. You can show people how to spot planes (*Continued on page 120*)

TV STAR ELOISE McELHONE interviews Hollywood composer David Broekman on her show, "Eloise Salutes the Stars."



HENRY'S WIFE — *ten years younger than he, and pretty, if you like the brittle type*

WILMER'S WIFE — *lovely and patrician, proud and mysterious in her manner*

Which one of them is unfaithful? • By Michael Fessier

Although it is never discussed in the presence of the principals involved, and they, of course, have never publicly revealed their secret thoughts and emotions concerning the matter, but instead have only talked it over with their very closest friends, who wouldn't think of betraying a confidence—everybody in Millville knows all about the Big Four and the mystery of the black orchids. That is, everybody knows how each member of the Big Four reacted to the problem and what he did and said to his wife, but nobody, including the Big Four, knows for sure the answer to the riddle. That lack of certain knowledge is what has

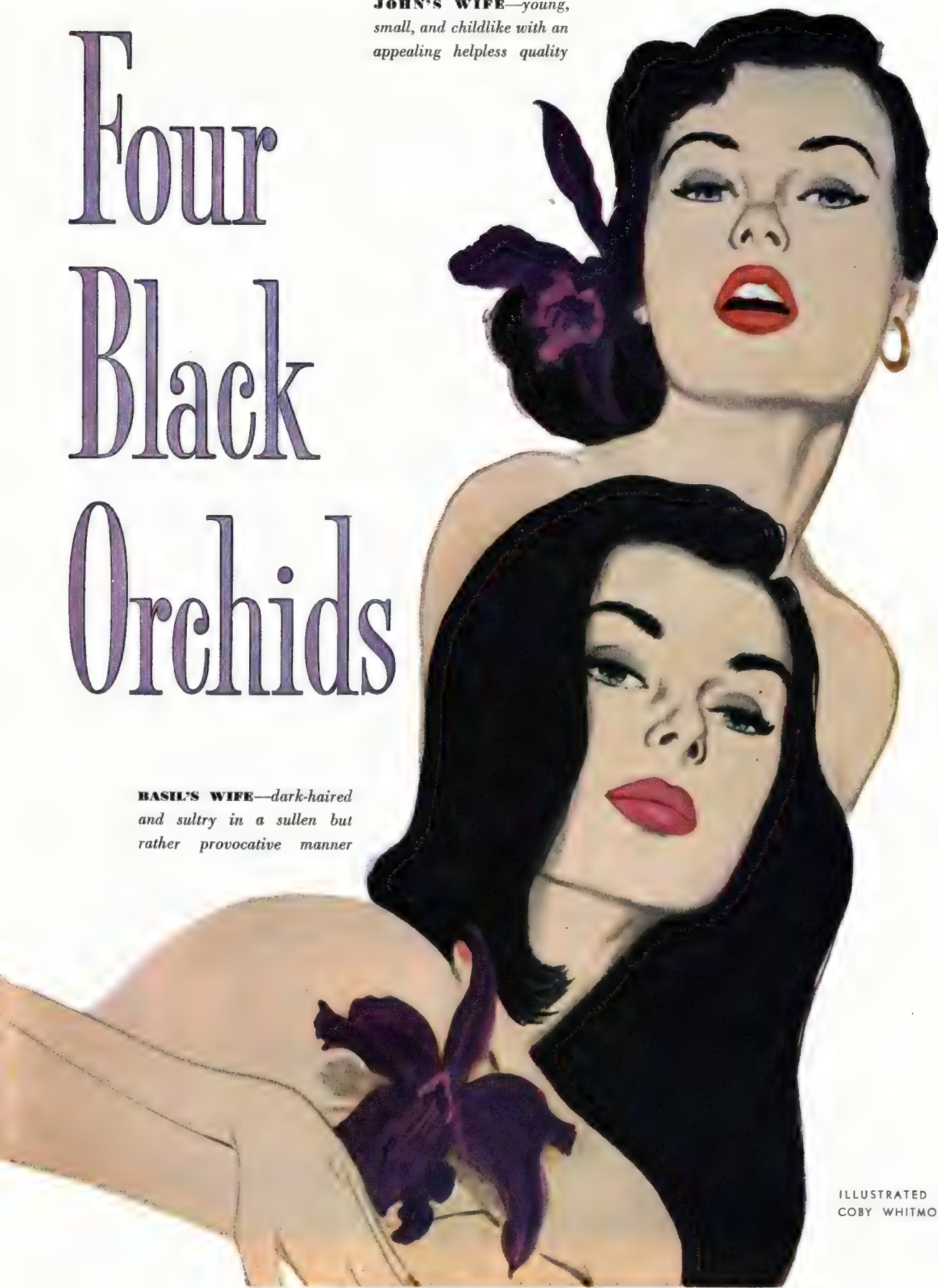
taken the zing out of our monthly lodge meetings, cast a pall over the activities at the country club, robbed the nightly poker games at the clubhouse of action, and, in other ways, made Millville not such a swell place to live in as it used to be, as far as us fellows are concerned.

The Big Four, as we called them, were the town's most important, richest, and most enterprising men. They were Henry Wessup, the banker, John Basset, owner of the agency for the most popular low-priced car, Basil Miller, real-estate promoter, and Wilmer Dean, owner of the Millville iron foundry. They were in their middle or late forties, but you (*Continued on page 167*)

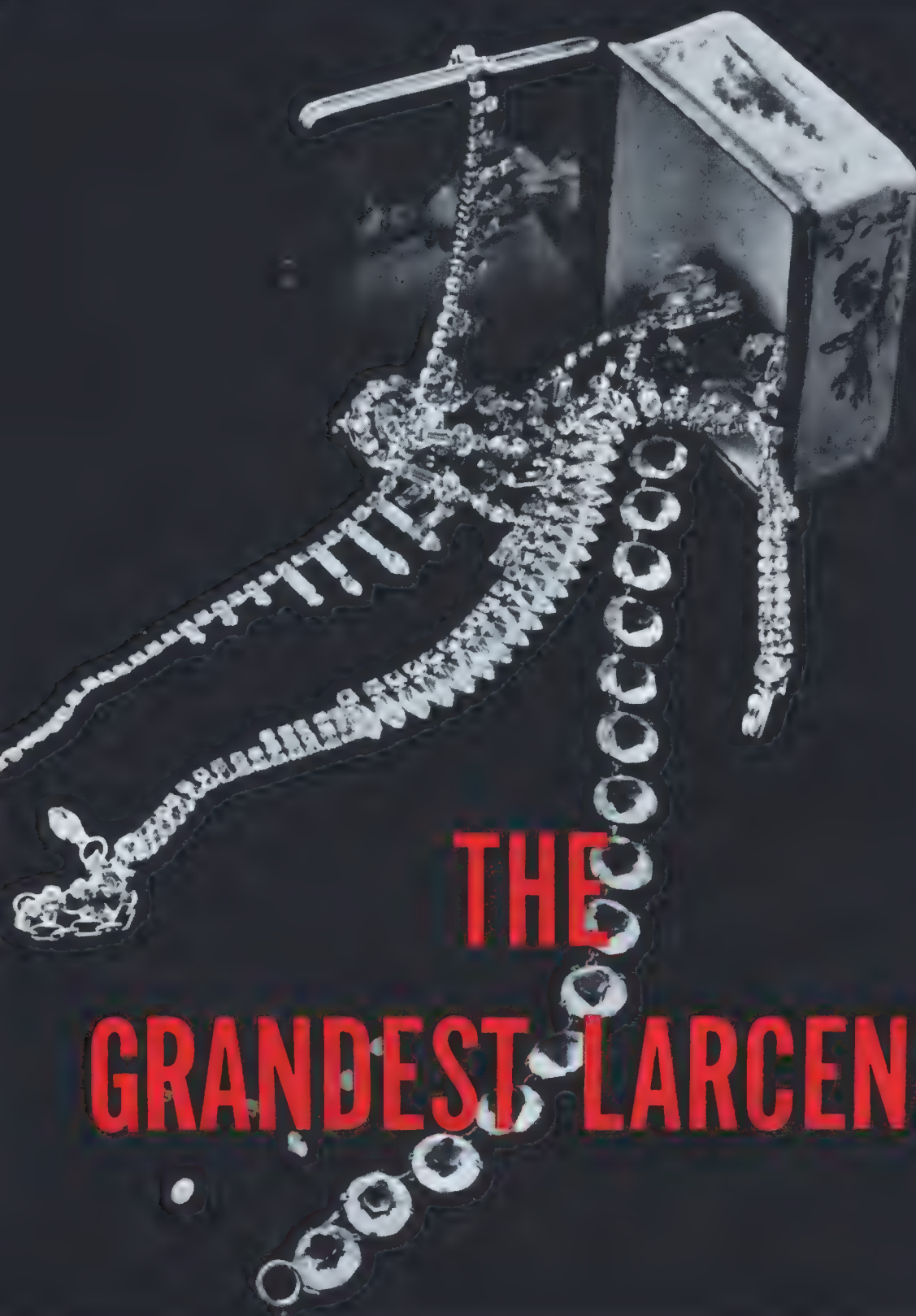
JOHN'S WIFE—young,
small, and childlike with an
appealing helpless quality

Four Black Orchids

BASIL'S WIFE—dark-haired
and sultry in a sullen but
rather provocative manner



ILLUSTRATED BY
COBY WHITMORE



THE GRANDEST LARCENY



Diamonds are often an insurance company's worst friend. They have a way of disappearing — and sometimes no one can distinguish between crook and “victim” • **BY GEORGE FRAZIER**

Are all jewel robberies as glamorous and suspenseful as the tabloids and Sunday supplements would lead us to believe? Do they occur only in fashionable New York penthouses and always to victims as celebrated and lovely as Hedy Lamarr or Sonja Henie or the Gabor sisters?

Insurance companies know otherwise.

The gingerbread, sugarplum world of the tabloids and Sunday supplements notwithstanding, jewel robberies constitute a rather sordid business that is confined to no particular locality and to no special type of individual. Last year, for example, only a slim percentage of the fifteen million dollars' worth of jewelry losses and thefts reported in the United States took place in New York and a far scantier fraction happened to people as photogenic as Miss Lamarr. What is even more surprising, though, is that a great many of the alleged losses and thefts never occurred at all. Only once during 1950, however, were newspaper readers informed at any length that jewel robberies can have aspects that are less than glamorous. This was in December, when the Home Insurance Company went to court in an effort to resist paying a claim of \$420,900 brought against it by one Stanton Sanson to recover for the theft of jewels from his wife's New York apartment on a night some eleven months before. Even here, however, the public might never have known of this aspect of the case if two factors had not been involved. One was the prodigious amount of the theft. The other was the fact that Mrs. Sanson, a former model, photographs exquisitely.

But insurance companies did not need the Sanson case to make them realize that jewels are apt to be a bad risk. Over the years, they have discovered that there is a certain pattern in the claims brought against them and out of this experience, they have arrived at certain conclusions. Generally speaking, for example, it is unwise to issue a man a policy on an expensive ring. Aside from the obvious fact that he might fall in with an acquisitive woman, there are other risks. One is related by W. H. Rodda in his authoritative book, *Inland Marine and Transportation Insurance*.

“In one case reported by an insurance company,” says Rodda, “an assured came home intoxicated one night and, having lost his wallet, gave a five-hundred-dollar diamond ring to the cab driver for his fare. About two months later he reported he had lost the ring. Searching inquiry by the adjuster revealed that the assured's story was vague, and the adjuster learned from neighbors that the assured occasionally went on drinking bouts. The ring was located in a pawnshop, and fortunately the pawnbroker knew the cab driver who had pawned it. The entire story came out, and the company did not pay any claim.”

Insurance companies are also inclined to view professional entertainers with certain misgivings. This is because entertainers are usually required to display their jewelry in crowds. A married woman who applies for a floater—the trade term for a jewelry policy—without her husband's knowledge is also regarded warily. Case histories make it abundantly clear that such a woman is apt to have a lover to whom she will turn over her jewels, and that she will then claim they have been stolen. One Hollywood ingenue, who is regarded as the essence of clear-eyed innocence by her fans, is no longer able to get a policy because she reported three jewel robberies within two years. In each instance, the investigator discovered that she had actually turned over the allegedly stolen jewels to a lover.

The existence of such fraudulence makes it imperative for insurance companies to take certain precautionary measures before writing jewelry floaters. First, they assign an inquisitive investigator to interview the applicant. If his reaction is skeptical, the company is likely to submit the applicant's name to a central clearinghouse, which carries a dossier on everybody who has ever carried jewelry insurance. Should the consequent report reveal any grounds for suspicion, the underwriter either rejects the application or consults a firm like Bishop's Service, Inc. in New York City.

Bishop's, whose stationery bears the motto, “A man's whole life precludes the single deed,” has been in business since 1898, (Continued on page 170)

There was the girl who looked startlingly like his first love, and the willing blonde he met on the train. For a man like Harry they were reason enough for a ...

STOPOVER IN CHICAGO

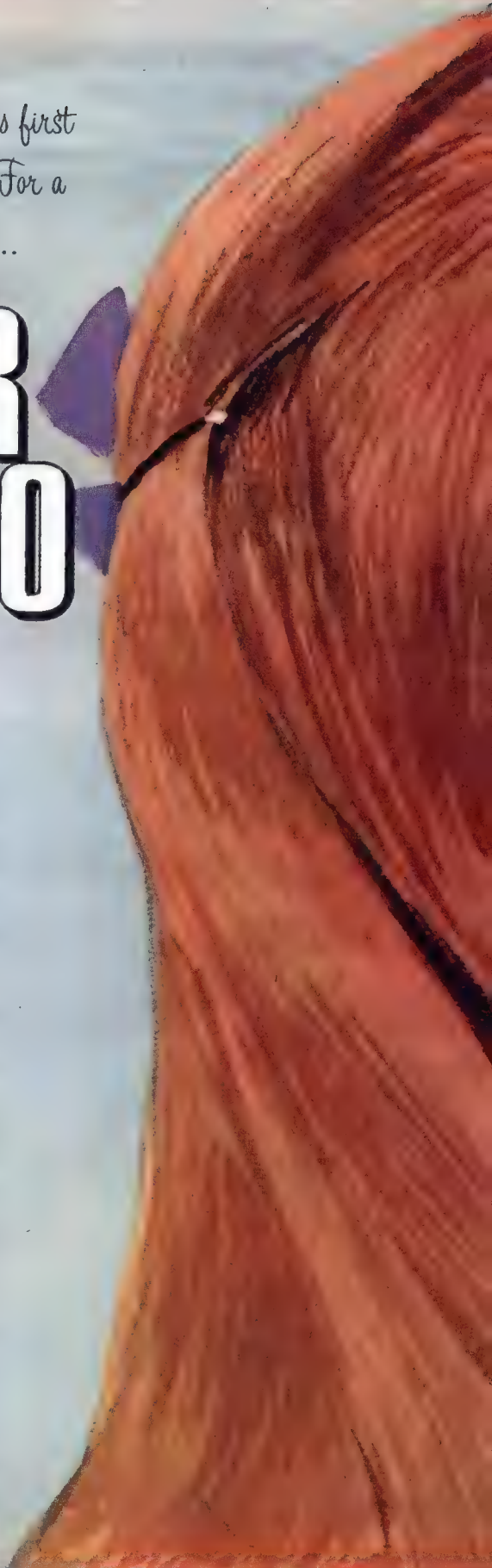
By Samson Raphaelson

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

Harry Juniper, the Hollywood producer, in Chicago between The Chief and The Century, had decided to stay overnight. He was standing at the window of a suite in the Blackstone Hotel, ruminating ironically on the reason for his decision. Harry was about forty, beautifully tailored and custom-shod, tan in April—a good-looking man. Sprawled on the sofa, smoking an expensive cigar, was Stanley, sallow-faced, in his late thirties. Stanley had come into Harry's life about ten years ago and had imperceptibly drifted into his present status. He lived with Harry, traveled with him, wore his cast-off clothes, got spending money from him, saw him through his first marriage and divorce, and ran errands for Harry's present wife. In other words, Stanley was Harry's slave. Stanley continued to smoke, and Harry continued to ruminate.

Harry had had one great romance in his life. He was nineteen at the time, a sophomore at the University of Chicago. The girl, Rhoda Frable, was also nineteen and also a sophomore. They had "gone steady" for two years. She was red-haired and beautiful. Like many young girls, she was alive with a flaming idealism—interested in humanity, in society—and wanted to live on the highest level. Harry shared her spirit, but a little uneasily. He wanted to be what she was and what she wanted him to be, but he had many moments when it looked as though the going would be tough. The girl died; she was killed by an automobile as she was crossing a street. It was her death, Harry realized later, that had made the romance so great. Being young, he had held her sacred. It took him a long time to escape her (Continued on page 92)

The girl, who was trembling and looking at him with horror in her eyes, suddenly began sobbing.





Where to Meet



That's all it costs to join a friendship club, where girl meets boy without an introduction. Here's what happens at these places—and what doesn't! • **BY JEAN LIBMAN BLOCK**

A friendship club is a place where you go, alone or with a companion of your own sex, for an inexpensive evening's entertainment. Dancing is the great drawing card; hope, the motivating force—the unquenchable hope that the stranger you meet tonight may sweep you into a mad whirl of romance and adventure.

Friendship clubs flourish in big cities where it is poor taste for a man to start a conversation with the woman who lives next door—but perfectly proper for him to clasp her in his arms seconds after he has approached her at a friendship club and, unIntroduced, asked her to dance.

In essence, a friendship club is a dollar pick-up. For the price of admission, which ranges from eighty cents to a dollar and a half, you buy temporary exemption

a Man for \$1.50

from the rules of social introductions. Any man at a club is permitted to address any woman, and each woman is required to respond graciously. This relaxation of convention may or may not extend to the rest of the curriculum, depending chiefly on the club's location. Clubs in residential neighborhoods tend to be overwhelmingly decorous. An unmarried girl of thirty got into the habit of spending her Saturday evenings at a small club in a residential area. The widowed aunt with whom the girl lived got wind of her activities and rushed into the club, intent on rescuing her charge from a swift descent into iniquity. A courtly man in his fifties invited the aunt to dance. Now both aunt and niece are frequent visitors to the club.

On the other hand, friendship clubs operating in honky-tonk neighborhoods seem to take on local atmosphere. A club on the south side of Chicago has a sinister flavor, from its freight-type elevators manned by gents in overcoats and pulled-down hats to the carnation-bedecked muscle men who, sentrylike, patrol the edges of the dance floor in the dim, smoky, orange-and-black-draped hall.

There are house rules at most clubs,

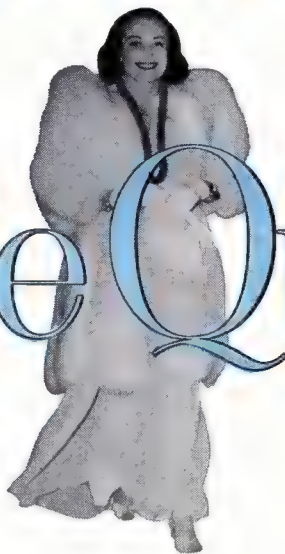
some of which state: "We ask that everyone be friendly but not fresh." In one club, a woman in a tight sweater and a man in a navy-blue shirt and yellow tie, in conversation near the refreshment counter, stand face to face, leaning tightly against each other. Do they conform to the friendly-but-not-fresh regulation? Probably, as neither is screaming for help.

Another rule forbids alcohol on the breath or in the hip pocket. But recently, when a cash customer on a research assignment for this article pushed a dollar through the window of a Broadway club and deliberately leaned forward to give the cashier the benefit of three straight brandies downed only minutes before, no questions were asked.

Actually, the more respectable clubs are far more typical than the casually supervised ones, which are really public dance halls masquerading under the friendship format. In the respectable clubs, teen-agers and jitterbugs are generally excluded, and admission is limited to men and women over twenty-eight years of age. Club managers insist that teen-agers are noisy and rambunctious, and frighten away the more restrained and faithful middle-years clientele. Average age (*Continued on page 124*)



The Last of the Movie Queens



All that's left of the flamboyant Hollywood of old is Joan Crawford, who still wears \$10,000 fur coats, gives leopard skins for presents, and otherwise acts the way big stars were supposed to act. "But," she hastens to add, "you should see me scrubbing my kitchen floor." In an Adrian original, of course ● **BY CAMERON SHIPP**

Miss Joan Crawford, the movie stars' own movie star, lives in a twenty-four-room luxury mansion at 426 North Bristol Avenue, Beverly Hills. The great house was designed for fun and comfort when Miss Crawford, during her early twenties, was earning nine thousand dollars a week as queen and darling of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, biggest studio in the world, and it represents—from the private theatre overlooking the swimming pool to the white-columned boudoir—about all the domestic delights a rich and famous lady can command.

For several days early last summer, this house rattled and strained with high-octane emotion and feminine despair. Closet doors were slammed, drawers were yanked, and the nervous stop-and-go of high heels

stabbed uncertainly at the thick-as-cream carpeting from bar to bedroom. And there were fervent imprecations.

The cause of all this frustration and woe is now known by the Crawford secretariat as the Case of the Missing Filing Cabinet. It was a bad time, and neither Miss Crawford nor her aides has ceased to shudder about it.

The filing cabinet contained some fifteen hundred names of Joan Crawford letter-writing fans. No other modern motion-picture star would have bothered to look at them, let alone file them and dote on them, but to Miss Crawford a letter writer is a jewel, a cupcake, a sister-under-the-skin, a human being whose dignity must be protected at all costs. "By heaven," she says reverently, "if my fans can write me, I can answer 'em." The addresses never were found, and Miss Crawford, who will go to any unreasonable length to please a fan, was compelled to labor from sheer memory to answer admirers who, after twenty years' intimate thrall-dom, now neglect to set down their return addresses. The ardor of Crawford fans, a special kind of ardor possibly not quite equaled by any other star's, is actually overmatched by Miss Crawford's passion for them. This passion is both sentimental and calculating: emotionally, Joan is as responsive as a strange and grateful child at a birthday party; at the same time, she is as



ON LOCATION, Joan chats with Clark Gable on the steps of her portable dressing bungalow.



PROPPED UP IN BED, she receives her first Academy Award from Director Mike Curtiz.



AN EXCELLENT MOTHER, Joan lavishes much of her time and attention on the four children.



HER SPACIOUS MANSION in fashionable Brentwood is decorated in a fascinating blend of new and antique furnishings.

professionally competent as a slide rule. And there you have it. Add the red hair, the big blue eyes, and the imaginative flair, and you've got yourself a movie star. No actress living works harder at her job.

Joan Crawford occupies a unique position. She is, although she deplores the suggestion, the last of her fabulous line, the last of the great movie stars of a free and fancy era, and though she tries to do everything possible to dispel that notion, she still behaves in character.

When pinned down, she hoots at the idea that she is either movie-starrish or that she lives glamorously.

"Should have seen me last night," she says. "Should have seen me scrubbing the kitchen floor."

It's a fact. There are numerous witnesses willing to swear on a stack of *Hollywood Reporters* that they have personally observed Crawford on her hands and knees scrubbing the floor.

But Henry Rogers, her press agent for many years, observed gently: "Yes, dear, I saw you do it. And you were wearing an Adrian original."

Yet after spending every instant of her adult life in professional pursuit of glamour, Joan is immune to paradox. As a result, it sometimes seems that she is incapable of making the simplest gesture without laying herself open to accusations of playing to the gallery. Having many detractors, she is often falsely accused, but also she deceives herself.

A few years ago she came to New York to make personal appearances and attend to publicity chores in connection with the opening of one of her pictures at the Capitol Theatre. As usual, there were long lines of fans stretching out from the ticket window before seven A.M., formed by girls who came early merely to be first to see her new picture.

Such devotion naturally impressed Joan. "I'd like to see that," she said. When word was passed to the manager of the theatre, he blanched. "Not a chance. You want us to have riots? Keep her away from here."

Joan insisted. "I'll slip in (Continued on page 108)



MISS CRAWFORD STRIKES A CHARACTERISTIC POSE in the dressing room of her glamorous home. Glamour, she feels, is her business. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs 110 pounds, and has a 26-inch waist.

Had any Fresh



For example—you can hire someone to fire your cook, break an engagement, impress your boss, or even haunt a house. There's astonishingly little that money can't buy—or rent • **BY HELEN MARKEL HERRMANN**

America in 1950—the Land of the Free and the Month Clubs, the Country of Just-Fill-in-the Form, the best things in life can be mail-ordered. Just print your name legibly and you can get a house, a horse, or a husband by return mail. Send in the proper coupon, and literature or liquor, fruit, flowers, or theatre tickets will turn up as regularly as the bill collector. Dial the right number and there'll be someone aching to wake you up, walk your dog, answer your phone, or remind you of your mother-in-law's birthday—for a modest fee.



From Cape Cod to Capistrano, enterprising folk are currently offering a variety of services that allow you to lead the rich full life from a horizontal position. Whatever your problem, someone, somewhere, is more than willing to tackle it—for a price, of course. You just have to know where to turn.

It's a matter of knowing the right people.

For three dollars an hour, an intrepid young man in Cleveland, Ohio, name of Robert Russell, is dying to risk his life for you. He'll fire your cook, return an engagement ring, ask your boss for a raise—solve anything that keeps you awake nights and doesn't involve him with the law.



If you're looking for a K.P. pal, there's an ex-sergeant in New York who makes a hobby of reuniting war buddies (no ex-girl-friends need apply), and a helpful San Francisco service "For Rakes Only" provides covering addresses for nervous gentlemen who wish to have everyone think that they are off on a "business trip."

Step right up and tell us your problem.

Want to impress your boss, your wife, your mother-in-law? The VIP Service in New York will arrange anything, for a price—a front table at the Stork, a backstage meeting with Mary Martin, a deferential bow from the headwaiter at Twenty-One.



Know you'd make a million if you could ever work out that invention? The House of Inventions in New York is ready to prove you right—or dead wrong. For fifty cents an hour, Inventor William Oleson, its owner, will provide the place, the tools, and the know-how, and tell you how feasible that thingamajig really is.

Wish you had a new hat for tonight? The Hat-Renting Haven over on Park Avenue has taken this omnipresent female problem and turned it into a rushing business. For three dollars, you can rent a hat for twenty-four hours (all their hats are from top designers), and if you find you can't live without it, the management will be glad to negotiate further. (Relax, each hat gets a sterilized headband after it is returned to the renter.)



As for Junior—

Does he brood glumly while father reads his morning mail? Now he, too, can open his mail. For a dollar a year, Susie Cucumber, faithful correspondent to small fry, will write him a monthly letter reporting on her social life, inquiring about his. Guaranteed to make him feel like a new man.

Is he dissatisfied with department-store Santas? Santa's Helpers, Inc., an organization of actors-

Ideas lately?

between-jobs, will arrange for his personal Santa (briefed beforehand) to drop in the night before Christmas and discuss his life and hard times with him. If you live out of New York, they'll locate a gent to fit your particular suburban chimney.

Saves all kinds of wear and tear on Father's paunch—and the chimney.

For Father's Daze—



In fact, all kinds of people are watching over—and cashing in on—Father. A frustrated fellow out in Oakland, California, who spent years hanging sheepishly around toy counters, finally started a Toys-for-Men Service, now has a mailing list of five thousand grateful enthusiasts who get to break up their own electric trains, free from Junior's kibitzing.

And a jittery gent down in Memphis who couldn't seem to get the hang of a diaper founded The Expectant Fathers Club, now a national organization with chapters in all major cities. Each chapter holds a monthly meeting at which potential pas are taught to bathe, burp, and bundle their future moppets under the nervous supervision of Red Cross nurses.

As For Fido—

In addition to Dr. Harbison, the widely-touted gentleman who recently made the psychiatric couch available to dogs, New York has acquired the nation's first dog sitter, a canine-loving young lady who switched from baby-minding when the moppet-sitting field got overcrowded. She is now booked weeks in advance. Had to give up her own dog when she went into business. "No one to sit with him," she explains.

Fido, when not being sat with or analyzed, now has an infinite choice of homes-away-from-home when his master goes on vacation, gets divorced, or is otherwise occupied. The most lavish of these is a dude ranch for dogs located, inevitably, in the heart of Hollywood. Each canine dude has his own bunkhouse and corral and acquires a red bandana upon induction.

(Note to cat owners: L.A. has an equally decadent retreat where felines can have the time of their nine lives. In addition to a modern maternity ward and a milk bar, there are landscaped runways. All this splendor costs a dollar and a quarter a day, American plan.)

Want to be the life of the party?

New Yorker, name of Dick Collier, will go into stitches for you, at so much a stitch. Radio's top funnymen claim he has the most contagious laugh in the business, hire him regularly to infect a studio audience, just in case. If you're hoping to panic your garden club, the Elks convention, or Johnny's Boy Scout troop, he's reassuring to have around.



Another gift to the giggle set is "Laughs Unlimited," a New York agency that guarantees jokes for any occasion. One dollar will buy you a sure-fire yak, and a couple of hundred will get a complete act. "Laughs Unlimited" claims a clientele of five thousand—everybody from southpaws to senators in search of comic relief.

Ghost Stories.

If you've finally found just the house you're looking for, but it's said to be haunted, get in touch with a Mrs. Maud Spangenburg, a steel-nerved real-estate lady in Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania, who specializes in de-haunting houses. Satisfaction guaranteed: If the corpse returns, so does your money.



On the other hand, if there's a house you'd like to have haunted, look up Dick Jones, a Charles Addams type out in Columbus, Ohio, who has turned house haunting into a big business.

He supplies corpses of all shapes, sizes, fabrics, and prices, for all sorts of occasions. A small, undernourished type will cost you a buck, while several hundred dollars will get you a 1951 model, complete with friends.

Want to swap it?

Wish you could trade (Continued on page 124)

Opportunities in the

HERE are the jobs young men are likely to be most interested in for some years to come. Take your pick—or take your chances. The military manpower situation today differs considerably from that in 1940 and 1941. Today, many of the young men in their twenties are veterans or 4-F's from World War II, which will alter their position and perhaps increase their opportunities. The following is the first complete listing of what the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard have to offer volunteers who are seeking either specialist ratings or Reserve commissions, and what they require of you.

DIRECT ENLISTMENT *The chief advantage of a direct enlistment is that a man may pick his service. (At the time this chart was prepared, all men inducted through Selective Service were being assigned to the Army.) The chief disadvantage is that the term is usually longer than the term for draftees. In general, there is no educational requirement for direct enlistment except the ability to pass a mental test.*

SERVICE	AGE	MARITAL STATUS	TERM	TRAINING
ARMY	17 thru 34	Single	3, 4, 5, or 6 years (man eligible for draft may enlist for normal draft term, but must agree to remain in Reserve 5 years unless discharged sooner)	Basic training
AIR FORCE	17 thru 34	Single or married	Initial enlistment, 4 years; reenlistments, 3, 4, 5, 6, or indefinite	8 to 10 weeks' basic at Lackland, Texas, or a supplementary base
NAVY	17 thru 30	Single or married	4 or 6 years. If under 18, to 21st birthday	9 to 11 weeks' basic
MARINE CORPS Regular	17 thru 28	Single	3 or 4 years	8 weeks' basic at Parris Island, South Carolina, or San Diego, California
Reserve	17 thru 31	Single or married	Indefinite	8 weeks' basic at Parris Island, South Carolina, or San Diego, California
COAST GUARD	Nonveterans—17 thru 25	Single	3 years	3 months' basic at Cape May, New Jersey; Alameda, California; or Groton, Connecticut
	Veterans—17 thru 29	Single, or married under specified conditions	3, 4, or 6 years	Depending on rating
NATIONAL GUARD	17 thru 35	Single or married	3 years Veterans—1 or 3 years	Drill once a week. Two weeks' active field training in summer
ARMY ORGANIZED RESERVE CORPS (active)	17 thru 34	Single or married	3 years	Drill 12-48 drills a year. Two weeks' active field training in summer (optional)
(inactive)	17 thru 34	Single or married	3 years	None

Armed Forces

Compiled from
Official Sources

COMMISSIONS Most available commissions are in the Reserves. In some branches, Reserve officers may qualify for regular commissions after a period of service. The accompanying table summarizes minimum prerequisites for commissions, but not everybody meeting these requirements can expect a commission. Information on doctors, dentists, chaplains, and certain other specialists is omitted.

SERVICE	AGE	MARITAL STATUS	TERM	PREREQUISITES	TRAINING
ARMY					
Regular	21 thru 27	Single or married	Career	Distinguished graduate of R.O.T.C.; or competitive 1-year tour of duty	
Reserve (OCS)	19 thru 28	Single or married	5 years (2 years' active service after graduation plus 3 years as a civilian-Reserve)	High-school diploma or pass equivalency examination	14 weeks' basic, 8 weeks' leaders school, and 6 months at OCS
Reserve (other)	21 thru 27	Single or married	5 years	Former warrant officer or enlisted man with degree; enlisted Reservist in 3 highest grades who has had basic Army extension course; R.O.T.C. graduate	Summer camp
AIR FORCE					
Regular	21 thru 27	Single or married	Career	Usually, college degree; or distinguished graduate of Air Force R.O.T.C., Aviation Cadet program, or OCS	OCS graduates take 6 months' additional training
Reserve Aviation Cadets	20 thru 26½	Single	3 years' active service plus 12 months' training	2 years of college	12 months in Southwest
Navigator Cadets	Same as Aviation Cadets but less rigid vision requirements				
R.O.T.C.	21 thru 27	Single or married	2 years	College degree with 4 years of R.O.T.C.	None
OCS	20½ thru 26½	Single or married	3 years' active service plus 6 months' training	2 years of college (degree preferred)	6 months' OCS at Lackland, Texas, or a supplementary base
NAVY					
Regular	17 thru 21	Single	Career	Naval Reserve Officers' Training Corps	
Reserve Aviation Cadets	18 thru 26	Single	4 years	60 college hours	18 months
General Line (active)	19 thru 25	Single or married	Indefinite, but serve for normal draft period	College degree, with mathematics at least through trigonometry	None
General Line (inactive)	19 thru 26	Single or married	Indefinite	College degree, with mathematics at least through trigonometry	None

(Continued on page 90)



CANADA'S PROVINCE OF QUEBEC is *France-in-America*. The natives, the ancient city walls, the cuisine of hotels and restaurants—all have a French accent. The natives, in fact, speak French! The above picture of Quebec City shows the Chateau Frontenac, one of the world's great hotels, rising imperiously over the old city. There are other fine hostelrys and many opportunities for fishing, canoeing, swimming, horseback riding, and tennis. Summers are delightfully cool in this fabled province. You'll want a camera to record your sight-seeing.

A Cosmopolitan Guide to SUMMER VACATIONS



Here are facts and figures on twenty-five outstanding American vacation spots. If you would like to have data on other equally enchanting places, write to Cosmopolitan's Travel Guide, Edward R. Dooling, Director, Fifty-seventh Street at Eighth Avenue, New York 19, New York.

GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS NATIONAL PARK, on its Tennessee side, is composed of the highest and most

rugged mountain masses of eastern America, covered from valley to peak with the richest vegetation found in the temperate zone and the largest stands of virgin red spruce and hardwoods remaining in eastern United States. On these 505,000 acres, all wildlife is protected, native black bears being most popular with tourists.

Principal center: Gatlinburg, on Tennessee Highway 71—gateway resort town wholly given over to caring for the needs and desires of visitors to the Park.

SUMMER VACATIONS (continued)



PENNSYLVANIA'S POCONOS are one of the East's most popular summer playgrounds—with resort hotels featuring all the usual vacation activities, including dancing under the stars. The Poconos are highly regarded as a happy hunting ground for bachelors and bachelor-girls.



CALIFORNIA'S COAST between Santa Monica and Long Beach boasts some fine beaches. Only a short drive away from sand and sea lies ultrasmart Sunset Boulevard, night-club row of the movie colony. California's weather, of course, is a year-round attraction.

Activities: Horseback riding, trout and lake fishing, tennis, badminton, shuffleboard, bicycling, swimming in modern pools, mountain climbing with or without guides, dancing, both round and square. Guided park trips with park naturalists in charge; no fee for services. Excellent photographic possibilities throughout park. Cherokee Indian drama six nights weekly, from June twenty-third through Labor Day, at nearby Cherokee Indian Reservation.

Reached by: Through-highways; air and rail via Knoxville, Tennessee, and Asheville, North Carolina.

Tops—Mountain View Hotel	\$12 up (A) *	Double
New Gatlinburg Inn	\$ 6-10 (E)	Double
New Riverside Hotel	\$12 up (A)	Double
Hotel Greystone	\$12-15 (A)	Double
French Village Hotel	\$ 6-8 (E)	Double

* (A)—American plan, (E)—European plan

Economy—Leading courts, motels, \$2 per person and guesthouses and up

Meals: Hotel dining rooms average \$1 for breakfast, \$1.50 for lunch, and \$2 for dinner. Many of the restaurants and snack bars run below these figures.

BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY, NORTH CAROLINA, is a unique link in the national park system. The Parkway is really a national park four hundred miles long, traversing one of the most scenic areas in America. In the area are Fontana Lake and Fontana Dam, fourth highest dam in the world.

Principal centers: Asheville, Waynesville, Hendersonville, Blowing Rock, and Fontana.

Activities: All summer sports, including polo and archery. Trout and bass fishing. Dude ranching. Guided tours. Rhododendron season at peak in June.

Reached by: Blue Ridge Parkway and good connecting

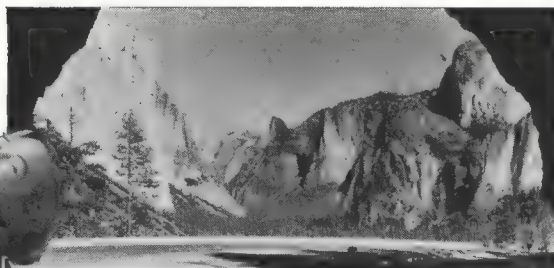


THE CANADIAN ROCKIES are one of the world's most beautiful ranges. Glaciers, snow-capped peaks, and abundant wild-life look as they did when the continent was young. Above, scene from the top of the Banff Springs Hotel.



MAINE'S SEACOAST is popular with tourists. Sea cruises around Frenchman Bay, boat trips from Bar Harbor, fishing, camping, swimming, hiking, and horseback riding are some of the attractions. The vacationers above are boating on the Kennebunk River.

SUMMER VACATIONS (continued)



CALIFORNIA'S YOSEMITE is a top vacation spot with excellent and even luxurious lodges. Camping, including trail trips into the high Sierras, swimming, riding, golf, and tennis are but a few of the exhilarating activities featured at the beautiful resorts in Yosemite Valley.



NEW JERSEY'S ATLANTIC CITY is famous for its boardwalk, bathing beauties, and amusement piers. This is Broadway-on-the-Sea, replete with night clubs, carnivals, theatres, and sumptuous hotels. Beauty and talent abound when the Miss America contest takes place.



NEW MEXICO is a vast, fascinating state, steeped in the lore of Old Spain. Days are hot, but nights are blanket-cool. Tourist attractions include summer theatre, square dancing, hiking, horseback riding, and old pueblo villages like Taos, an artists' retreat glimpsed above.



WEST VIRGINIA'S WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS is a fine outdoor vacationland, with many scenic bridge paths like the one above. Besides the usual outdoor sports, guided fishing trips go out in season. Dancing to big-name bands is another tourist attraction.

state highways from the Great Smokies to the Shenandoah National Park in Virginia.

Tops—

Grove Park Inn, Asheville	\$10 up	(E)	Single
Graystone Inn, Roaring Gap	\$20-35	(A)	Double
Mayview Manor, Blowing Rock	\$22-35	(A)	Double
Eseeola Lodge, Linville	\$10 up	(A)	Single
High Hampton Inn, Cashiers	\$ 9 up	(A)	Single

Medium—

Country Club Inn, Waynesville	\$15-20	(A)	Double
Tapoco Lodge, Tapoco	\$13-16	(A)	Double

Battery Park Hotel, Asheville	\$4.50-10	(E)	Single
Bluffs Lodge, Blue Ridge	\$7-9	(E)	Double
Parkway at Doughton Park			
Post Office at Laurel Springs			

Economy—

Fontana Village, Fontana Dam	\$1.50 up	(E)	Single
Boundary Tree Lodge,			
Cherokee	\$5-6	(E)	Double

Motor courts and tourist

homes throughout area \$2 up (E) Single

Meals: Top hotels range from \$1.25 for breakfast to \$4 for dinner. There are also many attractive places with



VIRGINIA'S WILLIAMSBURG has been restored to the beauty of its Colonial days. Guides dressed in knee breeches or sweeping gowns relate Colonial events as though they happened only yesterday, and even the food is Colonial-style. Above, the Governor's Palace.

FLORIDA'S EAST COAST, the nation's leading winter resort, now also rates as a summer resort, and, as an added incentive, luxury hotels cut their prices in summer to make the off-season doubly attractive. Miami Beach is comfortably cool during the summer.



VERMONT'S GREEN MOUNTAINS provide many miles of hiking trails and thousands of miles of bridle paths. The beautiful mountain lakes invite swimming, boating, sailing, and fishing.



Scenic photos by Philip Gendreau

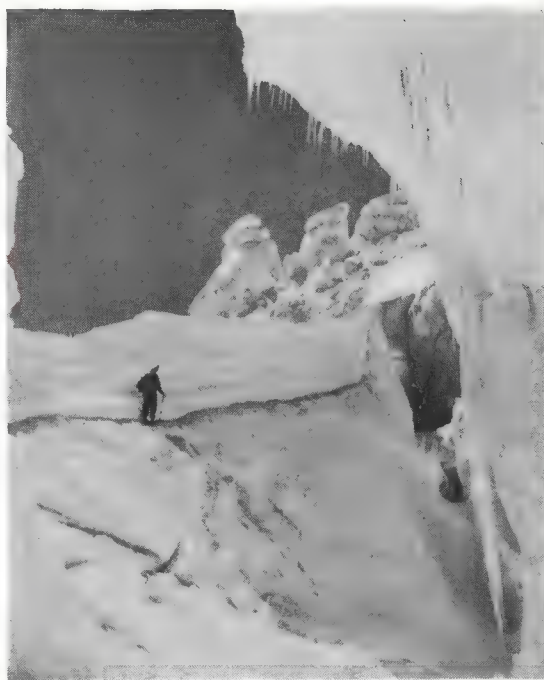
Figure photos by Stephen Colhoun

Dress, page 75, by Anne Fogarty

SUMMER VACATIONS (continued)



NEW YORK'S THOUSAND ISLANDS lie in the broad St. Lawrence River. They range from tiny dots of land to huge, beautifully landscaped island estates. And similarly, the bustling river traffic includes everything from clanking rowboats to luxurious yachts.



OREGON'S MOUNT HOOD, America's most-climbed mountain, lies in a great vacationland. Lodges, principally the Timberline Lodge, offer mountain climbing, fishing, horseback riding, and even gold mining. Mount Hood, always snow-capped, towers 11,000 feet.

à-la-carte service, and smaller hotels and farms with fixed-price meals in a wide price range, as well as an abundance of snack and sandwich shops.

LAKE OF THE OZARKS, MISSOURI. Rolling hills surround a wide expanse of water with a thousand-mile shoreline of fingerlike coves, providing maximum privacy for the many resorts—and almost no mosquitoes. *Principal centers:* Camdenton, Osage Beach, Lake Ozark, and Versailles.

Activities: Fishing, swimming (excellent public beach at Lake of the Ozarks State Park recreation area), golf, hiking, dancing (including square dancing), horseback riding, aquaplaning, hay rides, fish and steak fries, boating (sailboats, canoes, speedboats, and rowboats), airplane rides, excursion-boat rides, table tennis. Favorite activity: Resting. Souvenir shops. Good scenic area and Ozark Hills life for camera fans.

Reached by: Rail at Eldon and Versailles; air at Eldon, Linn Creek-Grand Glaize Airport, Camdenton, Warsaw, and Mel Adkins private airport at Gravois Mills; bus and automobile routes over U. S. Highways 65, 54, 50, and 66 and State Highways 52 and 5.

(Continued on page 128)



Every day 27 MILLION PEOPLE share
this happy eating habit...



**SOUP
FOR
LUNCH**

Homemakers across America report
soup is a top favorite everywhere!

No question about it, the sensible lunch is planned around soup!... For soup is the ideal hot dish for noon... delicious... nourishing... easy to digest... easy to prepare... easy on the budget! A lunch of soup, with sandwiches, salad or dessert provides plenty of energy for the afternoon. And plenty of variety—21 Campbell's kinds to choose from. Small wonder America likes soup for lunch!... So, let your family share this happy eating habit, now!




SOUP, SANDWICH AND DESSERT

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Over a dozen delicious garden vegetables mingled in homey beef stock.... It's "almost a meal in itself!"

Baked Ham Sandwich Chocolate Roll Milk



SOUP AND DESSERT

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup

A nation-wide success almost overnight! Fresh, cultivated mushrooms blended with extra-heavy whipping cream!

Crackers Cherry Cobbler Coffee



SOUP AND SALAD

Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup

Pieces of plump, tender chicken mingled with egg noodles in a golden broth! From a wonderful old Colonial recipe.

Lettuce Wedges Hot Biscuits Tea

Diary of an American Girl in FRANCE

By VIRGINIA FLOREY

This first week in Paris has flown on golden wings. The Louvre, Opera, night-clubs and theatres! We have prowled the Seine bookstalls, dined fabulously in the Bois, thrilled at seeing originals in the style shows. There's magic in the air! Why do Americans come only in summer? Now is the time: the "thrift season". Everything's better and we can afford to do so much more. We've hired a car.



1: Normandy is heavenly in springtime! We saw the Joan of Arc marketplace in Rouen, had a big night in Deauville. Mont St. Michel exceeds my wildest imagination. In the town we feasted on La Mère Poulard's famous omelettes — they're simply divine!



2: Mile after mile the chateaux of the Loire recall the elegance of feudal times. Those were the days! Loches (above), Chambord, Chenonceaux — I saw them all. I love the varied architecture, the magnificence of the gardens, the age they re-create.



3: Driving south in the Midi, we met some artist friends, and that called for a party! Our village innkeeper loved it as much as we did; he really went to town. You really can't get a poor meal in France, I've found.

PARIS' 2000th BIRTHDAY

Paris Song Festival — Maurice Chevalier introduces birthday song. **Student Week** (re-creation of the medieval St. Germain Fair.) **Festival of the Boats of Yesterday** and Today with night pageants on the Seine. **Midnight Bicycle Race** through the Streets of Paris. **Fête de Place Vendôme**: a week of celebration in this famous square. **Grand Concert** in the Louvre courtyard with 2 great symphony orchestras and the coronation music of Louis XIV on original trumpets. **Citywide Flower Contest** with all the balconies of Paris florally decorated. **Rabelais Fair** in all its ancient splendour in the markets of Paris. **Montparnasse Week**. Studios of renowned artists open to the public. **Fashion Shows**. **Special Offerings of the Opera Comique**. **Historical Tours** tracing the growth of Paris. **Homage to Paris by the provinces**. **Special events** all year.

FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

A Service Agency of the
Ministry of Public Works, Transportation and Tourism
New York Chicago San Francisco
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4: We fell hard for the Riviera! Blue seas, mountains, gorgeous flowers. It's truly the playground of the world. Had a whirl at Nice and Cannes: swimming, the casinos, dancing. Everyone seems to be here. (Above) No, I'm not hitch-hiking to Monte Carlo!



5: Back in Paris again—our last day. Shopping done, bags packed. Sitting at my favorite sidewalk café in the warm sun, I'm homesick for Paris already! Perhaps again next year? Surely next year! For Paris' 2000th birthday in 1951. What a party that'll be.

A Good Place to Fall in Love (Continued from page 43)

crepe-rubber soles. This, he told Lucy, was the normal outfit for a law student and a music lover, if the music one loved was *le jazz hot*.

The Club Saint-Germain was a small cellar, usually jam-packed with tourists who came to watch the Existentialists frolicking to *le jazz hot*. Its principal decoration was a painting of a lady with a tiara and a beard. The band played full blast, and the noise made Lucy long for the comparative quiet of a foundry, but Henri loved it. They were standing—because, he explained, it was better to stand at Club Saint-Germain; if they sat at a table the waiters might think they wanted a drink. In that part of the club, the cheapest drink cost three hundred francs.

So they stood and watched the dancing, which was like nothing Lucy had ever seen. The dance floor was hardly more than five feet square and, of necessity, occupied by only one couple at a time. Occasionally two pairs would attempt their fancy steps, but collision was inevitable, and the smack of bone on bone would ring loud and clear through the cellar, someone would stagger back, clutch the air for balance, and fall with a crash on a table or a tourist.

Most of the male dancers wore blue-jeans and beards. Some of the girls wore bluejeans, too, and pedal-pushers; some had slit skirts, slit a considerable distance farther than Jacques Fath had intended. But the faces were uniform—pale, mat make-up, no lipstick or rouge, but more eyeshadow, eyebrow pencil, and mascara than Theda Bara had used in her palmiest days.

When the band fell exhausted from their instruments, Henri came out of his ardent trance. Turning to Lucy, he draped an arm around her shrinking shoulders. "Baby," he announced suddenly, "I have known many womans, but no womans like you. *Je t'adore, cherie*."

"Women," muttered Lucy, "not womans."

"Woman or womans," declared Henri grandly, "it is not matter. Now it is no longer the French girls I love, it is you, *ma mignonne*." He bent and warmly kissed the back of Lucy's neck, which at once went a rich, firehouse red. "Informal" was the word for Henri. He was a boy with a loving disposition and no inhibitions at all. He could not understand why Lucy reared back like a frightened pony when he tried to kiss her in a restaurant, or on a bus, or once, one terrible midday, in the middle of Boulevard Saint-Michel. "But why not?" he demanded. "It is spring, it is Paris, we are young, we are in love!"

Lucy said desperately, "But we are not in love!"

"But zees guy loves you, Baby!"

"Don't call me 'Baby!'" was Lucy's maddened reply, but it did no good. Only a third of Henri's English came from the schoolroom—the other two-thirds was culled from American movies and American students studying in Paris. So Lucy remained "Baby."

DESPITE everything, Henri had a certain charm. He accepted Lucy's rebuffs with good humor, and when she was more than usually stiff with him, he'd turn up the collar of his coat and shiver. "*Alors, il fait froid!*" His dark

eyes would dance. "Lucy, you make the weather cold now!" He was sweet, Lucy decided, but just not her dish. Though they were both twenty-two, she felt at least ten years older than he, and consequently did not want the whole of her Paris holiday cluttered up with Henri. However, getting rid of him was beyond her linguistic powers. Her French was even worse than Henri's English, and when she hinted that perhaps he would be happier with a different playmate, Henri simply refused to understand her. His English just shut down altogether.

HER MUSINGS were interrupted by a loud blast from a trumpet, and Lucy realized, forlornly, that the band was at it again, blazing away at some defenseless melody. Henri's eyes glinted. "Formidable, hah? What you say, *solide*, Jackson!" Before she was fully

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MOST FAMOUS NIGHT SPOT IN PARIS

When you finish the story on these pages about young people in love in Paris, be sure to read "Maxim's, Most Famous Night Spot in Paris," the article that tells of the Paris café where history was made at night. We bring you this double header because 1951 marks the 2,000th birthday of Paris, most romantic city in the world.

TURN TO PAGE 147

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

aware of his intentions, he had swung her into the middle of the floor.

The memory of the ten minutes that followed still causes Lucy to moan pitifully in her sleep. It was useless to resist—Henri and the music were one heedless whole. Henri didn't so much want a dancing partner as something to toss around. He was the performer—Lucy was merely the prop required for the act. She was reminded of a time a horse bolted with her; then, too, she had stiffened her back, dug in her heels, closed her eyes, and prayed.

Her eyes were jarred open as Henri threw her across his left hip, dropped her with a crash, picked her up again, and swung her around in a dizzy circle. The faces so perilously near her flying figure became a dim blur. She was aware of shouts of encouragement, and the thud of hands and feet beating time to what, for want of a better word, might be called the melody. Up . . . and the ceiling came down to greet her. Down

. . . and somebody jerked back the glass he was holding as her nose skimmed by. Throughout the whole nightmare, the face of Henri was the one fixed object in a whirling world. Henri, transfigured, ecstatic. Henri, having a wonderful time.

Finally Henri, and even the band, got tired, and Lucy was able to hobble off the floor. Without a word, she headed straight for the door, and out into the Rue Saint-Benoit. She had not the slightest idea of where she was or in which direction her hotel lay—her only thought was to put as much space as possible between herself and the Club.

Henri came running after her. "Lucy, *attends-moi! Cherie*, are you angry?"

"Oh, no!" said Lucy, with a light, brittle laugh. "Why should I be angry? I *adore* having my bones broken, in public, to music. I'm a simple girl who loves a simple fracture. I think scars are lucky and bruises ward off the Evil Eye. Why should I be angry?"

"*Bien!*" Henri was content. "I am glad, me, you are not angry. *Alors*, we return and dance again?"

Lucy just looked at him. She opened her mouth, desperately groping for some cutting, concise phrase that would settle Henri once and for all. But nothing came. At least, nothing Henri could understand. So, instead, she said slowly, emphatically, "Henri, I am going home."

"But so early!" he protested. "Why?"

"It is not," said Lucy, "early. Where's my hotel from here?"

"Baby," said Henri fondly, "I take you there." They set off down a narrow, cobbled street that curved into another narrow, cobbled street, and that into a third. Lucy halted under a lamp and looked at her French friend with misgiving. "Henri," she asked, "could it be we're taking the long way home?"

"Wis you, darrrrreeng, no way is long. A t'ousand miles"—Henri snapped his fingers—"is pass in one secon'."

"Where," demanded Lucy grimly, "is my hotel?"

"Soon, Baby," Henri promised. "Soon."

SINGING "*La Vie en Rose*" loudly and from his heart, Henri strode forth, and Lucy stumbled mutinously along. Her high-heeled shoes hurt her feet. They seemed to have walked the length of the world when Henri guided her around a corner and there, starlit and bridged like a fairy-tale river, was the Seine.

"When"—sang Henri, translating freely—"I takes you in my arms—"

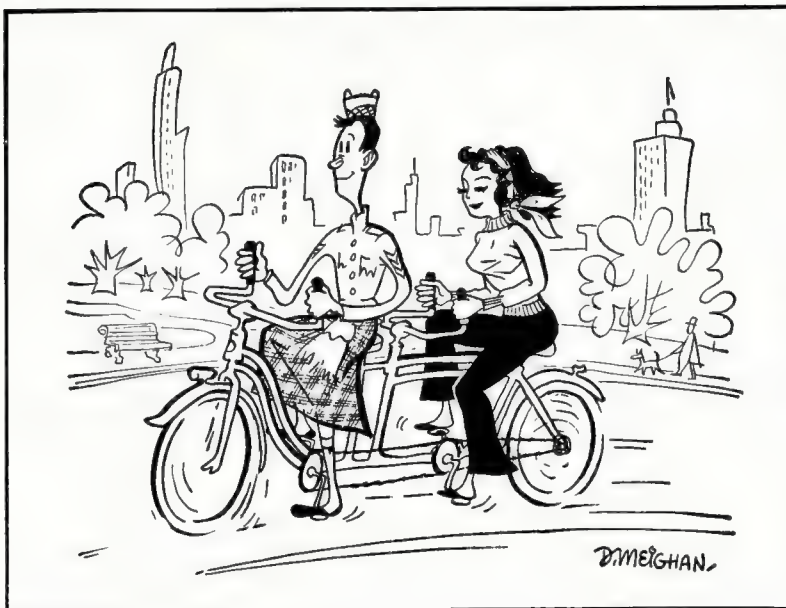
Lucy halted the nightingale by her side by the simple expedient of stamping on his foot. "My hotel," she said in honest wrath, "was nowhere near the river. I want to go home! Home, home, *chez moi*, you clot!"

"Clot," said Henri, fascinated, "I do not know. Let us sit a while, Lucy, and you tell me what is clot."

"I *must* go home," wailed Lucy. "I'm tired. *Je suis fatiguée*. My feet hurt."

"Ah, my baby is tired?" asked Henri, registering complete surprise. "*Alors*, it is better we sit down, *n'est-ce pas?*" He led the simmering Lucy to a seat by the water. She took off her shoes and, wincing, checked the blisters on her heels.

But despite her blisters, despite Henri, it was obvious to her that the Seine was the loveliest river in the world. The reflection of the lights on the bridge grew like golden poplar trees in the water,



and in the center of the river, the surface was ruffled, like frosted glass, by the current. The reflection of the white bridge and its triple span was so clear that it seemed almost as though the positions were reversed, as though the reflection were the reality and the bridge only a lovely image.

If that were so, mused Lucy, I'd be Through the Looking Glass, like Alice, and I'd have to dive into the Seine to find my way back into the real world again. (She absent-mindedly pushed Henri away; he seemed disposed to twine around her neck.) It was hard to believe that all she'd find, if she entered that mirrored loveliness, was cold, muddy death.

Surely the flowering chestnut trees the river duplicated would look even lovelier from the other side, and the sky more starry. And Henri? Henri Through the Looking Glass would not be Henri, student of law and *le jazz hot*, but an Henri combining the appeal of Yves Montand, Charles Boyer, and perhaps Maurice Chevalier—a Maurice who was thirty years younger, of course. Lucy sighed yearningly.

Lucy's sigh changed into a shiver. The night wind, which had that unsettling, exciting quality the night wind of spring has had since the world began, was definitely getting chill. Lucy had been wearing a light woolen suit that had seemed adequate before she entered the Club Saint-Germain, and hot while she was being flung around that stifling cellar by Henri. She had come out of that oven with every pore open.

She sneezed. Oh-oh! thought Lucy. Here we go. To anyone else, such a small sneeze (sneezed in the back of the nose, like a kitten) wouldn't mean a thing, but Lucy knew from years of experience that flu germs lurked around her in an eternally vigilant circle, waiting to pounce. She didn't catch flu—flu caught her. The oldest, weakest, silliest flu germ was capable of catching her with its eyes closed and its hands tied behind its back.

"Henri, take me home now!" It was a command, and this time Henri knew

there was no gainsaying it. He rose obediently, marveling that this small blonde *Anglaise* with a face like a dreamy angel could sound so exactly like his grandmother, a strong-willed old party who kept the entire family in terrified subjection. "Zut! Womans!" he complained, moodily kicking the bole of a plane tree. But he found a taxi in a remarkably short space of time.

WHEN Lucy woke up the next morning, she immediately regretted the waking. Her throat felt red raw inside, and her head was unpleasantly packed with cotton wool. There was a knock on the door, and when Lucy croaked "*Entrez!*", the *patronne's* daughter came in with a breakfast tray. Lucy regarded the *chocolat* and *croissants* with no great interest. "*Avez-vous*"—she attempted—"some—er—*quelques* aspirin?"

"*Mademoiselle?*" Colette's beaming face expressed all the good will in the world, but absolutely no idea of what Lucy was saying.

"It doesn't matter," said Lucy dejectedly. "Just bring me some arsenic, and we'll call it a day." She attempted to drink her *chocolat*, but each swallow was extraordinarily painful. She sniffed. It seemed a forlorn thing to have worked and planned and saved toward a full month in Paris—Paris, city of light, city of romance—and get nothing for her trouble but Henri and the flu. "Paris id the sprig!" sneered Lucy.

When the maid came in to make her bed, Lucy tried again for understanding and aspirin, and made no progress. It was as though she were deaf and dumb—she could not make herself understood or understand what was being said to her, and as the day wore on she became too ill to try. She tossed feverishly on her bed till late afternoon, and then realized that if she wanted either food or medicine she'd have to get it herself. Unsteadily, she eased into slacks (to get into a suspender belt and stockings, she felt, was beyond her powers) and headed in search of a chemist. Downstairs she found a *carte pneumatique* from Henri, announcing that his Grand'mère was in

town and consequently, though it desolated him, he could not see Lucy that night. ("Good!" said Lucy nastily.) "But," Henri had written, "tomorrow night I come with my new trumpet."

With his new trumpet? Lucy, swaying, read the note distrustfully, hoping the word "trumpet" was an illusion, a child of her fevered brain. However, she thought dizzily, something until the day is the something evil thereof, and went to search, as methodically as she could, for aspirin, a mustard plaster, lemons, and some Benzedrine to clear her head.

An hour later she had the aspirin. That was all—unless one counts the headache she got trying to explain to a French chemist what a mustard plaster was.

Helplessly, Lucy longed for her mother. Mrs. Waldron's treatment for flu was workmanlike and efficient. It meant being packed off to bed with a hot-water bottle, a mustard plaster on the chest, and aspirin in hot lemon juice and whisky. But even if I found lemons, thought Lucy, where could I get the hot water? She despaired of ever making herself clear about hot water at the hotel. Her forehead felt as though it were about to burst into flames, and her throat was raspingly dry. I'll have to give up the idea of food, she thought, and get back to bed while I can still walk.

BACK IN bed, the tragedy of it overcame her. Here I am, she grieved, and here I'll die for all anybody knows or cares. Here I'll die on foreign soil. She began to sob. Never see my mother again. Never see my father again. Never see anybody again—she lifted up her voice and wailed aloud—"except Henri!"

Then the coughing commenced—impressive coughs from deep down in the chest—loud, noisy coughs that shook her whole body. One minute she was burning with heat, and the next her spine was icy cold and the blankets could not keep her warm. She huddled as deeply into them as she could, and lay there weeping steadily. She did not hear a knock at the door.

Next minute someone was pulling the blankets away from her flushed face. An American voice said, "Say, what goes on here?"

Lucy looked up into eyes as blue as her own. A tall young man was standing there. He seemed concerned. "I heard you crying. Are you ill?"

"No," said Lucy crossly. "Ib ridig a bicycle id the Trossachs." The stranger put a capable hand on her forehead, and then reached for her pulse. Lucy looked startled. "Whad are you doig?" A fresh thought occurred to her. "And whad are you doig id my room?"

"Aquaplaning at Miami," said the young man. He grinned, "Honey, you've got yourself a fine dose of fever there. Are they looking after you?"

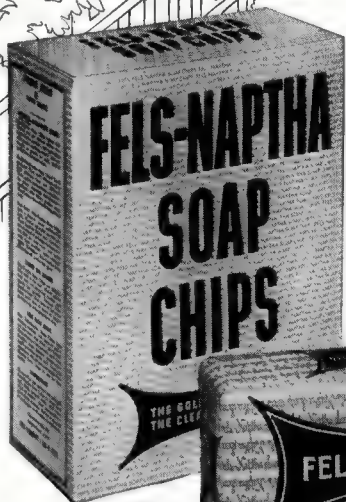
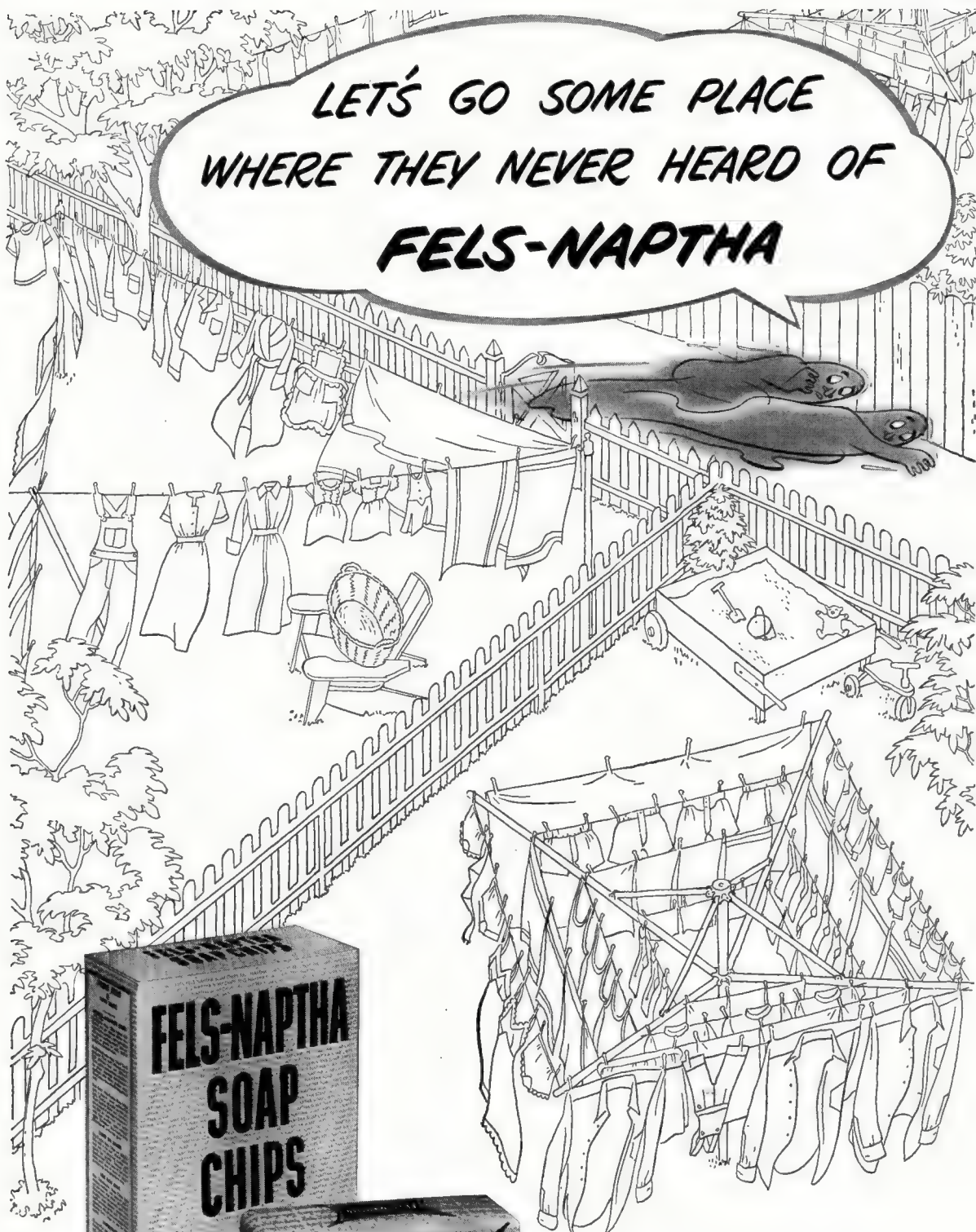
"Go away," said Lucy, outraged, "I can'd have a mad id my room."

The young man sighed. He sat down on the edge of Lucy's bed. "British, I can see. And stuffy. The British"—he grimaced—"are respectable to the point of being insufferable. They weary me."

"Oh, really?" said Lucy. She struggled to a sitting position. "Then led me tell you whad I thig about Americans—" She began to cough and could not stop. Finally she lay back, exhausted. "Go away, please!" she pleaded.

The stranger disregarded this. "Since

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you're British, I'd better introduce myself. My name is Henry." Lucy buried her face in the pillow and burst into tears anew. "Oh, no!" she said thickly. "It's more than I can bear."

He concluded she was slightly delirious. "To continue, it's Henry Matthews, Dr. Matthews, also known as Hank."

Lucy raised a tear-stained face. "Did you say—doctor?"

"A doctor of medicine," he said. "Not long graduated, but indisputably a doctor. I have papers to prove it." He stood up. "Stay where you are," he said, somewhat unnecessarily. "I'll be right back."

HE MIGHT have been away an hour, or it might have been two. Lucy, sunk in uneasy, febrile slumber, had no way of knowing. Then someone was shaking her shoulder and saying, "Drink this!"

Dazed but obedient, she sipped the hot drink he was holding to her lips. "Ugghh!"

"Yes, yes, I know," he said soothingly. "It hasn't any sugar, but you were lucky I could find the lemons. Here, take these tablets with it."

"How do I know," said Lucy mistrustfully, "you're not trying to drug be?"

"Drug you!" Hank stared. "What a trusting nature you have!"

"Bud they're not aspirin!"

"No," he said. "No, they're deadly nightshade, obtained at great trouble and expense. Listen, Baby," (Lucy winced) "swallow them before I beat you over the head. You've caused me enough trouble. And here's a hot-water bottle."

A hot-water bottle, thought Lucy, is rather disarming. No man of evil intent would provide a hot-water bottle. She smiled shyly and said, "I'm sorry—I hope looking after me hasn't upped your plans for the evening."

"Not really. My girl was somewhat terse when I rang up and said I'd be late, but she'll calm down."

"Then you'd better not keep her waiting any longer," Lucy said. There was a faint edging of frost on her words, though for the life of her she couldn't have explained why. "Good night."

"Good night, Limey." He was, she decided privately, rather pleasant—for an American. He was big, but not clumsy, and his hair was a nice, clean-looking brown. He gave the impression of enormous energy—controlled energy, not the nervous, jittery kind. He said, "I'll stop by in the morning and see how you're getting on. If you're worse, I'll get you to a hospital. You go to sleep now, do you hear?"

Lucy went to sleep, much comforted. She slept soundly, so soundly that she was unaware that young Dr. Matthews came back later in the evening to refill her waterbag and check her pulse. Next thing she knew, it was twelve o'clock midday, and he was standing over her with a thermometer. "Now we'll see!" he said, popping it into her mouth.

"See what?" she asked drowsily.

"Keep that rosebud mouth closed," he bade her. "Hmmm!" He looked at the thermometer. "Not bad, but not good. I can't see you getting up for a while."

"Bud," said Lucy, "I'll have to ead."

"I've fixed that. I saw the old guy downstairs; you'll be getting your food on a tray."

"You're being awfully good to be," said Lucy. "Why, I don't know. Did you have a pleasant evening?"

"Last night? Oh, yes. Rich and gay,

rich and gay." He didn't mention that Nicole had hit the roof when he told her he'd have to get back to his patient. Upon discovering that the patient was female, Nicole had become very, very difficult. She had pointed out that he was on a holiday, and if he was going to pay attention to any female, that female should be Nicole. Hank had tried to explain that a doctor was always on duty, but Nicole's full red mouth had stayed sulky.

"Your girl," said Lucy, still half-drugged with sleep, "is she American also?"

"No. French."

"I've a French friend," said Lucy. Suddenly it seemed necessary to convince this handsome stranger that somebody loved her, somebody cared. "Frenchmen are awfully nice, don't you think?"

He raised an eyebrow. "Romantic?"

That, of course, was the one word you could unerringly apply to Henri. "Romantic," agreed Lucy, a trifle dourly.

Hank laughed. "The way you say it, it sounds like 'rheumatic,' I'll have to get you something to clear that head. See you, young Lucy." He patted her paternally on the head and went off, whistling, to cope with a busy day. It was Nicole's day off from the perfume counter, and Nicole, he knew, would have to be placated for his desertion of the previous evening. Placating Nicole was an expensive business. Indeed, knowing Nicole was an expensive business. She had very plush tastes. Not for her the happy-go-lucky student quarter, where Hank felt most at home. For Nicole, it was the Right Bank or nothing.

And sometime during the day he had to visit the American Hospital. He had some friends there, and from them he could borrow various medical bric-a-brac suitable for a young woman with influenza. He made a careful list.

At ten o'clock that night, having farewellled a stormy Nicole, he was on his way back to his patient. Nicole had wanted to go on to the Drap d'Or, with the stated intention of dancing till dawn, so when Hank dropped her at her doorstep at ten p.m., she did not take it kindly. "Eeef zis 'appen once more," she said, "I am through wis you. Absoluement!"

"But this girl is very ill, honey. And alone in Paris."

"Ill she may be," said Nicole crisply, "but alone, non. Pas maintenant, mon vieux!"

ARRIVING outside Lucy's door, loaded like a missionary with medical supplies, Hank realized that Nicole, inadvertently, was right. Lucy was not alone—at least, not now. Or if she is alone, reflected Hank, that gal plays a trumpet the way Harry James would play canasta if Harry James had never played canasta in his life.

He knocked, then despaired of his knock being heard above the trumpet, and opened the door. Lucy was hunched in the corner of her bed, wearing the look of one who prays for death. She was flushed with rage and fever, and seemed to be muttering to herself, but whatever she was saying was drowned out by the trumpet. Hank had never heard a trumpet played in quite that way. The low notes suggested an old motor car changing gears, the high notes the wail of a gale through a mountain pass. But to the young man

behind the trumpet it was obvious that the sound was sweeter than an angels' choir. He sat with his eyes closed, blowing with all the power of his lungs. It was Henri, so exalted that he seemed but one foot away from heaven, a happy suitor serenading his Lucy with le jazz hot.

Hank opened his parcels at the end of Lucy's bed and calmly but forcefully proceeded to detach Henri from his trumpet. Henri was outraged, but his resistance ebbed when he studied Hank's size and weight. What happened after that seemed to Lucy exactly like a foreign film, but a foreign film with no subtitles. Hank said something—obviously unkind—in French, to Henri. Henri lowered his brows, put one hand on his heart, pointed to Lucy, and out of the stream of vehement French that followed, Lucy caught only the words "l'amour." Hank then lost his temper in superb French, grabbed Henri by the collar, and propelled him and his trumpet out of the room. When he came back, he seemed amused. "Boy, is he a loud man with a trumpet!"

Lucy looked up balefully. After two hours of Henri's trumpet, her nerves were jangling like alarm bells, and though she was glad Henri had gone, she was not grateful to Hank for removing him. Frenchmen—she had said—are so romantic! Now Hank knew her Frenchman was Henri, so she was fooling nobody. And he had tossed Henri out like—like, thought Lucy wildly, an old kipper.

"I'll thag you," she said with dignity, "nod to lay violed hads od my freeds."

"Pardon me?" Hank bent over and cupped a hand to his ear. "You said?"

"I said, dode lay violed"—Lucy gave up the unequal struggle and tried for something simpler. "You hurd Hedri's feeligs."

"You think so? Shall I get him back?"

At the mere thought of Henri and his trumpet returning, Lucy involuntarily flinched. Hank laughed. "Now stop your nonsense or I will get him back," he said, "and that'll larn you! Here"—he began to unwrap one of his parcels—"I've got a present for you." He looked at it with pride. "It may look like a simple pint measure to you, but wait!"

He filled it with hot water, added a colorless, oily liquid, and brought it, steaming, to Lucy's bedside. "Put a towel over your head and breathe that into you."

Trustfully, Lucy did. The result was strange. At the first sniff, Lucy was sure her eyes melted and ran down her face, and the parietal bones of her skull opened and rattled like shutters in a high wind. She came out of the towel gasping.

"Put your head in that!" she mocked bitterly. "Put your head in a lion's den at feeding time! What are you trying to do, kill me?"

"Clear as a bell," said Hank admiringly.

"What is?"

"Your head." Hank was smug. "Old Doc Matthews has done it again. Now you can speak freely."

He was right. Her voice was uncluttered. "It seems all right," said Lucy doubtfully, "but doesn't it do some damage to the head? It can't be really good if my mother hasn't tried it. She's been curing me of colds for years, and she's tried everything."

Are you in the know?



What's your reaction to last-minute bids?

- ☐ Eager beaver ☐ Thumbs down ☐ Think it over

Imagine being asked to tomorrow night's shindig on such short notice! Should you gals say nay? Think it over. If the boys have jobs, it may be hard for them to plan ahead; or could be they're low on loot. If there's no excuse, you'd better squelch

eleventh-hour bids. But just because it's calendar time, you've no excuse for date dodging. Learn to count on Kotex for confidence. You'll see how poised you can be when you discover those flat pressed ends prevent revealing outlines!



What helps smooth out too-curly locks?

- ☐ Brushing
☐ Stretching
☐ Softening

If you're a frizz-kid, have your tresses shaped and thinned out. After each washing, use a softening rinse; apply wave set to s-t-r-e-t-c-h hair while putting into pin curls. And you'll find constant brushing helps. Of course, you can smooth away "certain" cares—with the comfort of Kotex to keep you at ease. Because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it; gives softness that holds its shape.



When leaving a vehicle, which is correct?

- ☐ Ladies first
☐ Ladies last
☐ Look before you leap

When you leave a bus, street car, taxi or jalopy—ladies last is the rule to remember. That's so your squire can assist you to a safe landing. Why tempt fate or thwart his gallantry? Why take risks at any time? You know, you can side-step problem-day "accidents" as surely as you can say "Kotex" . . . because, with that special safety center you get extra protection. Try all 3 absorbencies: Regular, Junior, Super!



More women choose KOTEX[®] than all other sanitary napkins

3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

P.S.

Have you tried Delsey*? It's the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex. A tissue as soft and absorbent as Kleenex.* (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.)

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

This sure modern way—
LARVEX
MOTHPROOFS
 Woolens for a
WHOLE YEAR!



**Penetrates each tiny
 fibre and makes the
 cloth itself MOTHPROOF**

**NO ODOR—NO WRAPPING
 NO STORING AWAY**

You can be *absolutely sure* moths will never again damage your woolens. And the method is so easy and convenient! Just spray the garments with LARVEX and *you can be sure* moths won't eat holes in them whether you wear them or hang them away in the closet.

This magic LARVEX spray penetrates each tiny fibre and treats the cloth so that moths are positively *stopped* from eating holes in your woolens. And this positive LARVEX protection lasts a **WHOLE YEAR**. Washing removes LARVEX's protection—**DRY CLEANING DOES NOT**. Odorless. Stainless. Non-inflammable. No cumbersome wrapping or storing away. Spray your rugs and sofas, too!

Inexpensive! It costs no more to mothproof a suit with LARVEX than it does to get it dry cleaned. Only 79¢ a pint. \$1.19 a quart. Remember, LARVEX gives *positive* protection against moth damage.



LARVEX
 The Largest Selling Mothproofers

Hank expressed the opinion that nothing could damage Lucy's head as there was nothing there to damage. "If you were home now," he asked, "how many days would it take your mother to get you on your feet again?" He seemed to take Mrs. Waldron's healing powers as a challenge.

"With this bout?" Lucy considered. "Four."

"We'll do it in three," said Henry.

He did, too. He promised not only Lucy, but Nicole, that in three days Lucy would be well again. "Then," he told his patient, "you can smooth things over with that zoot-suited boyfriend of yours." And he told Nicole, "Then I'll take you to any night club your little heart desires. *D'accord?*"

"*D'accord!*" agreed Nicole.

THE THIRD day found Lucy up and about. Just up, and not very much about, but enough to be piloted by Hank to a sunny seat outside the Flore, where they drank the mild, sweet French beer and watched the people go by. To sit at a table outside the Flore, Hank explained, was akin to having a box at a vaudeville show—

"Or a circus!" said Lucy. "Look at that poodle!"

A black poodle pranced by, carrying a bunch of lilies of the valley in its mouth for a pretty Parisienne holding his lead. Lucy sighed ecstatically and lifted her face to the sun, as though it were a warm shower. "Heaven, this is!" And then—"Oh, no, Hank, that can't be a monkey!"

Two men deep in conversation passed, one of them seemingly oblivious of the small monkey chattering on his shoulder. Hank said, as he surveyed the wild array of beards around them, "If you sit here long enough, you'll see all the world go by. Or at least the lunatic fringe." The sun seemed to be doing Lucy good, he thought. Her color was coming back. Until then, all the color he'd seen in her face had been around her reddened eyes and nose. Now the pinkness had sorted itself out and was in her cheeks and lips again. Most of the American girls Hank knew would prefer to walk down the street without shoes than without make-up, but Lucy seemed to be doing all right without it. "That English complexion!" he teased. "What have you against the English, by the way?" Her direct gaze was disconcerting. Could eyes be madonna-blue? wondered Hank. He looked again. Yes, they could.

"I was kidding, honey. The English are okay. As a matter of fact, I intended to see England this trip, but now—well, I've got other commitments."

"Are the other commitments French and female?" asked Lucy, a shade too sweetly.

"Could be," said Hank. "Could be."

But the other commitments didn't stop him from seeing Lucy every day. Between them, they discovered Paris as only foreigners can discover a city. They had lunch on the river boat, gliding down the Seine. They walked by the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. They climbed the steps of the Church of Sacré-Coeur at seven one morning to watch Paris wake up below them. (It was easy for Hank to call for Lucy at that early hour, because it merely meant keeping the taxi that took Nicole home.) They wandered along the river, browsing

through the bookstalls, or trying to identify period furniture in the shops.

"What would you like to do most of all?" Hank asked one day. "If you had a wish, what would you ask of Paris?"

They were lunching outdoors in dappled shade. Lucy took her pretty nose out of her wineglass and said reflectively, "I'd like to ride down the Champs Élysées at midnight, in a horse-drawn carriage. And," she went on raptly, "in my hand I'd carry eighteen balloons, blue and red."

"Who would you want with you?" asked Hank gruffly. "That fool of an Henri?"

Irritation overwhelmed Lucy. Of course it would have to be Henri—Henri was the only man available. Hank had his evenings fully occupied by Nicole. She said sharply, "What does it matter to you who goes with me?"

He leaned over the table, and with his index finger gently traced the outline of her young, unpainted mouth. "Lucy," he said, very seriously, "it's ridiculous

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TO CELIA, IN A NIGHT CLUB

Richard Armour

*Drink to me only with thine eyes
 And I will pledge with mine.
 It may not be exciting, but
 It's cheaper, far, than wine.*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

that you ride in a barouche with eighteen balloons with anyone else but me."

When Lucy met his steady gaze, she realized that the Paris she had known, beautiful though it had been, was a faint carbon copy of the Paris that bloomed for lovers. A new Paris came into existence the moment she realized she loved and was loved—an enchanted city—warm, perfumed, exciting—So beautiful, thought Lucy, that my heart cannot stretch far enough to take it all in. Perhaps this odd little pain inside is my heart stretched to the breaking point by the beauty of it all.

"Oh, my dear!" she said, when she and Hank finally found time to talk of something besides themselves. "What are we going to do about Henri and Nicole?"

"Scrap 'em!" said Hank ruthlessly.

"But we can't, just like that! I've a date with Henri tonight, and you must see Nicole."

"We'll make it a foursome, then," said Hank reluctantly. "Though I don't think it's a good idea. . . ."

That night was certainly not the most relaxed evening Lucy had ever spent. Henri seemed inclined to resent Hank, and Nicole, after one look at Lucy, clung to Hank like a sailor to a floating log. That the log was testy and tried to push her off now and then didn't influence Nicole at all. It was also one of those evenings when everyone in the party had a different theory as to where to go—everyone except Hank and Lucy,

who merely wanted to be together. Lucy noticed, however, that wherever they went, it was Hank who paid the bill, and she became very annoyed with Henri. It was true, perhaps, that Hank had more money than Henri, but not that much more. Both Nicole and Henri seemed to be treating Hank as though he were a millionaire uncle, and this seemed to Lucy to be somewhat unfair.

At eleven o'clock, Henri insisted that what the night needed was an hour or so at the Club Saint-Germain-des-Prés. Hank glanced at Lucy questioningly. She was wearing his coat draped over her shoulders, because the night had turned cold, and he had insisted that no patient of his should court a relapse. "Do you want—" he began, then broke off, grappled hurriedly for his handkerchief, and sneezed. As sneezes go, it was a full-sized, full-fledged specimen of its kind.

"Oh, dear!" Lucy took off his coat. "You'd better take this back."

"Nonsense!" Hank sneezed again. "I'm all right. A little stuffy in the head, but—"

"You," said Lucy, "are catching a cold, so you'll take this coat back!" She reached up and put it around his shoulders. "Under the circumstances, I don't think the club is a good idea. You'd best go to bed."

Henri looked at Nicole, and Nicole looked at Henri. Written clearly on their faces was a strong, mutual impatience with the weak reeds who caught cold when they took off their coats, who hadn't the vitality to dance till dawn, who crumbled before *le jazz hot*.

"Zis cold," Nicole asked moodily, "it will be gone tomorrow, perhaps?"

"When I catch a cold," said Hank, "it stays. Sometimes for weeks."

Henri waved Hank's cold away. "It is not matter," he said, "let us go and dance."

"No," said Lucy and Hank together. Nicole considered Henri, who was offering her the Existentialist gaiety of the Club Saint-Germain, and then at Hank, who was offering her only the privilege of sitting by his sickbed while he wrestled with flu during the rest of his visit. Henri was French. Henri had tastes similar to hers. Henri was handsome, in the way she liked. Nicole, a practical girl, came to an instant decision. "Alors," she said, "we go to dance. I say good-bye to you, Lucy, to you, Hank. I hope your cold, it gets better soon." They disappeared down the street, leaving Lucy and Hank beaming at their retreating backs.

"ARE YOU well enough," said Lucy thoughtfully, "to board a plane?" "Could be," said Hank. "Could be, darling. Why?"

"Well, I have to go back to London, and I can't leave you ill, here among strangers. If you flew home with me, it would take only an hour or so to get there, and then Mother could look after you. She's the best doctor I know when it comes to flu." She caught his reproachful eye, and laughed. "Second best, then."

"It will be interesting," said Hank, "to study her methods. Miss Lucy Waldron, I accept your kind invitation."

Paris in the spring, thought Lucy happily, is a fine place to fall in love. But to get married—if one decided to get married—what was wrong with London?

THE END



More alertness... less danger from **CANCER**

Although cancer ranks second among the causes of death in our country, headway is being made against it. In fact, medical science is making such progress against this disease that there are now *four chances out of five* for curing some types of cancer—provided diagnosis is made early and proper treatment is carried out promptly.

One of the reasons why there is increasing hope of bringing cancer under control is that more and more people are facing the facts about this disease. They are learning its possible early "warning signs" and are seeing their doctor as soon as they notice any of them.

These Are Cancer's "Warning Signs"

1. Any lump or thickening, especially in the breast, lip, or tongue.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Progressive change in the color or size of a mole, wart, or birthmark.
5. Loss of appetite or continued indigestion.
6. Any persistent hoarseness, sore throat or difficulty in swallowing.
7. Any persistent change in normal elimination.

**Pain is not usually an early
symptom of cancer.**

These "warning signs" do not necessarily mean cancer. In fact, in the great majority of cases, they are due to other causes. They do, however, indicate that something is wrong—and that an immediate medical examination is advisable.

If the doctor finds cancer or conditions leading to it, he will recommend prompt treatment—usually complete removal by surgery, destruction by X-ray or radium, or by a combination of the two.

Surgical techniques are constantly being improved so that operations for cancer may be performed with a minimum of risk. Machines that emit X-rays of greater penetrating power are making this form of treatment more effective.

Medical science is continuing its search for other ways to attack cancer. For example, hormone therapy is of benefit in some types of cancer, even when the disease is advanced. In addition, the search is on to discover chemical compounds which will destroy cancer cells without harming normal cells. Studies are also continuing on tests to detect cancer early.

While the outlook for the conquest of cancer becomes more hopeful each year, alertness on the part of each individual is still necessary to curb it. That is why doctors urge prompt medical care at the first sign of trouble—for cancer can be cured in most cases if detected and treated early.

Metropolitan Life
Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy
of your booklet, 41B,
"What You Should
Know About Cancer."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____



SERVICE	AGE	MARITAL STATUS	TERM	PREREQUISITES	TRAINING
NAVY RESERVE (cont'd) Supply Corps (active)	19 thru 25	Single or married	Indefinite, but serve for normal draft period	College degree that in- cludes 45 semester hours in economics, commerce, business administration, or textile engineering	None
Supply Corps (inactive)	19 thru 26	Single or married	Indefinite	College degree that in- cludes 45 semester hours in economics, commerce, business administration, or textile engineering	None
Petroleum Engineer	19 thru 26	Single or married	Indefinite	College degree in petro- leum or chemical engi- neering, or geology	None
Electronics Specialist	19 thru 32	Single or married	Indefinite	College degree in electron- ics, communications, or radio engineering; or in physics with training in electronics or wave prop- agation	None
Intelligence	19 thru 32	Single or married	Indefinite	U. S. citizenship by birth; college degree	None
Communications	19 thru 32	Single or married	Indefinite	U. S. citizenship by birth; college degree	None
Naval Architect	19 thru 32	Single or married	Indefinite	College degree in naval architecture or marine engineering from M.I.T., Webb Institute (N. Y.), or University of Michi- gan	None
Civil Engineer	19 thru 32	Single or married	Indefinite	College science degree in engineering	None
Merchant Marine Reserve	17 (mini- mum)	Single or married	Indefinite	Licensed officer of Ameri- can Merchant Marine now serving on a vessel	None
MARINE CORPS Regular	Draws regular officers from the Naval Academy, N.R.O.T.C. graduates, college Platoon Leaders Class, enlisted ranks, and other sources				
Reserve Aviation Cadets	Marine Corps draws its pilots from Navy's Aviation Cadet program				
General Line	20 thru 26	Single or married	Indefinite	College degree	Varies with each officer-procure- ment program
COAST GUARD Regular	Draws regular commissioned officers from graduates of its Academy and licensed officers of the Merchant Marine				
Reserve Coast Guard veterans	21 thru 29	Single or married	Indefinite	College degree with Coast Guard experience since December, 1941, or 2 years' college and 2 years' active service	Officers' Indoctri- nation School
Other than Coast Guard veterans	21 thru 25	Single or married	Indefinite	Graduate of state or na- tional Merchant Marine academy, or college de- gree with specified course requirements	Officers' Indoctri- nation School

Because of changing military needs, some of the above material may soon be outdated. However, this basic knowledge will make it easy for you to keep abreast. Certain programs, though technically open, are in effect closed because of the large number of applicants.

the look you like!



"The Bandbox Look"
spick-'n'-spandy! Spring-new!

Couldn't be neater! Couldn't be nicer! Couldn't have a fresher flair for fashion! So many new Spring-inspired styles . . . so much ENNA JETTICK comfort. *Fit* for you and your pocketbook's pleasure! At your local dealer now. ENNA JETTICK SHOES, INC., AUBURN, N. Y.

\$9⁹⁵ to \$12⁹⁵



Enna Jetticks

Stopover in Chicago

(Continued from page 62)

radiant, ghostly clutches and become himself—a shrewd, resourceful, imaginative, ambitious, and occasionally unscrupulous figure in the vast film industry.

As he matured, he saw her anew, and saw what nonsense the idealism had been, how it had veiled a pretentious and humorless urge on her part to be great. Rather skillfully, and probably with accuracy, he sketched in his mind how it would have turned out if she had lived. Most likely they would have fought like cats and dogs and not got married, or perhaps they would have fought like cats and dogs and got married. And she would have become more austere and more pretentious—he had met women like that in the succeeding years and they were awful—and there would have been a divorce. Or perhaps she would have become a human being, and in that case everything would have been fine, for she would have liked the life he was leading right now—would have been grateful and pleased with the Bel Air home and the swimming pool, with the other shrewd, sensitive, ambitious, unscrupulous, and engaging people who would have come into their lives.

INSTEAD, as I say, Harry married, divorced, and married again. He was first a newspaperman, then an advertising man. Growing more and more aware of his cleverness, he drifted out to Hollywood, where he became a script writer. During those years, he was occasionally troubled by the memory of Rhoda, rarely realizing that it was Rhoda who troubled him. He would be writing a gag comedy, and getting good money for it, when suddenly, for no apparent reason, he'd get very blue. At the commissary on the lot, sitting around with the other writers, he wouldn't hold his own in the usual frenzied telling of jokes. And at home, he wouldn't be good company, wouldn't sleep well. Instead he'd pick up an immaculate copy of *War and Peace* and finally get at the book he had sworn for so many years to read. Once he got through half of the Old Testament for the first time. He would talk to his wife—most of this happened during his first marriage—about how he was selling his soul, using exactly those words. He would brood, saying he had a talent that might have been great if he had used it honestly. Lying awake at night, he would have fantasies of deserting his wife and family, like Gauguin, going to the South Sea Islands, and there writing a great autobiographical novel—the harsh, uncompromising truth of his own life—the hypocrisy, greed, amorosness, cringing in the presence of power and money. Thus, out of the debris, by the simple act of seeing it painstakingly and in detail as debris, he would shape a shining monument to himself. But he'd get over this in a few days, and life would become absorbing and satisfactory again.

When he learned the pleasure of power and became a producer, those moods became rarer. Looking back on them, he had a shrewd hunch that Rhoda had stood behind them, a goddess with an accusing finger, and he had very healthily disposed of Rhoda by the time he was hitting twenty-five hundred a week.

Rhoda came back fleetingly during the period when he divorced his first wife,

Only one soap
gives your skin this

Exciting Bouquet

And Cashmere Bouquet's gentle lather has been proved
outstandingly mild for all types of skin!

Whether your skin is oily, dry or normal—here's news you'll welcome! Tests show that Cashmere Bouquet Soap is *amazingly mild!* Used regularly, it will leave skin softer, smoother, flower-fresh and younger looking. And the fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet is the lingering, irresistible "fragrance men love." Love is thrillingly close to the girl who is fragrant and sweet, so use

Cashmere Bouquet Soap daily. Complexion

Size for face and hands, the big Bath

Size in your tub or shower!

Complexion and
big Bath Sizes

**Cashmere
Bouquet
Soap**

—Adorns your skin with the
fragrance men love!



Ellen. Ellen bored the hell out of him after five years of marriage, but he hung on for another six years—until he was solidly set in the film industry—before he carefully went about the break. He was not an unkind man, and he realized Ellen was doing her best, so he brought his considerable talents to bear on keeping her pride intact. As a matter of fact, he would have been decent enough to have waited a few more years, but he honestly considered it from Ellen's viewpoint. She was thirty-two at the time, and still attractive. He figured it would be a dirty trick to keep her off the market until her youth began to fade—better let it hurt a little now and have her grateful to him ten years later. He managed it all very neatly, and he was reasonable to the point of generosity about the property settlement and alimony.

When the day finally came that he was free, he was surprised to discover that it all hurt, that something had been torn out of his life, that it wasn't easy to be gay and rich and youngish and without obligations. Among other things, to his astonishment, he felt guilty, but he suspected this was Rhoda looking on, and he refought his old battle with Rhoda, knocking her cold in every round.

His second wife, whom he married about a year later, was as attractive as Ellen, but younger. This made a difference for a year or two, but when, after a while, this marriage became very similar to his first marriage, Harry had grown up and didn't even dream of another divorce. He knew now that that was marriage; he saw its virtues; and he never forgot the horrible year of bachelorhood—so the attractions of the thousand beckoning beauties around the corner no longer existed. He knew that if life was comfortable, that was fine; if you wanted excitement, you got it through art (preferably the art of making films) or through an occasional adventure (that is, a dame), which was a matter of luck and could not be anticipated.

One day—this must have been four years before, when he was thirty-six—while he was in Chicago between trains, he had the impulse to call Rhoda's older brother, Glen.

HE FOUND Glen's name in the city directory and invited him to lunch. He met a bald-headed, plump caricature of the grinning, curly-haired young man he had known. Glen Frable, who owned a small chain of stores, naturally had heard of Harry's fabulous success in the movie world, and was overawed. As Glen obviously wanted to hear what Hollywood was like, Harry generously entertained him. As they were parting, Harry asked if Glen had a family, and Glen said, "Listen, I've got the darndest boy—he's ten year old—and my daughter Mary, she's sixteen—say!" Glen paused and grinned. "Harry, this would interest you—Mary is a deadringer for Rhoda. What do you think of that?"

"No kidding?"

"No kiddin'. And she's a lot like Rhoda, too—I mean, smart as hell, gets A's in all her classes. You know. Next time you're in Chicago, why don't you stay overnight and come out to the house for dinner?"

"I'll do that, Glen. I'd like to see your daughter."

Well, Harry averaged at least two trips a year across the continent, and there was always a stopover of several hours in Chicago, and the next year after his meeting with Glen Frable, this girl Mary was seventeen, the following year she was eighteen, and last year she was nineteen, exactly the age Rhoda Frable had been when Harry had adored her, when she had died.

Well, here he was in Chicago, en route to New York, and this year the girl Mary was twenty, and at last he was staying overnight. This time he would have dinner with Glen Frable and his wife and meet the girl Mary.

Harry smiled. He was remaining in Chicago on this particular day because on The Chief from Los Angeles he had met a charming woman. She was in her early thirties, wealthy, divorced. She had been wintering in California with relatives, had paused for a month in Palm Springs, and was going home to Chicago, where she had what Harry gathered was a sumptuous apartment. They had become acquainted in the lounge car, and the previous evening, had dined in Harry's

have supper with the charming divorcée from the train.

LUNCH arrived on an elaborate little wagon. The food was wheeled in by one waiter and served by another.

"Well," said Harry after lunch, "what'll we do? We've got an afternoon to kill."

Stanley, back on the sofa, took a meditative puff at his (that is, Harry's) seventy-five-cent Uppmann cigar. "What about the dame from the train? The way she sounded on the phone, she's not doing anything this afternoon."

Harry shook his head. "No," he said. "That's too fast and furious. Why don't you go out and pick up some books?"

Stanley clambered off the sofa and reached for his coat. "Okay," he said, and paused. "What about your brother? Doesn't he live in this town?"

"My brother Wilmer? Sure. But I haven't heard from him since twelve years ago when he wired me for a loan."

"That's the way it is. Send a guy money, and it's the last you see of him."

"I didn't send him the money. I sent a telegram asking 'What for?' I never got an answer."

Stanley had gone to the telephone book and found the number. "Here he is—he's got an office. He's in the insurance business."

"Good for him."

"What do you say?"

"It's no use. He and his wife—and probably his kids—they hate me, Stanley. They hate me because they think I'm rich. And they'll come because they'll want to look at me and be sure I'm rich. They'll be disappointed if I'm not wearing diamonds on my fingers. And they'll want me to be mean and greedy. They'll be hoping I make nasty, rich-man remarks, so they can repeat my words to all the distant relatives for the next ten years. I don't want to hand myself to them on a platter, do I? Go down and get the books."

Stanley went.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD HUSBAND!

Lois F. Pasley

I want you to be

The life of the party,

To shine with *esprit*,

In short, be a smarty.

Don't hoard all your wit,

I want you to spend it,

To start a good joke—

Just so I can end it!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

drawing room and had lots of fun. They saw each other for a brief moment in Dearborn Station that morning, and she had given Harry her telephone number. This woman had certainly been charming, unusually charming. And it was while thinking of the lady's charms that Harry remembered about Rhoda-Mary, and, after settling in the suite at the Blackstone and telephoning down for lunch, he had explained it to Stanley.

"I've got to stay overnight. This is a ghost out of my past, this red-haired kid. A man mustn't let such things slip away. Life is too short." He had telephoned Glen, who had welcomed him. (He was due at Glen's house on the north side at six-thirty.) Then he had said to Stanley, "Get on the phone and call the dame. Ask her what about a late dinner or an early supper tonight." Stanley had done as he was told and had reported to Harry that the lady was most amenable.

So now Harry smiled and wondered at himself and at life. He knew if it hadn't been for the charming divorcée on the train he would not be going to the home of Rhoda's brother to see the physical likeness of the girl he had once romantically loved, and if it weren't for the girl he had once romantically loved he would not be staying in Chicago to

It had rained that afternoon, and now, at six, the setting sun sparkled on the leaves and grass in Lincoln Park, picking up the April afternoon, scoring it with music. As the taxi wound through the park, Harry looked around avidly, smelled the springtime air through the open windows, searched in smell and sight and sound for memories. It was a good twenty years since he had been here, and he was in a mood to indulge the past. As a former writer, he drew on his memories. He had played ball in this park. Later, at fifteen and sixteen, he and others like him had wandered in the April dark, clumsily flirting with girls, occasionally picking up a few, sometimes achieving the delicious triumph of a kiss or two. Then there had been Rhoda, and this park had been their own; they had walked in it, hand in hand, during uncountable evenings, and they had kissed and dreamed of the glorious and demanding future.

As the taxi rolled on, he prepared himself for the occasion. He must remember not to call Glen's wife or Glen's daughter "dear" or "honey." It was a habit one got into in Hollywood, a habit Harry deplored, for he had noticed, when he met people out of his world, that it struck them as ungenteel. And he must be careful not to be so free with hells and damns, and not to mention movie stars' names too glibly; it was



TELL your sisters and your cousins and your aunts about Tampax

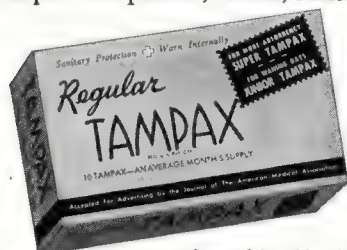


The story of Tampax monthly sanitary protection is filled with many promises—although Tampax itself is as simple as simple can be.... You yourself may use Tampax because you are busy and active—or dainty and fastidious—or just sensible and practical. Remember that a woman can be attracted to Tampax for a great variety of reasons.

Tampax is an *internal absorbent* invented by a doctor. It eliminates belts, pins and outside pads. That is the essential advantage of Tampax and from it any number of advantages naturally follow.

No binding, bulging or hampering restraint! No possibility of chafing or of "edge-lines" under slim dresses! No odor forms—and there is no need to remove for tub or shower!

Pure surgical cotton of high absorbency is compactly fitted into applicators, making insertion of the Tampax easy, and changing quick. Completely invisible in use. No trouble to dispose of. An average month's supply will slip into your purse.... Sold at drug and notion counters in 3 absorbencies—Regular, Super, Junior. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



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by the Journal of the American Medical Association

always misunderstood; they thought you were showing off.

As for the girl, he glanced with satisfaction at the long elegant box of spring flowers on the seat beside him. Then he wondered. Stanley had ordered the flowers over the telephone, and they had been sent up—price, fifteen dollars. That's what they looked like, too—the result of a rich man's telephone call. Rhoda would have seen it. Hell, any bright girl would see it. He leaned over and tapped the driver on the shoulder.

"Find a flower shop, will you?"

The artistic touch. He'd open the box and have them rewrap the flowers in a winding of neighborhood tissue paper, sealed with an inept dab of tape. Then it would look as if he had taken the trouble to select the flowers himself. And it would cost only an extra fifty-cent tip. But when the taxi pulled up in front of a florist's, he suddenly felt cheap about the deception. He didn't like himself in the role of a guy asking half-dollar favors. Besides, Rhoda, who had a feeling for flowers and had taught him that most women have, always used to say it was different when you picked and arranged them yourself. So he presented the elegant box full of unseen beauty to the taxi driver ("You got a wife? Good. Give these to her with my compliments") and took some time in the florist shop, picking a little of this and a little of that—he didn't even know the names. The florist put the stuff together like a tyro, but Harry decided that was all to the good, too. For an additional five minutes and eight and a half bucks, he had got rid of a hundred thousand dollars' worth of rich man's patina, of Hollywood polish.

As he climbed back into the cab, clutching the bouquet, he realized with amusement that he was putting himself out for this girl. For Rhoda.

The cab pulled up in front of a two-story brick house with a large, useless brick porch, on a street lined on both sides with houses precisely the same.

Harry said to the driver, "How far are we from Hutchinson Street?"

The driver said, "Five blocks."

Harry marveled. Hutchinson Street was where Rhoda had lived, and now her brother, twenty years later, was bringing up a family only five blocks away. It was hard for him to grasp the fact that many people lived their lives no farther than five blocks from where they were born.

The curtains of the downstairs window were suddenly drawn apart, and Harry saw a boy staring at him. The next moment—apparently he was frantically yanked back by his mother's voice—the boy disappeared. This pleased Harry. His arrival was an event.

GLEN greeted him and helped him off with his overcoat. "Flowers! That's mighty nice of you, Harry. The ladies'll love it." Glen was arrayed for the occasion. He wore an apparently unused red-velvet smoking jacket. Glen grinned. He said, "How do you like this little number?"

"Very much."

"I got it last Christmas, and this is the first time I've worn it. I figured that, with a big shot like you, this would be just the combination—you know, class and informality. My weekday diamonds—see what I mean?"

Glen was self-conscious, and fighting

it boldly. Harry warned to him. "You should have dirtied it up," he said. "These things are no good until they're unfit to wear."

Glen said, "Maybe I should change it. I know what you mean—I've got a real old coat that's comfortable."

Harry realized that he had stepped right into an embarrassing problem. He said quickly, "Don't be silly. I don't know who the hell invented the myth that old coats are better than new, or that they look better. Why doesn't everybody buy a secondhand suit then? I think that's a mighty smart-looking little item you've got there, boy."

Glen looked relieved, and they went into the living room. "My wife—this is Harry Juniper."

"How do you do, Mr. Juniper? It's a pleasure to meet you at last. Flowers! How kind of you!"

She was in her early forties, pleasant-faced, comfortably heavy, housewife written all over her. To Harry Juniper, she was nobody at all, a face seen on a street; if he met her tomorrow, it would take an effort to recognize her. This was Harry's reaction to all domesticated married women. He liked them, he approved of them, they were the cornerstone of society, and there was nothing he could do about it.

Harry sat down. Mrs. Frable went out with the flowers. Glen and he had whisky highballs. The boy, Jackie, came in and was introduced. The colored maid came in with canapés. Mrs. Frable came back with the flowers in a vase. "They're just beautiful," she said.

"Where's the young lady?" Harry asked.

"Mary should have been here by now," said Mrs. Frable a little anxiously. "She goes to school at Northwestern, and sometimes she's delayed. I telephoned and left a message. I hope she got it."

"She's a junior," said Jackie, for no apparent reason.

"Junior? That's nice," said Harry.

He was annoyed. He hated women who kept men waiting. In his Hollywood office, he loathed the lady stars with their delayed entrances. He believed in pictures and scripts that moved fast; character, action, socko line, curtain. He had no patience with a twenty-year-old stinker who kept her family waiting. He wouldn't take it from Lana Turner, by heaven. He suddenly became bored and irritated. He'd be damned if he was going to clown for this family, give them free epigrams and character sketches, deliver a witty travelogue on high life in Beverly Hills. For the next ten minutes, he succeeded in being as dull as they were, and be damned to them.

Then came her rushing steps on the porch outside, and his pulse rose. Her mother went to the door.

"You're late, dear."

"I'm sorry, Ma—"

It was Rhoda's voice—low, a little husky, with a slight shimmer.

"Did you get my message?"

"What message?"

It had a little too much shimmer. As producer, he couldn't help but note that it would record badly on the sound track.

"We've got company."

"Oh—"

The next moment she stuck her head in the doorway, and Harry saw her. It was Rhoda—Rhoda, come alive. To Harry's surprise, it was not a staggering experience. He felt no sudden leap

of boyhood memories, no eerie sense of the dead returning. He felt no more than one would feel at the sight of a lovely red-haired young girl who had kept a family waiting for dinner. Now she came in with her mother and was introduced. "This is my daughter, Mary—Mr. Juniper."

"How do you do, Mr. Juniper?"

"Hello."

Glen said, "This is the famous Harry Juniper—the one who was engaged to your Aunt Rhoda years ago."

"I know." The girl spoke calmly, almost dully. A young person meeting an older person, being polite.

Glen said to Harry, "Did you ever see such a resemblance in your life?"

"It's remarkable—remarkable," Harry said without any particular emotion; playing it a little for Glen, that's all. He glanced at her figure—in her low heels she looked shorter than Rhoda; the rest of her was slim and boyish, like the remembered girl; the hands, he thought, were plumper, less sensitive. The girl was uncomfortable. She didn't like being stared at, and she was a little embarrassed at being late.

The flowers were forgotten by everybody.

The mother said, "Guess we might as well go in to dinner, shall we?"

HARRY sat on Mrs. Frable's right, facing Mary and the boy; Glen sat at the head of the table, on Harry's right. The girl was quiet, concentrating on her food. Harry studied her face carefully. It wasn't quite like Rhoda's. This girl didn't have Rhoda's brilliance. This was just a girl, whereas Rhoda had been—He suddenly remembered that he had decided long ago that Rhoda had been just a girl, too.

The soup was wonderful, anything but middle-class, and Harry suddenly decided to make the evening a brilliant success, unforgettable to them all. It would be so easy. He rose, deliberately and consciously, to his highest level. He became a candid, wise, humble man, with respect for the intellect, almost apologetic about wealth and business and the mad world of entertainment—not quite apologetic, for it, too, had its place in society. He told anecdotes dryly, as from a great distance. Mrs. Frable was fascinated; Glen was grateful, almost wallowing in his gratitude to Harry for making good; the boy, Jackie, was spell-bound; but Mary listened politely, volunteering nothing, speaking only when spoken to. It was inconceivable to Harry that, if he wished, he couldn't break down the mental resistance of any intelligent English-speaking twenty-year-old girl in the world. As dessert was served, he calmly addressed himself to the task.

"Mary."

"Yes, Mr. Juniper?"

"Are you shy?"

Mary looked at him—he couldn't make out whether it was with a touch of nervousness or a touch of distaste. "I don't think so," she said.

The boy, Jackie, squawked, "Her shy! Ha ha!" Mrs. Frable admonished the boy with a glance.

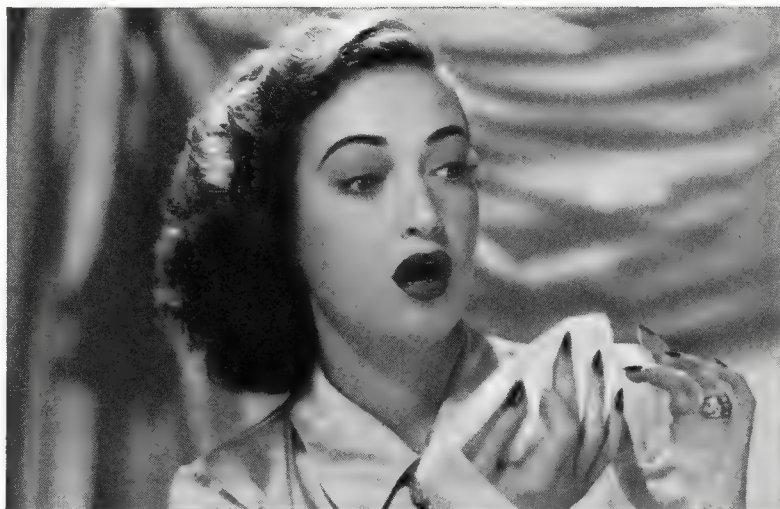
Harry said, "You don't seem to be saying much."

"I don't seem to be able to think of anything to say."

While Mrs. Frable poured a cup of coffee for Harry, he studied the girl. "I—hope you don't disapprove of me," he



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said—and without an engaging smile.

Mary looked at him soberly. "Why should I disapprove of you?"

As Harry passed Glen's coffee to him, Glen gave him an odd look, an encouraging look, as if to say, "Keep going"—it was almost a pleading look.

Harry said to the girl, "I hear you're a junior."

"That's right."

"Get good grades?"

"Pretty good."

Mrs. Frable said, "All A's—not a single B."

"That is pretty good. What are you majoring in?"

"Sociology."

"What do you expect to do when you get out?"

"Social work of some kind."

"Think you'll get married?"

"I expect so."

"Not unless you're nicer to the boys," said Glen.

Mrs. Frable smiled, too benignly, and said, "I think it's a good quality in a young girl to be choosy."

Harry went on: "Have you got a boyfriend?"

"Depends on what you mean."

"I mean a boy—somebody you like—somebody to go out with."

"I go out occasionally."

"Like to dance?"

"Yes."

"What does that mean? That you love to dance—that you can take it or leave it—that you dance if you have to?"

"I enjoy it."

"You make me feel as if I were cross-examining you."

MARY didn't answer; there was a bad silence, broken by Mrs. Frable, who rose and said she thought they'd all be more comfortable in the living room. They went in, and Jackie, no longer spellbound, asked in a loud whisper if he might go upstairs to do his homework, received permission, said good

night to Harry, and disappeared. As they settled down in the living room, Harry for the first time looked at the furniture. He felt the carved wood of the Victorian sofa, and his hand recognized its shape and texture. "This furniture," he said, still feeling the arm of the sofa and looking around, recognizing two more chairs, a table—"wasn't this in your parents' home?"

"That's right," Glen said. "Mama left me everything when she died."

He had sat on this sofa with Rhoda, and the feel of that familiar floral intricacy under his hand brought back memories and emotions he had forgotten for years.

He turned to the girl. "I suppose I am cross-examining you," he said, looking at her, at the living image of Rhoda. Rhoda under his hand, Rhoda pulsing up through his arm into his heart, and this annoying girl, painted in the colors and shaped in the form of Rhoda, looking at him coolly, judging him. "But I'm not doing it out of idle curiosity. Surely you know about your Aunt Rhoda and me, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Naturally I find you very interesting. Did you admire her—I mean, what you know about her?"

"Well, I know so little about her—she was so young—it's really hard to tell. But—I guess I admire her. Yes."

Harry asked Glen, "Is she always as cagey as this?"

"She gets that way sometimes. What's the matter with you, Mary?" Glen's admonitory tone was a little unconvincing; Harry suddenly understood that the girl was too much for her parents.

"There's nothing the matter with her," Harry said. He left the sofa and its arm and sat in a chair beside Mary, a chair that had no memories. "Look, I'm only going to be here this evening. When I look at you, I feel that I'm looking at Rhoda. I don't know exactly what I want—I suppose I want to make friends. It's



"I became suspicious when I noticed
a small crumb of Crackerjack on it."

as simple as that. I can't imagine anything more callow to say to another person than 'I'd like to make friends.' But the time is short. I won't see you again for years, probably. I certainly won't ask you, ever, to lend me money. I promise not to offer you as a reference in applying for a job. I—"

"Do you think people can be friends before they really know each other?"

"I'm trying awfully hard to know you."

"Shouldn't I know you, too?"

"Why don't you ask a few questions?"

"I can't think of any."

Glen grunted. "That's a hot one."

"Well, you know *something* about me, don't you? I'm a Hollywood producer, you know that."

"Yes."

"You know what the job of a producer is?"

"I've read about it."

"As part of your sociology study?"

"As a matter of fact, yes."

"Favorably?"

"Well, it all depends on one's viewpoint."

SOMEHOW, Harry had got himself on the defensive. He dodged. "Let's see what else I can tell you about me. I've been married twice. My first wife and I are not enemies. My present wife and I are good friends. I have a son from my first marriage; I see him frequently; I don't beat him; we're also good friends. What else? My last picture was 'Village Street.' Did you care for it?" Mary hesitated. "Let's not talk about it. Tell me about you now."

"Don't you think this is a silly conversation?"

Glen got up angrily. "Now, that's not nice, kid. That's rude."

"She didn't mean it that way," Mrs. Frable said quickly. "Did you, dear?"

Mary, obviously lying, said, "I'm sorry—no, I didn't mean it that way."

"Sit down, Glen," Harry said. Glen sat. "I think she meant exactly what she said," Harry was getting mad. "And I think she has managed between the lines to tell a lot about herself. She's a very strong girl, and she can be talked to very straight. Do you agree with me, Mary?"

"I don't know how strong I am. I don't think I'm old enough really to know."

"That's false modesty, and you haven't got any. You know you're strong. I'll tell you what you think of yourself, and I'll tell you what you think of me."

Mary rose. "Mr. Juniper, if you'll excuse me, I have some schoolwork to do."

"You're taking a vicious and unfair advantage of me."

"I don't see how I am."

Her father said, "I do. We know what's going on, don't we, Mama?"

"Well—"

"She's too big for herself—she's been that way ever since she was twelve. Let's take our hair down! Harry Juniper is an old friend—we can treat him like a member of the family. He's been around—he's a little smarter than your mother and me. I've been on the tail end of some of these funny moods of hers, and so has her mother. She never comes out with it—but she's just a little bit too good for everybody. Acts more like a boarder around here than a daughter."

"You're going too far, Glen," said his wife.

"Oh, don't pretend. You and I have talked about it a hundred times. Now we have somebody here—in one evening,



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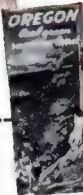


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he got wise to it. I'd like to hear what Harry has to say. Sit down, Mary."

Mary, her eyes burning, for the first time showing emotion, sat down.

"Glen," said Mrs. Frable, still behaving as though this were a polite discussion, "I don't think you're being fair. I don't think Mary means to hurt anyone's feelings."

Harry didn't give a damn by now. He said, "Let's ask her. Do you care whether you hurt—well, just to make it personal—do you care whether you hurt my feelings or not?"

Mary spoke slowly, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, Mr. Juniper, but either I have to say what I think or not say anything at all."

"It's that not-saying-anything-at-all that drives me nuts," said Glen. The girl turned her blazing eyes on her father, and Glen, a little uncertainly, glared back at her.

"I'm afraid," said Harry, smiling, "I'm afraid we've put a frail young lady against the wall."

"I'm not frail, Mr. Juniper." At last Mary was fighting back openly. She had accepted his challenge. "And you're right—I am quite strong. You needn't worry about me. I don't like to start a family squabble, but if you want to get at any fundamentals, you go ahead."

Mrs. Frable stood up. "Shall I bring some drinks? Wouldn't you like a highball, Mr. Juniper?"

Harry thanked her and said no, and Glen, waving her back into a chair, said, "Later, Mama."

HARRY turned to the girl, who had settled deep in her chair, curling her legs under her and smoothing her skirt. "You don't think much of me, do you?" he began.

"I think you're all right."

"You don't think much of Hollywood—let's put it that way."

"No, I don't think much of Hollywood."

"You don't think much of a Hollywood producer."

"In general, I'd say no."

"And you don't think of me as an exception."

"I'm not qualified to speak about that."

"Did you see 'Village Street'?"

"Yes."

"What did you think of it?"

"I thought it was third-rate."

"Now we're getting somewhere. . . . 'Village Street' was my biggest picture."

"I thought it was terrific," Glen said with feeling.

"I thought it was a real human picture," said Mrs. Frable. "It made me cry and laugh and everything."

"You don't count," Harry told them.

"I'm talking to her. Let me ask you a question, Rhoda—Mary. What do you think is a good picture?"

"Hamlet."

"Any others?"

"No."

"Well, for heaven's sake!" said Glen in disgust.

"Are you sure you wouldn't like a glass of water?" Mrs. Frable asked, and Glen told her to relax.

Harry asked the girl, "Do you approve of the way I dress?"

"I'm no expert."

"You're being dishonest. You don't like the way I dress at all. You prefer slightly unpressed homespun."

"That's just a matter of girlish taste, isn't it?"

"No, it's more than that. And you don't like my face—it isn't austere and noble. My eyes are not looking down from a mountaintop. You want Gandhi's face, Christ's face, or nothing."

Mary looked at him steadily, her hands clasped and nervous, but she didn't answer.

"And who are you to make such demands? Madame Curie? Eleanor Roosevelt? Let me tell you something. Madame Curie wouldn't be half so patronizing to me as you are. And Eleanor Roosevelt wouldn't be half so scornful toward Hollywood."

Glen slapped himself on the leg with approval. "That's good! That's really the truth!"

Harry said, "I'll tell you what you are, Rhoda—you're an intellectual and moral snob."

The girl continued to look straight at him, her hands clasping and unclasping. She said, "I'm not Rhoda."

Harry caught himself up quickly. "You think you aren't, but you are."

"He's right," Glen said. "By heaven, he's right!"

"You're a type, whether you know it or not, whether you like it or not," Harry went on. "Nothing is good enough for you. But just exactly who are you, anyway? You and your straight A's—I'll put 'Village Street' on the table beside your straight A's any day. This country is lousy with girls who make straight A's, but there are only thirty men who can produce pictures as well as I can. Do you know what I had in mind when I started that picture? An American classic. A profoundly honest evocation of the heart of America. I missed. My director missed. My writers missed. So I got just an ordinary smash box-office hit that millions of people loved. Except you. All right. Now let's take you. You're twenty years old. Your life is a production, too—the beginning of a production. The next twenty years will be *your* big picture. Well, I'll tell you how great it's going to be. Not very. Because you're not very human."

THE GIRL had been getting increasingly nervous. She rose. She went to the window and looked out, her back turned to Harry. Her mother, in distress, put her hand toward Harry in a gesture, but Glen went over and sat on the arm of his wife's chair, took her hand, and held her down.

"You've lived all your life with two lovely people, your parents. They adore you, they've spent hours and days and weeks worrying about you, sacrificing for you, caring for you, to the best of their ungreat ability. Are you aware of it?"

She turned toward him and looked at him defiantly, pitifully. There were tears in her eyes. Harry remained seated, his excitement only in his voice, his body relaxed. He ignored her pitiful, defiant face, picked up a cigarette, and lit it. He inhaled before he spoke again.

"I don't think you're aware of it. You meet a boy, young, clumsy, full of dreams, full of untold possibilities. Do you see that? I don't think so. All you see is that he's clumsy and maybe has a little sex, which you consider a weakness, I'm sure. Gandhi and Christ gave their lives for that boy, but you wouldn't even give him a smile. I'll tell you something. You're a menace to society. You're a traitor—not to your parents, not to

your country, but to the whole human race." The girl started to protest, but Harry overrode her. "You have no imagination, no compassion. You have just a puny, schoolgirl, grade-A intelligence. You're not the star of your family, as you think—you're their misfortune, the cross they have to bear. The taxi driver who brought me here is worth two dozen of you. The maid washing dishes in the kitchen has more heart and soul and sense than you have. I'll write your next twenty-year production for you. You'll drift from one little social-service job to another, and everybody will hate you for your smugness. You'll mate—if you should ever consent to mate—with some poor, overawed weakling, some half-baked kid who won't find out until it's too late that his faults are worthier than your dreadful virtues. You'll stick to him—it'll be one of your virtues that you'll stick to him whether he likes it or not—and maybe you'll have children. And you'll pour your maternal instincts—your warped maternal instincts—into those children. Through them, you'll still try to be what you call great. And you'll raise as neat a bunch of neurotics as any psychiatrist ever had put in a strait jacket. Heaven forbid that you should marry a decent man! That would be a real tragedy! Frankly, I don't know why I'm wasting all this on you. You're actually a very dull person. Dull, ungracious, humorless, inhospitable, unpleasant, and—"

The girl, who was trembling and looking at him with horror in her eyes, suddenly began sobbing and rushed out of the room. Her mother hastened after her. Harry, finding an ashtray and putting out his cigarette with a somewhat shaky hand, heard the two going upstairs, the girl still sobbing, the mother murmuring soothingly.

Harry looked up uneasily from the ashtray. Glen sat, solid and solemn, looking at the floor.

"I don't know what got into me," Harry said. "That was a hell of a thing to do to your daughter."

"I don't know," said Glen slowly. "I think maybe she needed it."

"I owe you an apology."

"She needed it. Did her good."

"It was no business of mine."

"I'd have said it all a long time ago, if I could just have thought of the right words."

"Would you? I doubt it."

There was a long silence. Then Harry went into the hall and got his hat and coat and came back.

"So long, Glen."

"So long, Harry."

"Say good-by to your wife, will you? That was a fine dinner."

"I will, Harry."

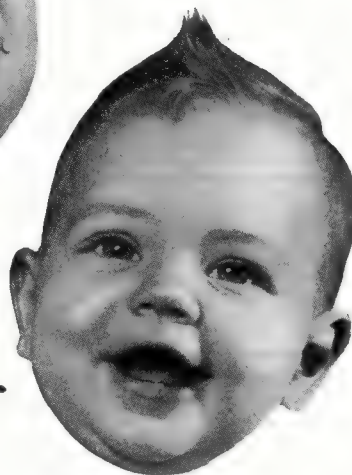
He found a taxi on Lake Shore Drive. While the cab sped through Lincoln Park, he said to himself, "Who the hell do those kids think they are? Saint Peter at the Pearly Gates?" A little later he said to himself, "Somebody comes at you with a knife or a gun, you can't take it lying down, dammit. A man's entitled to self-defense."

IT WAS a few minutes after nine when he walked into the hotel suite. Stanley was on the sofa reading a magazine, and band music was pouring full blast through the radio, so that Stanley didn't hear him until he yelled, "Turn off that radio!"

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● *We understand that some of the most colorful and scenic regions of Mexico are along the Inter-American Highway, south of Mexico City to the border of Guatemala. How long is this portion of the highway, what is the road like, and are there any accommodations for tourists along the way?*

—Mrs. L. M., St. Louis, Missouri

A—The distance from Mexico City to Cuauhtemoc (at the Guatemalan border) is 851 miles. Pavement, gravel, and crushed stone provide a hard, all-weather driving surface. There are hotel accommodations at Puebla, Izucar de Matamoros, Huajuapalan, Oaxaca, Tehuantepec, Istepec, Tuxtla Gutierrez, Las Casas, and Comitán. There are no accommodations at Cuauhtemoc. I suggest you turn back at Comitán, as Cuauhtemoc is simply the border station, and there is no passable highway from there on.

● *We are two young folks with an old-fashioned idea. We would like to spend our honeymoon at Niagara Falls. Friends have told us that the best place to stay and to see the falls are on the Canadian side. Is this true?*

—Miss L. C., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

A—Yes, the best views of the falls are obtained from Niagara Falls, Ontario. Victoria Park, in this Canadian city, is ideally situated for sight-seers.

● *Please give me an idea as to what the "Festival of Britain" will be like.*

—R. J. M., Cleveland, Ohio

A—The "Festival of Britain" will not be, as might be supposed, a carnival or Mardi gras, but a series of educational and cultural events beginning with a service of dedication in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on May third. The festival marks the hundredth anniversary of the opening of the "Great Exhibition" in Hyde Park's Crystal Palace. Events on this year's festival program include displays illustrating industrial, scientific, and agricultural progress, and exhibits of paintings, sculpture, handicrafts, and architecture. Festival events will be held throughout England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland and will include drama, concerts, religious meetings, and sporting events.

A copy of the "Festival of Britain" program, including events and dates, is being sent you.

● *We are planning a vacation trip to the Northwest and would like to try our hand at fishing for Chinook salmon in the Columbia River in Oregon. Can you tell us which are the best summer months for this sport?*

—C. L. M., Dallas, Texas

A—According to fishing authority Ed Cromer, August and September are the best months for Chinook fishing in the Columbia River.

FOR THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP—TURN TO PAGE 117

Stanley did and remarked, "You didn't stay long, did you?"

"Long enough."

"Not so hot, huh?"

"Order a couple of double whiskies, will you?"

"Okay." Stanley picked up the telephone and gave the order, while Harry went into the bedroom, got out of his hat and topcoat, and dropped down on the bed. Stanley came in. "So it wasn't so hot?"

"Fair."

"Did she really look like—like Rhoda?"

"In a way."

"And it wasn't too hot, huh?"

Harry picked up a cigarette. "Well, I'll tell you, Stanley. Somebody dies in an accident. It's a very sudden thing—you don't know what 'sudden' means until something like that happens. You feel cheated, not so much by the death as by the suddenness. You feel you should have had a break—a little advance notice—a chance to . . . to say good-bye, as it were." He struck a match and lit the cigarette. "Well, I got my chance tonight. I said good-bye."

"Was she a nice kid?"

"I don't know. . . . To be honest—whatever that is—I haven't the slightest idea what she was like." Harry took a few more puffs on his cigarette. "You might call her an innocent bystander—and then again you might not. . . . Any messages?"

"Oh, yeah—the lady from the train. She called at eight-thirty. Just to say hello and that she's home."

"That's nice."

THEY WERE interrupted by the waiter with the whisky. After his drink, Harry asked for the number of the divorcee from the train. Stanley found it and gave it to him. Harry stretched out on the bed, put his hand on the telephone, and paused. "Let's figure it out," he said. "This is no ordinary dame—she has passion, unless I sized her up wrong. Most dames haven't got passion."

"Is that good or bad?"

"Bad for me. They get hold of you—you become involved. That isn't necessarily bad: it's living. But let's study it. . . . I'm satisfied with my wife—I don't want to get married a third time. But that's not the point, either. What happens, happens. A man shouldn't be afraid of living. All right. So I stay in Chicago two nights, three—five. Maybe she goes to New York with me, the dame. People find out. No use kidding oneself about that—people do. My wife hears about it. Well, she won't take it lying down—you know that. So we get a divorce. That's expensive. She'll get alimony—after all, she'd have it coming to her, and I hate men who are stingy with women. So now I'll be supporting two establishments—my wife's and my own. Well, let's think it out to its logical conclusion. I'm making a big salary. In spite of taxes, I can take a three months' vacation every year, and I love that, Stanley. It means everything to me—the illusion of freedom, kid. With two establishments, I doubt if I can take those three months every year; I'll have to work all year to keep my head above water. . . . Stanley, I don't see how I can afford to phone that dame!" He got up, went to the dresser, picked up a comb and ran it through his hair. "I say the hell with her. Let's take a cab down to the Pump Room and get a club sandwich." **THE END**



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Big Boss

(Continued from page 47)

down at the typewriter, all those bums at the office, he said amiably to himself. Three whole years ago. This will murder them—oh, this will probably be the end of some of them. Speaking of "them" reminded him of the letter he was going to write, and he took a pencil and some paper to bed with him.

The book club had cinched it for him. With their money, he could now quit, although he probably couldn't have with just a regular trade sale of his book. Of course, he'd known about the whole thing for some time, but at the office nobody knew anything yet. George had waited for this day, publication day. Let them read about it in the newspapers, if they ever read book reviews, the oafs.

The letter, however, was to be his formal resignation. George wrote the date at the upper right of the page, the name of the president of the advertising agency for which he worked at the upper left, and under it, "Dear Torquemada." Then he got up and poured himself just the tiniest drink to stimulate his imagination. But when he was back in bed, he discovered he had mislaid his pencil, so he decided to abandon the whole project until the morning. He rolled over onto his stomach and slipped his hand under the pillow, reaching in the dark for the book as for a lover's hand. In ten seconds, he was asleep, a smile of innocence on his lips.

APPROXIMATELY one thousand miles west of New York City, Mitchell Sayer sat down at the dinner table opposite his wife. He felt, as he so often did in her presence, a sense of refreshment that was almost physical. He saw her between the candles, cool, soft, and beautiful, smiling at him a little, and her mere presence soothed him like a drug.

Sayer, the least mystical of men, sometimes liked to imagine that his wife had been led into his life providentially, for while Elsa Sayer would have been an exceptional wife for just about any man, for a man in politics she was perfect. She was young (thirty-one to Sayer's forty-two), physically as attractive as any woman Sayer had ever been interested in, well-connected socially in the city and the state, musically accomplished, rich (although that no longer mattered to Sayer), and without active interest in politics. Living with her allowed Sayer the uncommon luxury of two distinct and separate existences. He cherished them both, and he particularly cherished their separateness. This was why, when his wife spoke to him across the well-laid table, he wished she had said something different.

"Mitch," she asked, "who is the next governor going to be?"

Sayer frowned for only the briefest instant. "I'm not a prophet, darling," he said.

"But you don't have to be. You know already, don't you?"

"Nonsense, Elsa. Nobody knows. Anything can happen in an election." Unlike most men of importance, Sayer never tried to impress his wife with the extent of his influence. On the contrary, he made it a policy, as now, to minimize it. He instinctively sensed that if she knew how far-reaching was his political

power, she might jump to some foolish conclusions and disapprove. It was not the kind of thing women easily understood. "Sometimes I'm able to help in weeding out candidates," he said, thinking to finish the thing, "but it's the people who pick the governor on election day— The new cook certainly knows how to make biscuits. I hope you'll tell her I said so."

"Oh, she'll be so pleased, Mitch," Elsa Sayer said. "Will it be Governor Simpson again, do you think?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Elsa. Privately, I hope so. Simpson has been a good governor. I don't think we could do any better."

HE COULD feel her watching him silently as he ate. "Not everyone seems to agree about that," she said.

"Does everyone agree about anything?"

"No, of course not, but—I know you understand much more about this than I do—but people are saying Governor Simpson's administration has been corrupt from the start, that it's controlled—"

"Someone will always say that about any administration," Sayer interrupted. "Elsa, I don't know who's been talking to you about all this, and it doesn't really matter. I only hope it doesn't mean you're trying to interest yourself in politics. In the four years we've been married, it's always seemed to me that one of your most conspicuous charms—"

Elsa Sayer laughed. "Oh, no, darling, not in politics," she said. "I'm not nearly clever enough. And nobody has been talking to me exactly. That is, he was talking to all of us at the club. John Tarrant. He's the mayor of—"

"Yes, I know." There was absolutely no hint on Sayer's face of the feelings John Tarrant's name evoked in him. In his catalogue, there was nothing more vicious than a Party renegade. And a renegade who was being pushed for the gubernatorial nomination at that. He deliberately took another forkful of food before he spoke again. "And what did Mr. Tarrant have to say for himself?"

"Why, he was telling us about some of the things they've done in his city, some of the general improvements," she said. "It's really quite remarkable compared to the state as a whole. They've gradually torn down whole blocks of ancient tenement buildings and put up new low-rent apartment houses with city bond issues; their schools have the highest rating in the state; they have more public playgrounds than most bigger cities; and the police force is undoubtedly—"

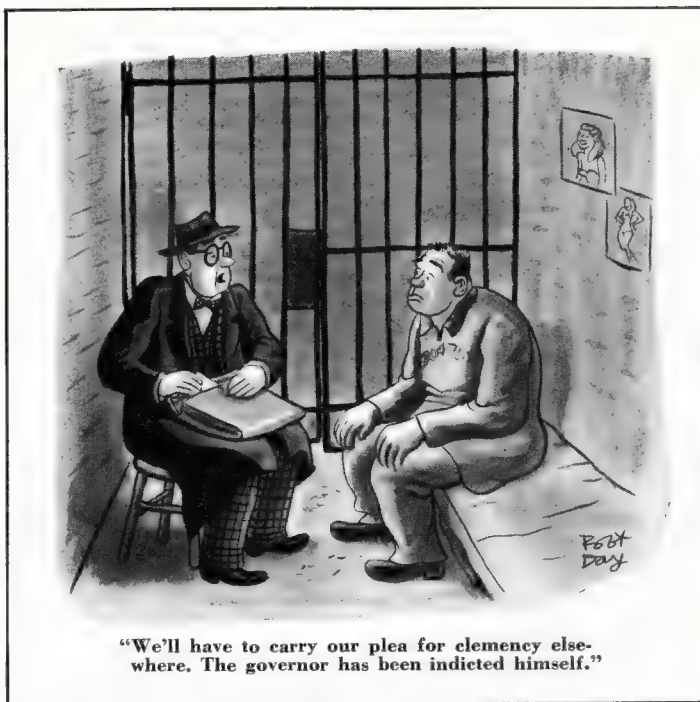
"I suppose," Sayer interrupted, "Tarrant told you he would like to run for governor?"

"Oh, yes, he was quite frank about that. At least, he thinks we need a new governor."

"And what ticket does he plan to run on? Did he mention that?"

"Why, yours, I suppose, Mitch. He belongs to your Party, doesn't he?"

"As a matter of fact, that's exactly what some of us here in the capital have been wondering about," Sayer said, smiling, still trying to keep the conversation as casual as possible. "Would you call a man a member of your Party who has independents and even opposition-party men on his city council? He has some peculiar sort of open meeting once a week and lets anybody and everybody off the street get up and tell him how



"We'll have to carry our plea for clemency elsewhere. The governor has been indicted himself."

to run his town. Would you be likely to support a man who has spent the months before an election stumping the state and making loose accusations against the incumbent governor, a man in his own Party?"

Elsa Sayer waited until a servant had taken away one set of dishes and replaced them with another. "No, of course not. That is, if the accusations weren't true. But Mr. Tarrant says the political machine in our state is so powerful that it completely controls Governor Simpson. He says it can keep on electing men like that indefinitely unless—"

"Unless the Party gives him the nomination, is that it?"

"No," Mrs. Sayer said, with surprising firmness, considering the subject "—unless all of us recognize the power of the machine and break it by electing someone who can't be controlled by it. Mr. Tarrant even mentioned two or three other men he thinks could do the job as well."

"I see," Sayer said. His tone grew patronizing. "I suppose you know, Elsa, that a man's name must be on a ballot before you or I or anyone else can vote for him?"

His wife nodded, but her usually clear, lovely brow was wrinkled. "But if what John Tarrant says is true, Mitch, if he or somebody like him would really represent the people of the state instead of a few selfish interests, do you mean you still—"

Sayer laughed quickly by way of interruption, because things had suddenly gone too far. "If only everyone could be as easily influenced by a clever political speech as you apparently were, Elsa, politics would be a much simpler business than it is," he said. "I'm afraid you've gone out a little past your depth, darling. Let's just wait and see how it turns out, shall we?"

The puzzled look didn't leave Elsa

Sayer's face. "But—but how do you think it will turn out, Mitch? Do you think that John Tarrant will get the nomination?"

The first trace of irritation in the course of the whole conversation touched Sayer's face. "If I tell you, may we drop the subject?"

"Of course."

"Then," Sayer said flatly, "as I told you earlier, I don't know—I can only guess. My guess is that Tarrant won't be nominated. Now let's go into the library. You're going to play for me to-night, aren't you?" He got up at once, his big, well-tailored body moving quickly over to his wife's chair as a signal that the conversation was over.

Nor was the name of John Tarrant mentioned again that evening. In the library, Sayer relaxed once more, his eyes half closed, listening to the competently played Liszt, comfortably aware of the external graciousness of his life. And if Elsa Sayer seemed preoccupied as she played, a trifle more thoughtful than usual, there was surely nothing alarming in that.

PERHAPS an hour had passed when Elsa Sayer left the piano and gave him the book. "It's a brand-new novel," she said. "It came from the book club this morning, and it's perfectly fascinating. I picked it up after breakfast just to glance at it, and I couldn't put it down all day until I'd finished it. I really think it's exactly your kind of book, Mitch."

Sayer took the book and examined its bright-green dust jacket. "Well, that's fine," he said. He read the title. "What's it about?"

"I don't want to tell you anything that might spoil it even the littlest bit. I'll only tell you that it's about a man's life, his whole life. It's only fiction, of course, but it's—it's"—Elsa Sayer made a neat, empty little circle in the air with

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her hand—"it's so real that when you've finished, you feel as though you know the man intimately. It's almost like a biography. The character is really a perfectly—No, I'd better not say anything more. I'm afraid I might spoil it for you. Read it for yourself."

Sayer smiled up at her from his chair. "All right, I will," he said. "You seem to be all excited about it." This was one of the many small things about his life with his wife that gave him the sense of solidity that meant so much to him. To spend an evening alone with her in the handsome library of his very large house, reading a good novel, glancing up from time to time at her slim, elegant beauty, was for him an incomparable satisfaction. He had fought ruthlessly to achieve it, and he would fight to the death to hold it.

THE CHOICE of the books he read Sayer left largely to his wife, although he would certainly have denied that this was because he trusted her taste more than his own.

"Have you got something to read?" he asked.

She held up copies of two new fashion magazines. "Don't worry about me. You go right ahead." She watched his face as he opened the book.

Mitchell Sayer hunched deeper into his chair and lighted a slender Cuban cigar. Without being aware of it, he smiled a little in anticipation of the pleasure to come. An hour passed with no sound in the room but the turning of pages and the click of Sayer's gold lighter as he lit a second cigar.

It was at the end of the hour, and when he had reached page one hundred and twenty-six in the novel, that Sayer's extraordinary suspicions about the book and himself began to form in his head. At once he labeled them as too absurd to be credible. Nothing but a peculiar coincidence. He looked quickly at the author's name on the book jacket again. George Dunbar. It meant nothing to him. He pushed his suspicions aside and continued reading.

The story introduced its central character as a boy of ten, a street urchin selling newspapers in the business district of a large Midwestern city. It showed through his actions, his native cleverness and his drive to push himself upward in the world. It went on to tell how, at fourteen, the boy had contrived to meet and to make himself useful to a local ward boss, and how, at only eighteen, he had become an energetic cog in the ward machinery.

Running parallel with the outward events of the novel was an intensely personal story of the emotional and intellectual processes of the young man as he moved through the years, which made clear the causes of his gradual compromise with his integrity. As his power and influence grew in the state's Party organization, it became apparent that several of his steps upward were made by means of personal friendships—ignored at significant junctures—intimate information judiciously used against a superior, dubious interests served from personal motive. In the chapter ending on page two hundred and twelve, the fictional protagonist, now in his early thirties, had just moved triumphantly from the city of his birth up to the state capital.

Sayer paused to light his third cigar,

and it would have taken an astute observer to notice the nearly imperceptible tremor of the hand holding the lighter. Actually, inside his head, Sayer's highly disciplined mind was whirling at a furious rate.

For he had at last been driven, in spite of all logic to the contrary, to the extraordinary conclusion that the book was no more than a fictionalized version of his own career, that the leading character was, in fact, patterned wholly after himself.

What had appeared to him, in the first hundred pages of the novel, as a series of uncanny coincidences—the details of the Midwestern background, the beginnings in politics, the personal relationships—had slowly become crystallized, in the second hundred pages, into a glossary of disguised personal facts. How the author had obtained them, and how he had come to choose Sayer as a model for such a work was utterly beyond him, fantastic—but that the author had

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

TO A ROBIN

Carl L. Stader

O robin, singing on my lawn,
I fear you should be up and gone.
Since price of steaks, and ham,
and chops
Has knocked my budget from its
props,
I glim your drumsticks and your
breast
With lustful eyes. I worry lest
In greedy gastronomic fit,
I fell you as you gaily flit.
So fly away my feathered friend,
Until inflation's at an end;
No matter now, how well you sing
I view you only à la king.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

done so was beyond dispute.

The impact of this discovery on Sayer was staggering. He felt the righteous outrage of a man stripped of his clothes in a public place. But it was not only outrage he felt. For there was something unnatural about the nature of the revelations in the book that was deeply frightening. There were incidents related of so personal, so clandestine a nature that only one other person in each case could possibly have any knowledge of them—or, at least, so he had always supposed. That any one human being, no matter how diligent a detective, could have assembled all these episodes seemed utterly impossible. Yet here they were in black and white—episodes Mitchell Sayer would have sacrificed a good deal to see fade back into the cloudy web of time.

It was seeing the whole cynical thing together, the one step leading neatly and inevitably to the next—a way in which Sayer preferred not to review his life—that was particularly unnerving. It was then that the most frightening idea of all occurred to him. It was his wife who had given him the book and urged him to read it. All his senses came alert with suspicion.

He looked up quickly from the book to where she was sitting. He was surprised to see that she was just settling herself down in her chair again with a highball in her hand, although he had not noticed that she had left the chair to get it.

When he caught her eye, she said, "You seemed so interested, I didn't want to disturb you to ask if you wanted to have a drink. Are you enjoying the book?"

Sayer brought all his considerable perception to bear on his wife's face to see if he could find there any trace of meaning that wasn't in her words. There was nothing he could be sure of, although she seemed to be watching him very closely. "It's certainly a—diverting story," he said. "Why didn't you tell me it was about a man in politics?"

"Oh, I just didn't want you to know anything at all about it," she said. "I thought that way you'd be taken more by surprise."

The words jarred against Sayer. Taken by surprise. It sounded like a military maneuver.

"But let's not talk any more about it until you've finished it," she went on. "Then there's something I want to ask you about the end. I'm not sure the end is right."

Sayer got up and closed the book quickly over his finger. He wanted to be by himself. "Yes, let's wait," he said. "As a matter of fact, I'm feeling rather tired. I think I'll go upstairs right away. I may read a little more. I'll go into the guest room so that I won't disturb you." His wife was studying his face. There was no question about it now. The whole thing had been planned—all of it. He found himself looking quickly around his beautiful room as though he might never see it just like this again. "Good night, Elsa," he said.

"Good night, darling." Her eyes seemed determined not to leave his face. "Sleep tight."

IN THE guest room, Sayer didn't go near the bed but sat down at once in a chair beside the bedside light and flipped the book open to his place. As he did so, his eye caught a word or two of the copy on the back of the dust jacket. It was a note about the author, and Sayer hurriedly turned the book over and read it all.

"George Dunbar was raised on a farm in Midwestern America—" What did Midwestern America mean anyway? Ten states. Nothing. "—learned the ins and outs of practical politics as a reporter on a famous Midwestern daily . . ." A newspaper reporter. Sayer hadn't thought of that. It was a possibility. Immediately he ticked off a dozen of them in his mind, men who could have known certain facts in his life. They often knew too damned much. He couldn't remember a Dunbar, but there were dozens of reporters whose names he couldn't remember, if he had ever known them. Anyhow, Dunbar could be a pseudonym for anyone. There were always disgruntled people—discarded candidates, ward workers, fired employees, even secretaries. Sayer read on, desperately seeking a more definite clue.

"In a multifarious career, Mr. Dunbar has been variously employed as a life-guard, a gravedigger, an auctioneer, a mathematics instructor, an advertising copywriter, a bordello pianist, and a



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when you
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straight"
(served chilled
with
lemon peel)

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., NEW YORK

United States Marine." Sayer tightened his jaw in irritation. Why couldn't writers stick to one thing like other people? Unstable types. The whole thing meant nothing—or anything.

Sayer began to read again, and in two more hours he finished the book. Then, for a full hour longer, he sat motionless in his chair, staring straight in front of him, no part of him active except his mind.

The story had carried its central character forward on his rise to power, a power that, like Sayer's, always exerted itself well behind the throne. It detailed the man's personal life on the way, a life spattered with the cynical decisions of exigency—the woman it became prudent to discard as his rise became more spectacular, the private fortune accumulated through the dubious exercise of political power, the parents denied. Then the brilliant marriage in early middle age to the young and desirable daughter of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in the state.

Naturally, many of the events were heavily veiled for fictional purposes—proper names invented, sequence of events altered, facts distorted and even cut from the whole cloth here and there—but the main line, the story of the man, Sayer recognized inescapably as his own. The end of the story, of necessity, was pure invention. And yet for some reason, it was the part that goaded Sayer to fury almost more than all the rest. It told of the man's eventual clash with an incorruptible Federal prosecutor whose invulnerability started the crumbling of the great network whose lifeblood was human frailty. And the incorruptible man was only the first stone in a great avalanche of public indignation that destroyed him. The author had not even allowed the man the dignity of death—only life, with the loss of his wife, his power, his fortune, his friends.

Mitchell Sayer was physically limp, his brain felt shattered, as though it had exploded in his head. The image of his wife's face as she handed him the book burned just behind his eyes, clear as a fresh brand. At the end of an hour's time, he moved in his chair and the book slipped off his lap onto the floor, open at a page that read: "The characters in this book are entirely imaginary. Any resemblance between them and actual persons living or dead . . ." Sayer kicked the cover closed with his foot.

He shook his big head like a swimmer coming up for air. He had finally felt his way through to a decision, and he was ready to act. There was, as he saw it, only one thing to do, dangerous, even calamitous, as it might be. It was founded on one of his basic rules in life: never allow yourself to be put on the defensive, make the first move yourself, get in the first blow. Sayer pulled himself slowly out of his chair.

THE TELEPHONE bell beside George Dunbar's bed jangled brutally into his consciousness. He jumped, making a complete revolution in the bed, and looked sleepily at his watch. It was only nine forty-five in the morning, much too early for a successful novelist who had gone to bed at three. He answered the bell as though he had a mouthful of oatmeal.

"George? Are you awake?" It was Agnew, his publisher.

George made a sound.

"I know you were up pretty late," Agnew said, although he didn't sound nearly so sorry as George thought the circumstances required, "but I'd like you to come to my office as soon as possible. Something has just come up. I've called our attorney, and he'll be over within the hour. There's something about a lawsuit. I'm sure it isn't anything to be alarmed about, but we'll have to talk some things over with you."

"A what—a lawsuit?" George tried desperately to assemble himself. He had an honest man's terror of the law.

"Yes. Don't worry about it. Can I count on your being here within an hour?"

"What? Oh, sure. Sure, I'll be right over." George hung up and beat his way out of bed, his body still way ahead of his brain. He dumped some coffee into a percolator, put it on the stove, and deliberately stopped trying to think until he had drunk some of it. He felt only a vague sense of guilt, and while he was shaving he accidentally cut off the beginning of a mustache he had started because he had thought it would look like a successful novelist's mustache. He gulped down three cups of coffee while he was dressing. His head ached; he was out of cigarettes; he was being sued.

He staggered down the stairs and ran up the street after a taxi. This wasn't at all the way his new life was supposed to begin.

MITCHELL SAYER woke at his usual time, although he had slept for less than three hours, made a brief telephone call to his office, and dressed carefully. In the breakfast room, his wife was already seated at the table eating a grapefruit. She looked fresh and lovely and rested, but for once Sayer was not entirely glad to see her. He wished she had slept later and breakfasted in her room, as she often did. He wanted to follow through on his decision of last night before he talked to her.

But before he sat down he kissed her cheek because he always did. "I'll only have time for some coffee," he said. "I have a great deal to do today."

"All right, dear, but be sure to have a good lunch. You look a little tired." Then Elsa Sayer leaned forward with almost childlike eagerness. "Did you finish the book last night?" she asked.

"Yes. Yes, I did."

"Tell me, did you like the end, Mitch? I mean, do you think the end was right?"

Sayer sipped his scalding coffee cautiously. "Right?" he repeated. "I'm not sure I know what you mean."

"Well, I mean, do you think the man had to ruin himself like that? Do you think that was inevitable?" When there was no answer, she went on: "He was really such an intelligent man, a brilliant man. If only he had used his brilliance in a different direction, everything would have turned out differently, don't you think? He could have been a great man and not lost everything. Or do you think," she said thoughtfully, "that it was too late for him to turn back?"

Sayer quickly set down his coffee cup and got up. "Evidently the author thought it was too late," he said, "although perhaps he was mistaken, and it's never too late. Or perhaps he only thought it was more artistic that way. In any case, it's only a story, isn't it?"

She stood at the front door with him while he waited for the car. She linked her arm through his. "We have a lovely

life, haven't we, Mitch?" she said suddenly, apparently for no reason. "We have so many beautiful things, so much of everything. And I have you, and you have me. We mustn't ever lose any of it, must we, darling? It's worth more than anything, isn't it?"

Standing in the bright morning sunlight, Mitchell Sayer shivered almost unnoticeably. Then the car came up the drive, and he turned and kissed his beautiful wife on the mouth, an urgent, a lover's kiss.

Just short of an hour later, he entered the long conference room in his suite of offices, situated a misleading nine blocks from the state capitol building. A half-dozen men were in the room, district Party men, Sayer's cabinet, whom he had summoned by telephone. They greeted him with varying manifestations of respect—some of the younger men almost reverentially, a few of the older on a more equal basis. They sat down around a table; Sayer stood at its head. He took a deep breath, swelling his big chest as though against a sudden blow. He knew exactly what he was in for.

"I'm sorry to have got you down here so early," he said, in a studied, calm tone. "There's been a change in plan. We're switching to John Tarrant. You can all forget about Simpson now. I want each one of you to go . . ." Sayer talked for perhaps half a minute before the first interruption came. At first the faces in front of him showed disbelief, then bewilderment, then, here and there, open rebellion. Not a man at the table was with him, but he hadn't expected

that they would be. It was going to be a bloody fight, perhaps his hardest. It was the one he knew he had to win. Everything he cherished most in the world depended on it.

"Tarrant," Mitchell Sayer repeated, looking around the table from face to face. The hated name dropped like an obscenity in that room. One way or another, he believed he could manage each man. It would be a dangerous fight, but in the end, he believed he would get his way. He always had. He was an extremely powerful man. And what was power for?

GEORGE DUNBAR sat in his publisher's office, looking haggard and smoking a bummed cigarette. "Then you mean it's all right now?" he asked the attorney who sat with the publisher behind the desk.

"I mean it's all right *now*," the attorney corrected him. "Yesterday evening when I heard about the first suit against us, it didn't look all right at all, but, you see, now that we have *three* people suing us— Well, the character in your book can't very well be three different men, can he? One suit pretty well nullifies the others."

"Yes, but what I don't understand," George persisted, "is why anybody would want to admit he could be the prototype for a stinker like that character. I should think they would—"

"It happens fairly often, George," Agnew, the publisher, said. "They don't exactly admit to being your character, not as you wrote him. The idea seems to be that you stole the stories of their

lives, but that you've libeled them by getting the facts all wrong. Of course, I know your book is meant as a general social indictment, but I think now that this has happened, that you'd better tell us if your man actually has any real model, George. Something might come up another time for which we might as well be prepared. We can keep the facts among the three of us, if you would prefer us to."

A furtive look came over George's face, and he kept moving around in his chair. "What part of the country do these three men come from?" he asked cautiously.

The attorney looked at the telegram in his hand. "Two are from the Eastern Seaboard, and one's from the West Coast."

"Well, that's wrong to start with," George said. "My man was from the Midwest. He started out as a ward heeler in our town and wound up bossing the Party in pretty nearly the whole state. Crooked as they come. He was my grandfather. He died when I was fourteen, on registration day, from the exertion of registering about six hundred voters whose names he had taken off headstones in the graveyard."

George got up. "I hope you'll keep it quiet, though," he said. "I'm his only direct descendant still living, but I've got an aunt back home, and she wouldn't like it. She never reads novels, but I'd hate to have her find out some other way."

He went out, already planning in his head the big breakfast he was going to eat before he went back to bed. THE END

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The Last of the Movie Queens (Continued from page 68)

from your office," she told him, "and huddle down. In disguise," she added.

And so she prepared herself. She fluffed out her hair. She put on a simple black four-hundred-and-seventy-dollar dress. She pinned a gardenia to her handbag. She selected a rhinestone ring the size of a biscuit, and she shrugged on a ten-thousand-dollar lynx coat. "Little cold out," she apologized. To complete her anonymity, she clapped on a pair of dark glasses, and then she sallied forth.

"You'd have recognized that silhouette, those square shoulders, eight miles away in a London fog," one attendant swore later.

The result, of course, was a gratifying outburst of pandemonium nine seconds after Crawford hove in sight. Joan was tearful with appreciation, gallantly signed all autograph books thrust at her, waved happily from a taxi for three blocks after police rescued her from the crowd, and was innocently puzzled because her disguise plan hadn't worked.

Today, Joan not only makes no effort to conceal her identity when she goes out in public, but considers it her bounden duty to appear in full regalia as a movie star. So far as that goes, she has never presented herself even on her own studio lot in anything but her best; she looks with wonder and dismay on newcomers who show up in butt-sprung slacks and careless coiffeurs, and as for stars so disdainful of public opinion as to appear disheveled on the street, she considers them not only idiotic but somehow dishonest.

"You do owe your public something," she says.

Joan moans over the misguided Van Johnson, who once attended one of Atwater Kent's chi-chi parties in a dinner jacket and bright-red socks. She thinks he merited the rebuke of an old-time player who scolded him with: "You aren't famous enough to dress like that, Van. And when you are—you won't."

Joan's swooping appearances in the shops and restaurants of Hollywood and environs are made from a regal black Cadillac, which she drives herself as if all highways were private roads. Beside her sits Cliquot, a white French poodle, clipped like a clown and powdered like a fifteenth-century courtier. Cliquot wears either a red or green jacket, initialed "C.C.," and carries a handkerchief in his pocket. He places one manicured paw on Joan's arm as she drives and takes an amiable, proprietary interest in everything.

THE wardrobe that backs up the Crawford public appearances—and the private ones, too, for that matter—is as extensive and as special as any goggle-eyed boarding-school debutante might imagine in her brightest dream of wish fulfillment. The legend is that Crawford, who has always been partial to furs, owns thirty-five prime examples of beaver, mink, karakul, lynx, and broadtail. Joan, who swears she has not purchased a new fur for more than two years, denies this, but when a male reporter was recently allowed to cast a bedazzled eye over Joan's effects, he counted twelve coats in one closet, all in the ten-thousand-dollar class.

Her dressing room, which is all white with tall, chaste columns, is large enough for a beauty salon with specialty shop

attached. It is surrounded by deep, wide closets, and the passageway from her sitting room is equipped with closeted shelves on which repose enough alluring equipment to stock a smart shop. Shoes are racked in groups of twelve on shelves eight feet high. Evening gowns here, dinner dresses there, afternoon frocks here. Like all smart women, Miss Crawford is a devotee of the "little black dress," which can be worn anywhere, and she has them by the dozen. Most of them are by Adrian, who won't touch a hemline for less than five hundred dollars, but others are by Joan's new designer, Shelia O'Brien, whom she discovered, and who now creates clothes for movies.

JEWELRY is another item Miss Crawford collects with magnificent abandon. One of her main spectaculars is a diamond ring in a modern, flaring setting, designed by André Fleuridas. The stone is the size of an air-mail stamp. It gleams with wicked shafts of chill blue and sinful flashes of scarlet and was a wedding gift from Franchot Tone. But like her diamond clip, which is as big as a child's hand and resembles a cluster of icy flames, and her thick amethyst collar, the big gem reposes almost exclusively in a bank vault. The amethyst collar is so heavy Joan says she feels like a Salem witch in the stocks when she wears it.

"Or like an ox pulling a cart. But, boy, I'm willing, I'm willing!" she says. A replica (repeat, replica) of this collar cost another girl ninety-five hundred dollars.

In spite of the fact that her jewels-in-chief are seldom seen, Joan always appears at parties as gleamingly gemmed as a presentation sabre. Her earrings would make a television star gasp, and her bracelets shimmer from wrist almost to elbow. Her necklace, usually a simple band flashing with more than a hundred diamonds, looks like the kind of bauble an emperor might give an empress.

All this finery, which Miss Crawford wears as casually as if she certainly did know the emperor, gives the lady a good deal of merriment.

Recently, at a swank soiree, she was decked out like Tiffany's front window and flashing like a lighthouse. Nancy Sinatra made appropriate "Oos" and "Ahs" over the showpieces.

"You like these?" asked Joan, touching an armful of bracelets. "Here, let me give them to you."

Mrs. Sinatra backed away. Obviously, Miss Crawford was either madly touched in the head or she was guilty of the bleakest bad taste.

"Why, I gave one to Reggie Gardiner's wife just the other day," said Joan.

"Joan dear, you know I couldn't possibly. Why, those are fabulous—"

"Great jumping scott, Nancy!" exploded Miss Crawford. "Do you think they're real?"

As Joan will happily explain if given an opportunity, the Crawford display-purpose pretties are as phony as Prince Michael Romanoff's genealogy. She seldom gets the opportunity to explain because her movie-star reputation is so firmly pinnacled by now that no one but Monsieur Fleuridas would ever suspect she was not wearing Grade-A carats.

In addition to such generous gestures as offering to give away costume jewelry,

her equally uncontrollable habit of giving away real jewelry and big automobiles to people she likes has cost Our Heroine many tears. In a swank colony whose members, despite their fresher youth and beauty, are constantly outshone by a star some of them worshiped when they were boys and girls, a certain amount of vindictive jealousy is inevitable. Joan gets more than her share of it.

She went to a party at Cesar Romero's house not so long ago. Being between husbands, Miss Crawford was somewhat embarrassed about making her entrance without an escort, but as Mr. Romero himself, an old and dear friend and favorite dancing partner, was to be her date for the evening, and as there were to be other motion-picture actresses present, some of them internationally famed beauties, Joan innocently decided to do Romero proud and give everybody a show for the money.

She did herself up in a white evening gown cut low enough to suggest the tender glory of her thirty-eight-inch bust, and she put on the icebergs. As is her custom, she arrived very late.

To her left sat a group of actresses. Three of them were friends for whom Crawford had done important favors, but on this occasion they might as well have been caldron brewers out of "Macbeth." "Get her!" Joan heard in one of those whispers carefully calculated to be overheard. "My Gawd, our queen!" said another glamour witch. They proceeded to rip Miss Crawford apart, from toe to tiara and to hell and back, in carefully modulated, pseudo-British accents.

Crawford stood it for not more than ten minutes. Without greeting Romero, she turned and fled. She went home and bawled.

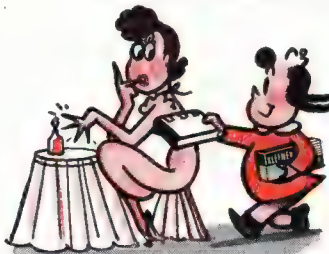
A lady who was there offers an opinion. "She came as a movie star, and she out-movie-starred 'em," she explains. "The others were trying to movie-star it, too, but man, when Crawford comes on, the little girls might as well scam. She's it."

IN THE PAST—say, fifteen years ago—it is undeniable that Joan committed certain gaucheries. She thought, when she acquired her great house in 1929, that real people did things the way film people did them in movies. She stationed a butler behind every chair—but only once—before she discovered that such display was considered flamboyant, even in Hollywood. Once, when a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer press agent pleased her enormously, she sent him a Christmas present that staggered him. The press agent, a not-too-well-paid writing man, lived in a one-room flat in a modest section. He and his neighbors were understandably flabbergasted when a fabulous twelve-foot leopard-skin couch arrived with Miss Crawford's card.

Today, the Crawford flair for extravagant gifts blossoms chiefly at Christmas. She starts buying early in July, and she neglects no one. She does her own shopping and is lavish in the purchase of sports coats and watches. If possible, she has everything initialed. She sends cases of champagne to the gatemen and cops at Warner Bros. Studio, where she is now employed, and does up special and expensive favors, from jewelry to perfume, for wardrobe women and hairdressers. Nowadays, she is the only star who closes every picture with a party and a present for everyone.

Timely Tips by Little Lulu

HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE?



For a thrifty manicure, try—

- ☐ Nail biting ☐ The book technique

When using polish, cover a book with Kleenex; rest fingers on top, wrist on table. Avoids smudging. Use Kleenex to remove excess polish. No fumbling, with that Kleenex box!



To hang pictures, should you—

- ☐ Use cellophane tape ☐ Wear gloves

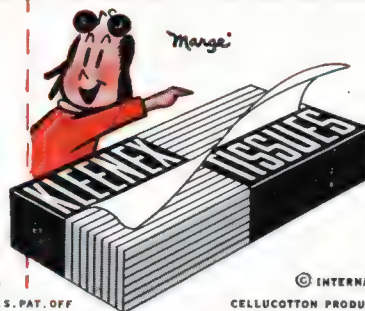
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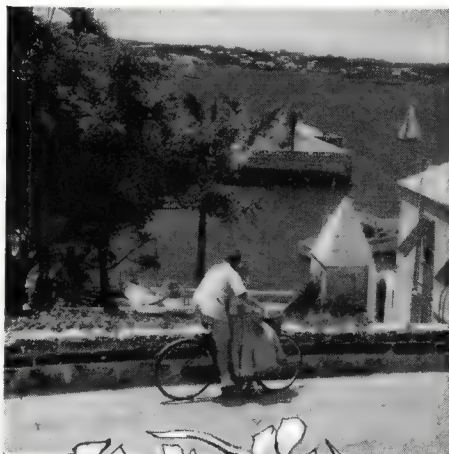


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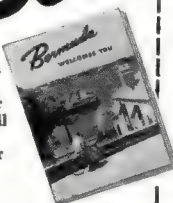
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All this gift-giving turns out to be, when examined honestly, neither bad taste nor entirely public relations. Joan's exuberant pleasure in generosity, plainly inspired by her yearning for fine things during a girlhood of poverty, is far exceeded by her delight and pride in receiving gifts of any caliber, even Christmas cards. She has four adopted children: Christina, eleven; Christopher, eight; and the twins, Cathy and Cynthia, who were four last January. She inundates them with Yuletide presents, and they, in turn, shower her with loot. Many stars leave home for the holidays and spree at Palm Springs or Las Vegas, only Crawford, sentimental actress and professional movie star to the last gasp, behaves as if she had copyrighted the Christmas tree.

On the other side of the picture, Joan's extremely generous private charities have never been fully exposed—and will not be here; they seem to be the only phase of her life about which she is not invariably forthright. It was learned only recently that she has for many years supported an expensive ward at Hollywood's Presbyterian Hospital, and that a well-known Hollywood doctor, known as "Bill" by most of the colony, has *carte blanche* to use it for the needy. And this is the first time the fact has ever appeared in print that Joan is the anonymous donor who does certain remarkable things for a number of poor families every Christmastide.

AT THE peak of her prowess at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, before she left there in protest against exclusively clotheshorse roles, Joan made nine thousand dollars a week. Now, at Warner Bros., she gets two hundred thousand dollars for one picture a year, and is permitted to make films at will at other studios. But in fashion with all wage-earners today, especially the big ones, Joan vehemently denies that she has a florin to her name. But because she pays ten per cent to her agent, Music Corporation of America, is in the ninety-per cent income bracket, has a large house, four children, a staff of servants, and a professional wardrobe to support—it is

highly probable that Miss Crawford has not been able to stow away many greenbacks. This bothers her not at all. She considers herself a working girl and is happy to be among the employed. Because she devotes herself to the children, constantly coaching them on how to curtsy and say "sir" when introduced, and sitting up with them all night when they have the smallest childhood disease, Joan today has little time for the routine of Hollywood social dazzle.

"But I miss dancing. Lord, how I miss dancing!" she says. She is, of course, one of the most accomplished steppers in Hollywood. She came here from a Broadway musical, "Innocent Eyes," won every possible cup offered for Charleston contests in the twenties, and has danced expertly in many films. But proper escorts are few for a Crawford, and Joan thriftily makes public appearances only when an appearance might do some good and, possibly, bemuse a fan.

The big house at 426 is a kind of symbol to Miss Crawford. She adores it and shines it personally. Few servants can keep up with her; she changes them almost as often as she changes her bed linen. She began 1951 with neither a butler nor a chauffeur. Nurses and maids apparently arrive and leave on the hour, every hour, but a nucleus of faithful retainers, headed by Mrs. Margaret Colby, her chief secretary, remains year in and year out. Two special secretaries handle fan mail, and swamp the post office with large envelopes containing Crawford pictures. (No niggardly three-by-fives from Crawford: if you ask for a picture, you get it full size; if you are a special admirer, you get an eleven by fourteen. As Joan does all this at her own expense, her studio rejoices. She is among the top ten fan-mail goddesses at Warner Bros.)

As the prototype of her kind, Joan is an engaging sight on the set. She arrives at six A.M. and, if an attendant is not on time, is capable of raising a ruckus that reverberates to Jack Warner's office. Cliquot, the poodle, is in attendance. So is Mrs. Colby, the secretary, to whom Joan dictates between scenes; Gertrude



Wheeler, hairdresser; Eddie Allen, make-up man; Elva Hill, wardrobe woman; and Sylvia LaMarr, stand-in—all front and center, right at hand. Two days after her arrival at Warners in 1943, Joan was able to greet every assistant director, grip, electrician, and messenger boy by his first name; today she knows the names of their children.

RECENTLY a shy publicity man approached the Crawford set with a group of twenty-five visitors in tow.

"Is it all right? Will Miss Crawford mind?" he inquired.

"Mind? Brother, bring 'em in. Got a tough scene. Just what she needs."

Turned out that way, too. In front of the fans, Joan ripped off the work in one take, and then waved gaily to everybody.

But on the day forty members of the Sadler's Wells ballet troupe came in, Joan blew higher than a March kite and piteously begged director Vincent Sherman to make some excuse for her. Before the professionals, she said, she felt like a fool.

She does not share the usual Hollywood ambition to star in a Broadway play. Not for love, fame, or money. "I'd die. I'd petrify. I'd be scared to death. I'm a motion-picture actress. I don't know anything about projecting to an audience." Radio appalls her, too. On her infrequent appearances, she pays four hundred dollars out of her own pocket for the privilege of making transcriptions, or tape recordings, to escape the horror of working before an audience. Joan knows what she is—a movie star—and though television intrigues her as a possibility, she is frankly wary of anything that is not strictly her own medium.

On the set, Joan is gay and friendly, but when she blows up, she blows high. During the making of "Harriet Craig," she insisted to Vincent Sherman that his direction of a certain scene was false and dishonest.

Joan took her case to the rafters, and yelled up a shrieking tantrum.

"Do it your way, then," said Sherman disgustedly.

She did it her way, then called the whole staff together, more than seventy-five people, and apologized. She wept and abased herself. She said Mr. Sherman was a great director and that she respected him and that she was all kinds of a temperamental idiot. The staff loved her for it.

The scene was printed the way Joan wanted it.

On the same set, a visiting celebrity had the gall to call a photographer to take a picture of the visitor with Cliquot. Joan got wind of this instantly, summoned an assistant director, and announced in sharp syllables that such a trick was presumptuous. The pictures had to be torn up. But any reasonable facsimile of a human being can easily get his or her picture taken with Crawford herself. In fact, Joan is the only star who permits fans to make a habit of staying on the set all day while she is working. Three of them, Betty Barker, Lee Kern, and Helen Fullerton, regularly spend all day Saturday with her, then drive home, with Cliquot, in Joan's car. At any hour of any day, there are likely to be three or four of these faithful ones at the house, ready to run errands or lay down their lives.



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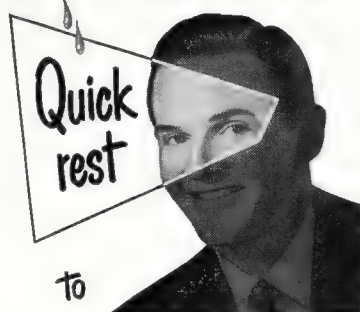
Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped—and stay stopped. Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it **really** stops perspiration.

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When Joan reported to Warner Bros. in 1943 at fifty thousand a year (an embarrassing cut from her swollen Metro stipend), she rejected the first four pictures offered to her, then voluntarily took herself off salary because she wasn't working. This period was one of immense distress, during which she was considered "box-office poison." She held out, however, until Jerry Wald offered her "Mildred Pierce," which she recognized instantly as her apple. This film won her the Academy Award for 1945, over Greer Garson, Jennifer Jones, Ingrid Bergman, and Gene Tierney. On the night the Oscars were presented at Grauman's Chinese Theatre, Joan dominated the proceedings by being absent, thus garnering thrice as much attention as if she had appeared. It was considered a typical Crawford trick, but the fact is that she was in bed with a temperature of 104 degrees. It goes to show: Crawford can't even get a cold in the head without acting like a movie star.

TODAY she reads between three and four hundred scripts, scans between two hundred and three hundred synopses, and hurries through at least seventy-five novels a year in a hopeful effort to equal "Mildred Pierce."

"Should I keep on doing the Cinderella story?" she asks seriously. "Do I always have to be the shopgirl from the wrong side of the tracks who marries the boss's son and learns how to order the wine? Isn't there some other story for Crawford? Couldn't I do a musical again? Or a comedy? I'd like some variety."

"Closest I can come to saying what I want is this: something to make 'em talk. That's why I do an off-beat part now and then, or do my hair in some extreme manner. Keep 'em talking!"

The celebrated Crawford glamour is now something that Joan takes, if not casually, at least in stride, as an insurance man might regard his special knowledge of trick clauses in fine print that nobody else comprehends. These days she is more personally concerned with her children, whom she loves strenuously. Glamour is a profession to Craw-

ford, so much so that she virtually disdains it. Asked how she keeps her figure—she is five feet four, weighs a steady 110, and has a twenty-six-inch waist—she replies:

"I keep house. I usually have a baby on each hip. And when I reach over to pick up things, I don't bend my knees. I used to swim a lot, but not now. Don't have time. But I'm lean and flat in the hip. Here, feel that."

Miss Crawford offered a hip to be felt. Your reporter, no fool, felt it appreciatively. She was right.

"Glamour? Nonsense," Joan insisted. "I think people appreciate actresses more as human beings today. At least, I think that's how my fans appreciate me. I don't live glamorously. I didn't even have a cook in the house Christmas Day. Still . . . I have a dinner date in fifteen minutes. Now, if you want to see how it's done—"

Joan at that moment was scrubbed and burnished; her short red hair was severely in place. But she wore no make-up. She was handsome, but not beautiful.

"You time me," she said as we went into her mirrored and columned dressing room.

Starting from scratch, she applied a thin base of powder to her cheeks. She put cream on her nose to make the powder stick there. She did her eyebrows in no more than four swoops of the pencil.

Then, with great concentration, she put mascara on her eyes. She reddened her mouth, first with a little finger, then with a brush. Then back to the eyes, the first application of mascara having had a chance to dry.

When she looked up—well, there was Crawford. Her eyes were twice as big. Her mouth was provocative. It was the million-dollar movie-star face you have seen on a thousand screens.

Time: precisely eight minutes.

"You have to know how," said Joan. "Didn't spill anything, either. Now—"

At this point, your reporter departed.

"Don't you dare say I look like a movie star or live like a movie star," Miss Crawford called after him. **THE END**

Cosmopolitan Conveyances (Continued from page 21)

the "Flying Squadron." The Squadron is the first unit out of town and the first into the next stop. Long before the sun is up, the men from the Squadron are on the lot, laying out stakes, throwing up tents, and paving the way for the laborers who will come in on Sections Two and Three with the canvas and poles for the "Big Top." Six or eight hours after the Squadron has directed the miracle of turning a hayfield into a city of canvas and steel, the performers' section rolls grandly into a siding.

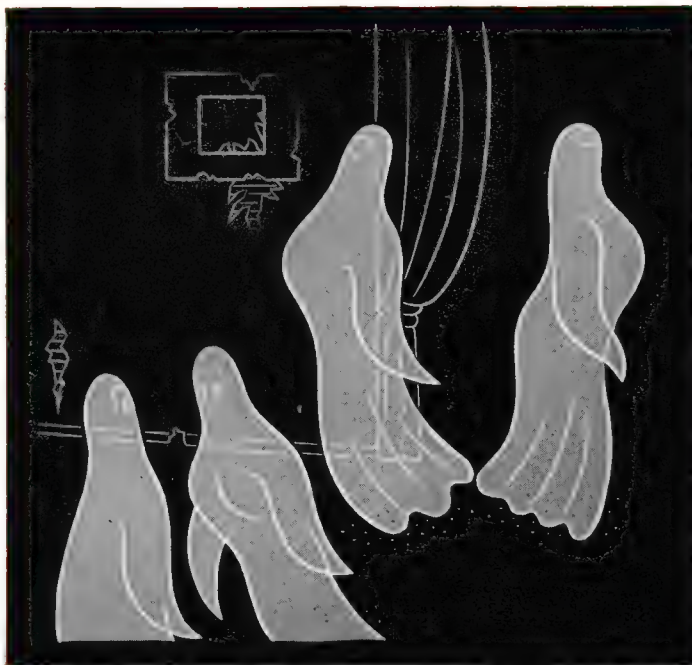
The porters on the Squadron specialize in fried pork chops, sliced tomatoes, and fried potatoes. With milk, coffee, or whiskey.

Car 38 was headquarters for the Squadron while I was there. Two sets of bunks had been pulled out to make room for a kitchen and a table. There was a sign above the table in English (signs are in German on Section Four) informing all readers that they were in Club 38 and welcome. The initiation fee was a drink for all present. All present included the man in charge of setting up the circus lot, a couple of men who

handled the circus finances, and a transportation expert. I paid my initiation fee, including the cook. And I got it right back, including the cook.

I was among hearty-eating, hard-drinking men. They boasted they had put "the damned tent up a hundred and fifty-six times and taken it down a hundred and fifty-six times" that year.

COMFORTABLY back again with the performers, I compared them in my mind to the fellows on the Squadron. They just didn't speak the same language, literally or figuratively. But I realized that they had one word in common. It is a word they use for the likes of you and me who happily anchor ourselves to hearth and home. They use the word without rancor or sarcasm. It is merely a word in normal circus conversation. The word is "sucker." And, like the performers, the Squadron men are certain that every "sucker" in the world would swap his cottage small and his waterfall for a chance to vagabond with the circus. And I didn't argue with them then—nor do I now. **THE END**



"You know, they haven't spoken to each other since they arrived at the Allhallows party in identical sheets."

a society funeral. She laid it aside for a moment, and it vanished—to reappear on the bier, placed there by an usher who had mistaken it for a tender floral tribute to the departed. As he tells the story, John implies that this could have happened to one of X's hats only at a gangster's funeral.

JOHAN MANAGED to open his new showroom in Mad Hatter style—painters and plasterers were still at work and most of the furniture was made of boards laid across sawhorses. His models were friends like Gypsy Rose Lee and Eva Gabor, both of whom had volunteered for service in the emergency.

Today, however, a woman who decides to take the plunge and visit Fifty-seventh Street finds herself in a long gold-and-white room lined with mirrors. She may still see Gypsy Rose Lee, but Miss Lee will be there to buy hats, not model them. She is very likely to see Marlene Dietrich, who comes in just to chat, and she is almost certain to see Mr. John, because the Mad Hatter likes to greet customers personally. He then turns them over to a salesgirl while he dashes off to attend to one of his usual emergencies.

During a recent, fairly average day, John's emergency calls began early in the morning with Maggi McNellis, the television mistress of ceremonies, who arrived with a picture of a hat she wanted copied for a costume ball. The picture was about the size of a dime, and it looked as if it had been out in the rain for a week, but John promised to deliver the goods.

Next, two ladies, one the wife and the other the mistress of a gentleman who keeps two charge accounts with John, came shopping within five minutes

of each other. The master promptly hid the mistress in a private fitting room upstairs and recovered his breath in time to do what he could for a man whose wife had left him and who felt that John might know where she was. John didn't know, but in ten minutes of telephoning he found out. The man left, proclaiming gratefully that the Mad Hatter had saved his marriage.

Late in the day, a Mrs. Reynolds, of the famous tobacco family, sprinted in to beg for a leopard mask for a gala Bal Masque to be held the same evening. John was fresh out of leopard, but solved the problem by clipping six inches of fur off the bottom of Mrs. Reynolds' leopard jacket.

Between these hurry calls, John dealt with a dozen women who came simply to buy hats. He likes to give the visitor time to relax before taking his position behind her chair. Aware that she expects a custom milliner to prance about, flap his arms like a hen trying to fly, and shriek, "It's but divine on you, darling!", he surprises her with a quiet manner. His facial expressions range from a half-smile as he considers her case, to a little frown when puzzled, and on to a happy beam when the proper chapeau is located. His comments range from "Not you" (disapproval of a hat), to "That's it" (approval), to "It gives me a message" (great approval). These phrases are actually addressed to the hat, but the tone is so soft and clinging (it is one of his maxims that a hat needs loving) that the woman reacts like a cat fed catnip.

The customer thus distracted, John works swiftly. The hat is usually part of his regular line, but it is now personalized by fitting, rolling or unrolling the brim, adding or taking off trim, substi-

tuting one veil for another. The entire process may require two or three visits because the greatest single secret of a John hat is that it fits every curve and bump of the customer's own particular head. Of the finished production, Dorothy Kilgallen says, "When John finally says 'that's it,' you begin to feel you really do look as you've always hoped you would."

There is an adage around the shop that no hat is *really* sold until it has been approved by the woman's husband, her children, servants, friends, and anyone else she happens to meet. Bobo Rockefeller once had a bonnet virtually in the hatbox when her small son caught sight of it. The sprite pointed and piped, "Raggedy Ann!"

It killed the sale, but John takes these setbacks philosophically.

John's finest diplomatic manner is reserved for aging clients. It is not unusual for a customer to demand an exact replica of a hat John made for her twenty years ago. Since what looked wonderful on a girl of twenty usually looks terrible on a woman of forty, the result often hurts and perplexes the customer. John produces his most soulful smile, sighs gently, and takes all the blame.

"You forget," he murmurs, "Mr. John is twenty years older."

Many women, even those unskilled in arithmetic, draw the most illuminating conclusions from this fact.

John works hard enough to leave the shop at night looking every one of his nearly fifty years. If he does find himself with spare time, he works on his sidelines—men's hats, neckties, women's gloves—or does a little thinking about his next women's-hat collection. Though he has designed over ten thousand different hats in his career, he sails through two hundred more for a spring-summer or fall-winter collection without even breathing hard. His only worry is that style pirates may swipe the designs. To this end, manufacturers who pirate send wives to buy John hats, offer bribes to his staff, and infiltrate his showings with spies disguised as, for instance, the Fashion Editor of the East Overshoe Bugle. For a time, salesgirls were suspicious even of a policeman who came in begging old hats. John finally talked to the man and was astounded to learn that he wore them himself while gardening. "Makes me thought of as quite a character out my way," said the cop with a pleased smile.

TO PRESENT a collection, John lines the showroom with chairs, fills them with editors and buyers, and talks for an hour while models walk by in the new hats. Each hat has a name—John's Other Hat, Flowers in Love, and I'm in Love with a Wonderful Hat are fair samples—and even the colors are given picturesque titles like Video Pink and White Love.

"This is my number fifty-two—My Romance—done in my Video Pink"—the Mad Hatter smiles, hugging the lapels of his coat for pure joy. "Video Pink came to me when I spilled spaghetti sauce over at Gino's." (Pure baloney.) "Look out, kid" (to a model), "you'll trip on that rug and break a leg. . . . Of course, we do My Romance in *all* the fabulous colors, and I want you to pay particular attention to our little Love Net veil. I really feel it will be very

big for Mr. John this year. And now—come on, sweetheart, you're late—this is Secret Garden. Isn't that a silly name?"

Through it, he smiles helplessly when something goes wrong, calculatedly blushes and stammers. Invariably spectators, especially those from out of town, come away feeling that they have been allowed a brief glimpse of another, and considerably better, world.

WHEN THE newspapers reported that a nurse in Tennessee had converted her cap for streetwear and then had been deprived of her creation by a stuffy-minded doctor, John had a hat in the mail to her the same day. When the poor friend of a rich matron was forced to sit quietly by while the matron bought ten hats at one sitting, John searched furiously for the best-looking hat on hand and gave it to the friend as she left.

These incidents are typical of John's impulsive kindnesses. He is a tremendously sentimental man—tears come to his eyes when he recalls himself as little Hansi Harburger standing in front of Macy's, wondering if someday he, too, would have a shop. He is extraordinarily fond of animals. When a magazine sent a rabbit to be hatted for an Easter cover, he kept the beast, although it gnawed the brims off several hats. Only after it completely demolished an important creation did he consent to sending it away, and then he languished for several days though his staff assured him (falsely) that the rabbit had been sent to a good home and had not gone to an exterminator.

On the other hand, preoccupation with hats keeps him from making many close friends. He is quite capable of forgetting the name of an employee of twenty years'. The wounded woman usually retires, weeping, to the ladies' room, leaving John totally baffled by her behavior. Curiously, two of his most loyal friends are his two closest competitors—Lilly Daché and Sally Victor. His parrot has been taught to say "Leelee Dashay steenks," but Miss Daché takes this as a tribute, and both women offered him the use of their workrooms while he was getting his new shop straightened out. Still, they could not be called close friends. Probably the only people who can are Peter Brandon, his partner and executive assistant; Janet Gaynor and her husband, Adrian; Virginia Pope of the *New York Times*, with whom he exchanges courtly German; and Marlene Dietrich, with whom he exchanges off-color German jokes.

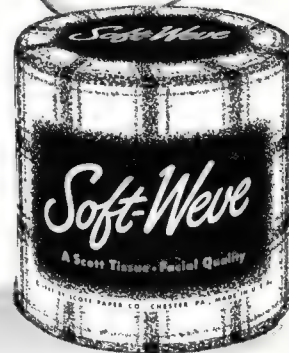
There are times when the whole business wearies him. "The mink coats look bigger when you're young," he said recently. "It all looks bigger when you're young and haven't got it." At that point, Gertrude Lawrence, the actress, revived him by calling to say that she needed a hat that looked like a vegetable salad by five o'clock. If the challenge hadn't appeared, contact with any of his three pet hates would have done the same thing. They are, in ascending order, babushkas, women who think their limp-wristed sons ought to be in the millinery business, and Hedda Hopper.

The babushka is a scarf tied around the head, *Mittel-europa* style, and John is convinced that it makes any woman look like a hag. Women with sons are more complex problems. In twenty years,



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bet
they
are,"
says
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BLINE,
your
Barman
in a
Bottle!"**

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he has discovered no satisfactory way of telling them their boys need a psychiatrist, not a millinery apprenticeship. The mama usually appears with her son swept before her and a sample of the kid's work on her head. If John says the sample is wonderful but his staff is full, the mama reports that he is afraid of her boy's talent. If he tells the truth, the mama broadcasts that John wouldn't know a good hat if one walked up and bit him.

Next to the Mad Hatter, Hedda Hopper is his favorite subject. "Put down," he says, "that Mr. John says that Hedda Hopper is the worst-hatted woman of the twentieth century. She will go down in millinery history. The 'Here I Come for Publicity' look is old violets—and who wants those? They smell. What Miss Hopper wears looks like unmade beds."

Given time, he adds that Hopper hats are "fluffy duffy," "hemmer schlemmer," and "contortionist." Having delivered himself, he leans back and smiles hap-

pily. The smile reflects the deep feeling of security that what he continually calls "my shop" gives him. More than its financial success, its clubby atmosphere measures the distance he has come since he delivered his mother's hats to people like Mrs. Ogden Mills. Today, people like Mrs. Mills are not only his clients, but his friends. The outburst against Hopper simply reminds him of how few people he is not at peace with. He seldom even encounters serious criticism of his hats. As far as he knows, his greatest critic is an impoverished old woman who sells flowers on a street corner near the shop. He made her a hat and delivered it this past Christmas Eve. Showering him with "Gor bless you's!", the old woman moved under a street light, opened the box, and peered intently inside at Mr. John's flowery creation. Then she emitted a long cackle of mirth and announced, "Gor bless you, sir, but I can't wear this. I'd never sell another flower." **THE END**

How to Choose a Second Husband (Continued from page 37)

second marriage, memories of both happiness and unhappiness must be forgotten.

This reluctance to try again may be a mistake. Everybody should have some work to do, and there is no work more important to the country and the individual than making a happy marriage. For a young woman, it means the most right and normal life she can have. For an older woman, it means a close companionship more compensating than anything else she can hope to find.

Women are still right, however, to be pretty choosy, unless they remarry a man younger than is usually the case. A man is like cement. You can mold him up to a point. (Many a young wife has made a good product out of very unpromising material.) But once he's set, you have to take him as is or not at all. Some men set earlier than others, but there comes a time when none of them is very pliable. (Many women are putty from the cradle to the grave.)

A MAN MAY be set and still be eligible, and then again, he may not. Any unmarried man of any age thinks he's a catch, but there are a lot who couldn't be more mistaken. A life lived too long for oneself alone has never improved anybody (which is another reason why a widow or divorcee might well consider remarriage). It's a good idea for a woman to make all the masculine friendships she can, both because masculine companionship can be broadening, interesting, and fun, and because it will help her to learn to distinguish between the marriageable possibilities and the ones who would be pretty impossible to live with.

Taking the latter first and saving the best for the last, there is the older man who is crowding the age when he'll be called elderly. Often he's beginning to get lonesome and is easily snared, and if he's nice (many of them are charming), he may be the answer to what men think is the widow's prayer. But that widow must also be older. A young woman will find that it takes a lot of adapting to live his life. He may get himself out to a couple of night clubs during the courting season, but after the ceremony he will go only under duress, if at all, and

duress does not contribute to a happy marriage. He may be amused by her friends now and then, but he'll want his own for steady company, and she won't find much in common with them. He'll head for bed when, to her, the evening is just beginning. After a time, it's all too likely she'll feel trapped—not a happy feeling.

IF HE is definitely elderly, a woman may soon find herself married to an invalid. As has been said, men don't hold out as long as women. Masculine invalids are often appealing, but they are very wearing, even when young. Although most ailing wives put up their best front when their husbands come home from the office, a sick man just falls apart when there's someone who makes a fuss over him. If a woman cares sincerely, this act touches her heart, and she wants to do all she can to help him, so it may be all right to marry a man in this category if one really wants to. This is merely a suggestion that it's a good idea to face the possibility before starting down the aisle.

A good type to catch young, while there's still hope, is the man who is always late. Catching him, and doing something about him, is a kindness, not only to the world around him, but to the man himself, for acquiring that little extra drive that will get him there on time will get him a lot of other places, too, including nearer the top of his own business. The tycoons and topflight men in the world are seldom, if ever, the late Mr. Smith. However, once a man with this trait is past molding, he should be considered only in the most platonic terms. No household can run smoothly with too many late meals and dried-out roasts. No marriage can run happily through too many spoiled parties and hours of waiting. And no woman's self-respect can hold up indefinitely under the deflating influence of having anybody's and everybody's time considered more important than hers.

Another ineligible is the man whose sole interest is his business, whose home is a place in which to sleep and keep his wardrobe, who seldom takes time to read a book, and who hasn't a hobby. As he is only human, a flash of romance

may carry him to the altar, but his wife won't find life very romantic afterward. It is probable, in fact, that the unfortunate lady will lead a life of rebuffs and disappointments. He may be a wonderful provider, but even if diamonds are a girl's best friend (which is doubtful), they don't take the place of an understanding husband.

STILL LESS desirable as a husband is the man who keeps too tight a grip on the family purse-strings. Marriage may not be fifty-fifty as to the work that goes into making it, but there must be a fair division when it comes to the spending of the family income. Few couples can stay happy through incessant bickering about money, and almost no fair-minded person can avoid a shade of contempt for the skinflint. Fortunately, this unadmirable gentleman (there are women with the same unattractive quality, but that is another story) can usually be spotted early by a tendency to undertip, a suggestion that it would do one good to take a walk instead of a taxi on a raw evening, and an apparent lack of acquaintance with florists' shops.

Two types that should be completely out of the running are the sponger, who has his eye on the widow's income, large or small, and the man who takes too many highballs. Even a very young widow or divorcee should be experienced enough to steer clear of these. Some people may consider them not entirely impossible to have as extra men at dinner parties (the usual dearth of dinner partners is one of the chief causes of the unattached man's delusions of desirability), but even in these emergencies, they're stop-gaps at best and not very appetiz-

ing. You'll find them, however, prominent in the ranks of men who think all women are after them, and justifiably so!

Fortunately, you'll find other men there, too—charming men, kind men, men one might well be glad to spend the rest of one's life with. These are the men with a variety of interests and, more than that, with a genuine liking for people. They don't hold forth all the time about their own achievements or the state of the nation; now and then, they talk about you. They are often the men who notice a woman's dress, and even her perfume. A few of them remember anniversaries; when they take a woman out, they consider what will give her a good time. They may be as wary as the next (and they have reason to be more so), but they give themselves away by the small courtesies and acts of thoughtfulness that are far from small matters when it comes to the intimacy of marriage.

If a woman finds one of these men turning a thoughtful eye in her direction, she will do well to overcome her reluctance toward starting again on what she knows is a big undertaking. It is true that it will mean work and sacrifice and devotion, as does any big job worth the doing. It will also mean laughter and companionship and the marvelous, steady knowledge that she is closer and more important to one particular person than anyone else in the world.

It's something not to be passed by when it comes. But in the meantime, the unattached gentlemen needn't be quite so all-out frightened. Valentino is dead, and he never had a double.

THE END

(Continued from page 100)

Cosmopolitan's Travel Guide

THIS MONTH'S BUDGET TRIP

• *A friend used your budget outline for a trip to Bermuda last year, and had a wonderful time. Do you have a similar budget trip for about one week, with 1951 prices?*—Miss L. J., Brooklyn, New York

A—Surprise! Surprise! Our 1951 budget for the seven-day Bermuda trip is *less* than last year's. There's no sleight of hand in this; just the fact that the air lines applied for and received a lower rate for the round trip to Bermuda after our budget was published.

It can be done for as little as \$162.55, including everything—but I'm recommending a total budget of \$210.55 for the seven-day holiday, which makes considerable provision for luxury. Based on the latter figure, your Bermuda vacation includes first-class air transportation via either Pan American Clipper or Colonial

Airlines Skycruiser, sharing a double room with private bath at the luxurious Princess Hotel, right in Hamilton; your taxes, tips, meals, and a sight-seeing trip to Harrington Sound, which takes in Devil's Hole, the Aquarium, the perfume factory, and Leamington Caves.

To cover all possible contingencies, I'm sending you both the recommended budget and the minimum budget, plus a two-week budget totaling about \$300, and a fourth, nine-day budget, which comes to about \$215 and includes a pleasant cruise on the *Queen of Bermuda*. Folders, maps, and essential data on weather, clothes, sports, and things to see and do are also in the package that we are forwarding to you immediately.

(Copies of the Bermuda Budget Trip and other budget trips are available to all *Cosmopolitan* readers on request.)

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The Terrible-Tempered Mr. Truman (Continued from page 35)

agree, any friendliness expressed by a Truman toward a Roosevelt, and vice versa, has been only tight-lipped expediency.

Both Daniels and Robert S. Allen, in his book *The Truman Merry-Go-Round*, agree that President Roosevelt tried to purge Truman in 1940 by supporting Governor Lloyd C. Stark in the Missouri primaries. What has not been reported heretofore is that the man who raised the money for Stark—at Roosevelt's request—was Bernard Baruch. The now famous Truman-Baruch feud started neither when Truman barred the "adviser to Presidents" from the White House, nor when Baruch publicly called Truman a "rude, uncouth, and ignorant man." It started in 1940 when Baruch helped finance a campaign against Truman.

White House insiders report that in January, 1951, Truman was shown a press photo of Baruch whispering in the ear of James F. Byrnes as the latter was being inaugurated governor of South Carolina. Byrnes, of course, is also high on the Truman hate-list. "I know what those two so-and-sos are whispering about," Truman said. "They're plotting against me."

BYRNES and Truman were friends in 1944, when Truman supported Byrnes for the Vice-Presidency before Truman himself became the compromise candidate. Then Byrnes was Truman's Secretary of State; but after January, 1947, their relationship became very strained. Truman has never denied the remark about Byrnes that Jonathan Daniels attributes to him.

"He failed miserably as Secretary of State," Daniels quotes Truman as saying, "and ran out on me when the going was very rough and when I needed him most. His 'bad heart' has now left him when he has found that he made a bad guess."

That Roosevelt accepted Truman as his running mate in 1944 was the expedient gesture of a sick President who had no doubts as to his own re-election and who didn't really care who the Vice-President was. Roosevelt had promised the Vice-Presidency to no less than three men, and when none of these could be nominated, Truman emerged as the Border Democrat who could be swallowed by both the New York labor leaders and the Southern Bourbons. Truman became Vice-President and President without ever having had a serious private conference with Roosevelt. Indeed, Truman was so little known to Roosevelt's staff that in 1944 Admiral William D. Leahy snorted: "Who the hell is Truman?" when Truman was first mentioned as a Vice-Presidential possibility.

Long before the Democratic convention in 1948 both James Roosevelt and F. D. R., Jr., had publicly joined in the "dump Truman" movement and were plumping for Eisenhower. For this they have been castigated in pungent, Missouri vernacular. Truman got some revenge by denying the Democratic nomination to Franklin, Jr., when he ran successfully for Congress from New York City, and by pointedly avoiding James Roosevelt during the California gubernatorial campaign in 1950.

The Truman family, of course, hates and feuds as a unit, as demonstrated by the many intimidating letters the Presi-

dent has handwritten to music critics who are "unkind" to Margaret. Some White House reporters are convinced that at least forty such letters have been written.

An early feud in which Mrs. Truman took a hand was the one that resulted in the purging of Representative Roger C. Slaughter from Congress. Truman used all the powers of the Presidency, and the Pendergast gang exhausted every graveyard in Jackson County to defeat Slaughter in 1946.

The feud is traceable to old class and family animosities in Independence. Slaughter is upper crust. He went to Princeton, and he married Laura Brown, who is the elegant granddaughter of the elegant old Colonel Mercer. The Mercers even "looked down on" the Wallaces, to say nothing of the Trumans; and there have been occasions over the years when the Mercers are said to have neglected to invite Bess Wallace, and their heirs are said to have neglected to invite Margaret Truman.

The late mayor of Independence, Roger Sermon, one of Truman's best friends, was a guest at the White House during the campaign to purge Roger Slaughter.

"I never saw Bess so mad," Mayor Sermon told me. "Her eyes just snapped when she talked about how they were going to get Roger Slaughter."

During this campaign, there was a Missouri party aboard the battleship *Missouri*, and Congressman Slaughter tried to get some tickets from the Navy for his friends. The President, with Mrs. Truman assenting, forbade the Navy to give Slaughter any tickets. Truman boasted to Mayor Sermon: "I told that admiral that, by God, if he wanted to be a second-class seaman, he better just give Roger Slaughter one ticket!"

It is said that the admiral, not wishing to be a second-class seaman, posted a special Marine guard at the gangplank, and each Marine was given a picture of Congressman Slaughter, just to make sure that the Congressman didn't sneak aboard.

THE MISSOURIAN whom the Trumans hate even more than Slaughter is one Mark Spencer Salisbury. He was once a crony: he commanded Battery E in France when Truman commanded Battery D. Salisbury had everything—money, social position, personality, education, the best battery in the regiment, and his men adored him. All the regimental legends are about Salisbury.

In 1925, while Truman was temporarily out of office, he and Salisbury formed a little building-and-loan association. By some process—depending on who's telling it—Truman got out, and a short time later Salisbury went to jail for mis-handling public funds. Now Salisbury is running a beer joint in Kansas City.

When Jonathan Daniels, while a Truman aide, met Salisbury at a party, he said: "Mr. Salisbury, let me ask you the sixty-four-dollar question. How do you explain the fact that Harry Truman, with so little, became President of the United States while you, who had so much, went to jail and wound up running a beer joint?"

"There's just one explanation," Salisbury snapped (his answer is expurgated); "that so-and-so is as lucky as a bull with seven heifers!"

When Daniels told Truman what Salisbury had said, Truman snapped back (also expurgated): "You tell that so-and-so that I'm as lucky as a bull with seven hundred heifers!"

Salisbury attracts customers with his robust denunciations of Truman—and with pictures of Truman strategically arranged in his powder rooms.

Missouri hate, it seems, is a particularly virulent variety.

The member of Congress whom the Trumans now hate most is Senator William E. Jenner, of Indiana. Jenner has a sharp tongue, and some of his attacks on Truman, Marshall, and Acheson have apparently stung.

Last January twenty-fifth, the Trumans and some guests occupied a box at a VIP show in Washington, staged to revive the USO. It was one of those amiable affairs at which famous persons display their amateur talents for a good cause. The President had been chuckling and even Mrs. Truman's face showed an

advice. I hate the s. o. b. [De Gaulle] so much that it is going to be difficult for me to be polite to him. He did something so terrible to me that it will be a long time before I forget."

Baldwin: "What was that, sir?"

Truman: "Why, when we asked the French to get out of Italy, he sent me an open cable saying that if we persisted in ordering French forces out of Italy, the French forces would be ordered to turn their guns against the Americans. I sent him a reply which may some day become historic. It was so hot it had immediate results. . . . The less I see of De Gaulle the better."

PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S relations with newspapermen have grown steadily more uncomfortable. His labeling of Drew Pearson as a "lying s. o. b." was perhaps resented only by Pearson, since the opinion is widely held; but the President has written bullying, insulting letters to at least a score of Washington correspondents, some of them previously his best journalistic friends. The letter threatening the music critic of the Washington Post is simply the only one that has reached print. The others have now become collector's items. Arthur Krock, of the New York Times, who was given a valuable news beat by Truman last year, returned an insulting letter that was subsequently written to him by the President.

Normally, old scrappers like Truman mellow with the years, and it is interesting to speculate on why it is that he, instead of mellowing, grows more vindictive. Sober, objective reflection on his career may reveal some indications of why this has happened.

Harry Truman, at sixty-seven, is the little man who has always had to defend himself against taunts that hurt. He comes from proud, mediocre, unlucky people. When he was a child, his father lost everything in wheat futures. He didn't get to go to college. He married late in life after courting his wife for twenty years in a small town. He failed in business in 1922, and has owed money ever since. He didn't pay his debts—although a myth that he did has been widely reported—he "settled" some of them at ten cents on the dollar after twenty years—and small towns can remember debts for a lifetime.

In 1948, when Truman was elected President in his own right, he thought that his lot had at last changed. He was no longer Pendergast's office boy or Roosevelt's accident. Without the help of either Pendergast or Roosevelt, he had been elected President of the United States. He had money, position, and a house of his own to live in: from now on things were going to be different.

But it hasn't turned out that way, in Truman's view. He is still the unlucky man who is being taunted. His friends want to build a Truman monument out on his old homestead—like Roosevelt's; they have been trying to raise money for two years, but nobody seems anxious to contribute. Truman's one ambition is to be remembered as the President Who Made the Peace, but that, too, seems a lost hope: we are fighting a little war and preparing for a big one.

The farther Harry Truman goes, it seems to him, the louder the taunts get; and at sixty-seven, tired of taking it in silence, he's trying to taunt back.

THE END

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FATAL ENCOUNTER

Oliver Marie Blough

I, who cut my wisdom teeth
Younger than most
Should not be haunted now
By a silly ghost.
I who knew my way around
Even in the dark
Should never be concerned
with fanning
Back to flame a spark.
I, who always could discern
What was love, was bliss,
Being woman, have been tricked
And have come to this!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

occasional smile until Senator Jenner rendered "Back Home Again in Indiana" in a baritone that was pleasant enough but would not have caused Lawrence Tibbett any concern.

The agreeable crowd applauded generously, and even the Truman guests were applauding and laughing until they noticed the faces of the President and his wife. The First Couple of the Land sat with fixed jaws, tight lips, hands at their sides, looking as though they had whiffed a foul odor or swallowed a green persimmon. The embarrassed guests in the Truman box ceased applauding and shifted in their seats.

WHEN Senator Robert Taft publicly offered to sit down with the President and try to patch up differences, Truman was urged to extend an invitation to Taft. He dismissed the suggestion with an artilleryman's favorite expression of contempt.

Internationally speaking, the President hates General Charles de Gaulle more than any other man. Former Representative Joseph Clark Baldwin in his memoirs, *Flowers for the Judge*, reports the following conversation between himself and the President:

Truman: "Joe, give me some personal

What Will Happen to Television! (Continued from page 57)

and fight fires and black out windows much more effectively than you can tell them.

That is why, regardless of shortages in materials and manpower, the first coast-to-coast coaxial cable will be completed this year; and that will give us not only our first coast-to-coast telecasts, but also an answer to an old question: "What part will Hollywood play in TV?"

The movie magnates may be worried sick about television, but outwardly they have maintained a confident and superior air. Don't they have the priceless know-how, the years of experience, the multi-million-dollar sound stages? Don't they have the stars? "We'll wait till TV really amounts to something," has been their attitude. "Then we'll take over."

BUT WILL they? While the movie men nod their confident yes, the television chieftains shake doubtful heads.

"Television could use Hollywood's facilities and trained personnel," says Frank Stanton, the golden-haired Adonis who presides over CBS, "and especially today. But their costs are so high!"

Once Mr. Stanton, pleased with the results his stations were getting with movies they made for themselves in New York, journeyed to Hollywood to see if he could get some made out there. "The only thing I'm afraid of," he confessed at the beginning of negotiations, "is your costs. You think on a bigger scale than we do. Your budgets begin at several hundred thousand."

"Oh, no," protested the movie magnate across the desk. "We've seen your shows. Why, we could make pictures like that for eighty, eighty-five thousand."

So Mr. Stanton, whose films were costing him sixteen thousand each, flew back to New York.

Movies are rated, generally speaking, by their budgets—Class A, a million and up; Class B, about half a million; and so on. By this standard, television movies are in Class Nowhere. But your television screen is a great leveler. Long shots don't show up; refinements in lighting are often wasted. In Hollywood, the domain of perfectionists, a cameraman may spend hours, at hundreds of dollars per hour, to set up the lighting until it is just right. And what happens in television? The director sits in the control booth and watches the show as it comes over the air. If the star looks as though he needs a shave, the director says into his mouthpiece, "Light his chin more"; the electrician hears it through his earphones and jiggles the lights. The vast TV audience never complains about the few seconds when the lighting was wrong.

When CBS first broadcast a drama from a Coast studio, it hired Hollywood technicians to handle the lighting, props, and so on. But the second time, CBS imported the entire staff—director, technicians, even property men—from New York, and saved money even after paying their expenses.

There is doubt, too, about the adaptability of Hollywood stars to television. "They're used to taking a scene over and over until it's right," explains young Pat Weaver, NBC's veep in charge of television. "In TV you play it once, and that's that. Our best performers come from the stage and vaudeville and night clubs. Radio actors are next best. Movie actors are the worst of all."

As for the ready-made studios of the movie industry, they are an undoubted asset, but they need considerable adaptation to fit them to television. Samuel Goldwyn offered a sound stage for sale at \$600,000. Estimated cost of conversion to television was \$250,000. For the combined cost, \$850,000, a new television studio could be built.

But the fact remains that Hollywood makes the best movies in the world, and what most set owners want most to see on television are new, good, full-length movies. Why can't they?

Under the present set-up it's impossible because movies cost more than advertisers can afford, and besides, they aren't designed to be interrupted every few minutes for a commercial. But there are other approaches to the problem, notably the one pioneered by radio manufacturer Eugene McDonald. Under his plan, you simply call the telephone company and order the show. It puts the movie onto your television set and adds a dollar to your telephone bill.

This plan would seem to be advantageous to both the telephone company and the movie producers, yet both are reluctant to try it—for reasons that must be read between the lines. The telephone company is afraid it would tie up existing facilities so badly that ordinary telephone calls couldn't be handled. The movie men might find this a profitable new market but, with ninety per cent of their investment in theatres, they still could be ruined by the drop in their real-estate values.

True, the movie industry is now engaged in separating its producing and exhibiting interests, and the producers may feel different some time in the future, but don't expect it to come soon, if ever.

HOW ABOUT "exhaustion of material," about which there has always been much talk? According to the dire predictions, television will soon run out of new material—"There won't be any good shows you haven't already seen."

Actually, exhaustion of material is a myth; the human brain is fertile enough to create an inexhaustible supply. A real problem is exhaustion of the supply of performers.

The most successful radio shows have been "situation comedy." It is not exactly easy, but it is quite possible, to put on a good one once a week. In television, it takes two or three weeks of rehearsal to achieve the same degree of smoothness, unless the star is willing to work as hard as the indefatigable Goldbergs; and most of the big stars are unwilling to devote so much time to a single broadcast. Besides, they can make more money by using the same amount of time for other activities.

NBC sought a solution by signing up big stars for once-a-month-shows, and paying them as much as four weekly radio appearances would cost. Bob Hope, Jimmy Durante, and others signed for \$20,000 (more or less) per TV appearance.

How this will work out, from a financial standpoint, is still problematical. Television viewing, like radio listening, is a matter of habit, and while once-a-week habits are easy to maintain, once-a-month habits are hard. Ed Sullivan's well-established "Toast of the Town" program kept its Sunday-night leader-

ship in the polls even when NBC loaded its competing show with bigger names.

Nevertheless, the result will be a much wider variety of stars on television—and, incidentally, many more opportunities for young performers trying to break in. If you've a budding musician or actor in the family, there isn't as much reason to talk him out of it as there used to be.

There is, for example, "Your Hit Parade." When it used to be broadcast over radio only, its large cast assembled at four o'clock Saturday afternoon, rehearsed until show time, went on the air at nine o'clock, and was off at nine-thirty.

But now that "Your Hit Parade" is on television, too, the cast has to rehearse three additional days—Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays—to prepare for the Saturday-night video broadcast. Cast members formerly had those three days free for other radio shows (some did as many as three other shows on those days) and making phonograph records and singing commercials. As a result of the bigger time demands made by television, previously unemployed singers and musicians are now in demand on those days.

One of television's problems, as yet unsolved, is how to bring audience participation programs to the screen, particularly the quiz shows that are so popular in radio. You can show one person asking another a question, but it isn't really visual entertainment. The show that seemed most photogenic—"Truth or Consequences"—required quite a bit of adaptation; the slapstick that sounded so hilarious was not quite so palatable when seen. Bob Hawk has tested three varieties of TV quiz without finding one to suit him (but when you send him your idea, don't address it in care of COSMOPOLITAN. Once when Bob invited correspondence from his listeners, he got 700,000 replies).

Not only audience participation, but audiences themselves are a television problem. Most TV studios are converted theatres, and the cameras and lighting fixtures tend to get between the stage and the audience. Whereas you have to write long in advance if you want tickets to a popular radio show, NBC has been known to send pages through the lobbies of the RCA building, calling out. "No tickets required for television broadcasts!" In its newest and biggest studio, the famed 8H that was built for Toscanini's orchestra and has just been converted to television at a cost of a million dollars, there are a thousand klieg lights—and no seats for spectators.

TELEVISION shows of the future will be well worth watching in person. Not because the shows will be different but because the new studios will be designed for spectators, with steep banks of seats rising from a central stage, as in a Roman amphitheatre. Although a number of television shows will be played without live audiences, as most of the dramas now are, television needs the audiences just as radio does. A comedian, especially, must have an audience to laugh at the proper spots.

The changes in television are coming slowly; but you will see them show up one by one, and you will think most of them are improvements. As for the part that stays the same, don't people seem to like television pretty well as it is?

THE END

Are the Services Wasting Our Doctors?

(Continued from page 45)

short in Italy, and many of us asked for transfers. But few generals ever give away what they've managed to get. The transfers were never granted."

Last year, facing our new mobilization, the military asked Congress for a doctor draft, pointing out that not enough doctors were volunteering. The House of Representatives finally passed the draft bill, but it also came out with a blast at the military. Congressman Errett P. Scrivner of Kansas observed: "We want to feel sure that if these men are taken in, their skill in the profession will be used and that their time will not be wasted warming a chair." And Congressman Dewey Short of Missouri added, "We found a lot of doctors sitting out in the desert doing nothing when we had an acute shortage of civilian doctors back home."

VOICING the doctors' complaints, Congress warned the services to avoid the four evils of World War II:

1. Medical overstaffing of military units.
2. Wasting the time of physicians in the performance of duties that could be performed effectively by nonmedical personnel.
3. Heedlessly removing an excessive number of doctors from civilian hospitals and practice.
4. Failing to assign and provide for the use of doctors on the basis of their professional skills.

No other civilian profession has caused as much stir in the Pentagon. Eventually the revolt grew to include even the Federal medical services. Under the searchlight of the Hoover Commission, a story of vast waste was revealed.

As the investigators established, more than 23,000,000 Americans are potentially entitled to Federal medical care. First among these are veterans and military personnel and their dependents. To care for these patients, the Army, Navy, and Veterans Administration had set up airtight medical systems, each complete with its own hospitals, research projects, and administrative staffs. In peacetime, these Federal systems accounted for vast expenditures of medical skill; under wartime's frantic expansion, their demands for medical personnel were almost endless. The Hoover Commission took a cold, accountant's look at military doctoring and found these flaws:

1. The military's general hospitals were all exceedingly generous in tending their patients. Although a voluntary public hospital keeps an appendectomy patient for an average of 7.8 days, the Navy hospitalized him for 20.3 days. For a simple tonsillectomy, the voluntary hospital allows 1.4 days for recovery; the Army hospitals allowed 16.1 days. However, servicemen must convalesce in the hospital.

2. By the rules of the military game, the Army and Navy each insisted on caring for its own personnel only, lowering its barriers only for Congressmen, who receive military medical care at nominal expense. It was unthinkable, for example, that an ailing sailor be treated in a nearby Army hospital, even if the closest Navy hospital were four hundred miles away. The Army was just as reluctant to submit its old soldiers to Navy care or,



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heaven forbid! to hospitals of the Veterans Administration.

3. The service and veterans' hospitals were uncoordinated, and duplicated each other's efforts. Both the Army and Navy established large hospitals in Hawaii, although either could have handled the patients. In Houston, Texas, the Navy had a thousand-bed psychiatric hospital caring for 150 Navy patients. At the same time, the Veterans Administration was planning to build a similar \$25,000,000 hospital almost next door.

The Hoover Commission examined this high-spirited rivalry and came out bluntly for a united Federal hospital program, which Congress rejected. And then the services closed ranks for the first time—they united in opposition.

MEANWHILE, the complaints of the doctor-veterans were working on the Pentagon from the inside. Under Defense Secretary James Forrestal's benign efforts to unify the military, civilian doctors were invited to give their advice. Then Secretary Louis Johnson took over with his program of knocking heads together, and the civilian doctors stepped up their criticism. As a first move, they attempted to get the Army, Navy, and now independent Air Force to use the same terminology. (What the Navy called a "dispensary," the Army called a "hospital.") After months of hard labor, the Army and Navy began talking a similar language.

The physicians' spokesman in the Pentagon is Dr. Richard L. Meiling, a disciple of the knock-heads-together school, who was brought into the Secretary of Defense's office by Mr. Johnson. A stubborn, vigorous obstetrician and assistant professor of medicine at Ohio State University, Dr. Meiling had risen to the rank of brigadier general in the Air Force during World War II. In Secretary Johnson's economy drive, which took place just before Korea, Dr. Meiling boldly lopped off four service hospitals and handed another over to the Veterans Administration. The timing was unfortunate, and the old-line generals and admirals roared in protest.

Despite their desire for his scalp, the civilian Dr. Meiling has advanced in the echelons of the Pentagon. Today he is director of the Office of Medical Services for the Secretary of Defense. In this post, he has warned, advised, and ordered the military to gear its medical program toward two objectives:

1. To recognize that the prime function of military medicine is to support the combat forces. However engrossing such projects as cancer research might seem to military doctors, they are far more appropriate to other Federal and private research programs. Amid the shouts of the surgeons general, such projects were beheaded.

2. To break down the senseless barriers between Army, Navy, and Air Force hospitals, and oblige the services to care for each other's patients whenever advisable. There is little difference between the acute appendicitis of a sailor, soldier, airman, or marine, the doctors maintained. A skilled surgeon may reasonably be expected to handle all four patients, no matter what service he represents.

Despite the birth pains and agonized protests, Dr. Meiling has delivered a new medical concept to the military. Last year, when the Army was short of physicians and the Navy had extra reserves on tap, the Secretary of Defense ordered

the Navy to loan the Army 570 doctors. The swap was made successfully, and the skies didn't fall in.

Last winter, under Meiling's urging, the services reached a high point in the use of each other's hospitals. The Navy reserved 4,380 beds for Army and Air Force patients; the Army earmarked 2,200 beds for the Navy and the Air Force; and the Air Force supplied nurses and hospital facilities for Army and Navy patients evacuated from Korea by air. In addition, the Veterans Administration was called on to care for patients of all three services who were unlikely to return to duty.

Dr. Meiling and his civilian medical advisers are clearly aware of the soundness of the complaints of doctors in World War II. But to assure himself that civilian physicians don't overdo their protest, Dr. Meiling occasionally warns them that the military also has a case. There is no room for prima donnas in times of emergency, he believes, and the generals can't possibly fit every medical specialist into his precise specialty.

Nevertheless, Dr. Meiling and his associates and the surgeons general are trying to avoid the worst errors of World War II. To prevent stockpiling and wasting doctors in remote places, they have advanced two schemes. First, they no longer call physicians until it seems likely they will be used. In World War II, the Army's hospital reserves were called up and given months of training before they saw action. Now the physicians are shipped along by fast air transport after the unit is overseas and ready for action.

Second, the Pentagon's medicos have enthusiastically endorsed the formation of a full-scale Medical Service Corps in each of the services. The MSC is designed to relieve physicians and dentists of the hundred-and-one nonmedical duties they performed in the last war. The new corps provides rank and duties for specialists who, in peacetime normally work beside M.D.'s—pharmacists, sanitary engineers, optometrists, laboratory workers, psychologists, dietitians, and hospital managers. The eminent brain surgeon will no longer be required to examine the status of powdered eggs in the company mess, and when performing a delicate operation, he will no longer be held accountable for the mysterious disappearance of things like sheets, sutures, and bandages.

Even at headquarters, the trained M.D. will be relieved of paper work. In Tunisia, while we were chasing Field Marshal Rommel into the sea, the theatre surgeon kept fourteen doctors and two administrative officers at his command post. In Korea, the theatre surgeon needs only two doctors and eight Medical Service Corps officers to do the same job. And the theatre surgeon thinks he is doing a better job than before.

Director of the Army's Medical Service Corps, Colonel Othmar F. Goriup, a brisk, mustached, Regular Army officer, firmly believes in relieving doctors of nonmedical duties and is a stout advocate of the economic use of all personnel.

Dr. Meiling's pet project is air evacuation of the wounded. Begun on a large scale in World War II when cargo planes made return trips to the States with liters of wounded, air evacuation is now the prime method of transporting patients. A study by the Joint Chiefs of Staff reveals that twenty-one times more

medical personnel are needed on hospital ships than in the equivalent number of airplanes. During the Korean war, more than 15,000 patients have been moved by plane, saving lives as well as man-hours through speedy delivery.

Today, Dr. Meiling still persistently questions the surgeons general of the Army, Navy, and Air Force on their ratio of physicians to military personnel. While the civilian United States maintains a ratio of one physician to every thousand citizens, the military in World War II built up to six physicians for every thousand servicemen. Dr. Meiling, among others, believes that this ratio is much too high. But the surgeons general still decline to talk about ratios. They admit they are using fewer doctors and are getting superb results in Korea. But they feel that a fixed ratio would be a strait jacket. Yet until they establish one, World War II veterans will continue to question the military's use of civilian doctors.

For all the hoots and catcalls, the military medical corps can boast of a proud record in World War II and an even more remarkable one during the Korean war. In World War II, less than two per cent of the wounded who reached a military doctor died of their wounds. Despite global missions that took our troops from Italian mountains to Pacific jungles, disease for the first time in history killed fewer soldiers than did bullets. No army or navy had ever provided better medical care for its troops.

With stores of new wonder drugs and an abundance of skilled physicians, the military made its record in World War II with little advance planning and almost no attention to economy. Today, under the sharp eye of civilian physicians, efficient plans have been drawn, fewer military doctors are being wasted, and the results are even better.

Major General Raymond W. Bliss, the Army's surgeon general, returned from Korea last fall to report that three out of every four wounded men admitted to hospitals were soon able to return to duty. In one evacuation hospital during a three-month period, 18,000 men were admitted. Of these, only forty lives were lost. Even in the forward areas, less than one death was reported for every hundred admissions to the battalion aid stations. The disease record was even more spectacular. Although Korea has been the birthplace of the world's greatest epidemics of cholera, dysentery, typhus, and smallpox, our inoculated, vaccinated, sanitarily inspected forces have almost completely escaped these diseases.

Rear Admiral Joel T. Boone, the eminent Navy physician who won the Congressional Medal of Honor for treating the wounded under shellfire at Belleau Wood in 1918, inspected the medical services in Korea just before retiring from the Navy. He had high praise for the helicopter, which brought wounded Marines to hospitals less than thirty minutes after they were hit. "I have never seen better, or, I might say, as good surgical care given in the forwardmost areas as was practiced in Korea," Admiral Boone said.

FROM THE bold new plans conceived in the Pentagon, it's still a long way to the fighting front, where the best of plans may break down. Thus far, however, the Korean war has proved that we needn't make the same medical mistakes twice.

THE END

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STREET & NUMBER.....
CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....

Had Any Fresh Ideas Lately? (Continued from page 71)

in that Father's Day tie? Gent name of William Henry Horsley out in Seattle swaps ties with frustrated fellows all over the world, thus taking some of the male agony out of holidays. He'll take that horror Aunt Hattie sent last Christmas and trade you one—even Steven—accompanied by a card giving the tie's pedigree. Sure, you may get a horror in return, but it'll be a change of scene.

Lose a favorite earring? Send its mate in to the Earring Exchange in New York City, the lonely-hearts club for widowed earrings. Believing firmly that every woman has at least one such stranded bauble living alone and loathing it, the exchange is a free service that rescues thousands of earrings from single blessedness. Whoever sends in the first one gets the pair when the mate turns up.

Wish you could swap Junior's crib for a high chair? A Chicago mother, brooding on the high cost of bringing up Junior, decided to start a Baby Furniture Exchange. When Susie outgrows her bassinet, just bring it in and trade it for the playpen your neighbor just swapped for a stroller. Makes sense all around.

Want to dazzle a D.A.R.?

If you feel the lack of a family tree, Esta Cosgrove, a lady portrait painter in Brooklyn, New York, makes a fancy living running up portraits of folks' nonexistent ancestors. She may do your husband in an 1812 uniform, say, or you in a Revolutionary ballgown, and you'll both look so much like your ancestors it would fool your great-grandmother.

And to clinch the Mayflower motif, there's a silversmith down on Manhattan's Bowery, name of Frank Wallach, who runs up heirlooms to order: a silver epergne ostensibly handed down for generations or great-grandfather's gold turnip watch. Between them, Mrs. Cosgrove and Mr. Wallach are enough to buffalo a brace of D.A.R.'s.

Holy Wedlock—

All the world loves a lover, but New Yorkers have been the quickest to spot his inherent commercial possibilities:

If you're suddenly strapped for a best man, Richard Young will stand up for you any hour of the day or night. (Kisses the bride on request only.) After the ceremony, you can head for Honeymoon Heaven, a travel agency that handles only honeymooners, offers any kind of help except the supplying of partners; and in proper course of time, you may call on the Stork Express, a taxi service operated by a Brooklyn father of nine who specializes in beating the stork to

the hospital, sometimes only by seconds.

A few years later, when the fire is at low ebb and you contemplate flinging your wedding band into the East River—only you can't get it off—there's a little man in New York's Greenwich Village who specializes in sawing off rings. Does it very neatly, very unemotionally, for two dollars an operation.

Just before you pitch it into the Hudson (Mississippi, Nile, swimming pool, or Lake Success, depending on your lucre and locale), drop over to Divorcées Anonymous, a Chicago organization run by twenty-five disillusioned ex-wives who regret their divorces, and want to dissuade others from making the same mistake. And if you happen to be phffting miles from Chicago, they're equally persuasive by mail.

As we said, it's simply a matter of knowing the right people.

Note well that all these one-of-a-kind, highly successful enterprises were started by people with more ideas than capital, proving that even in the Age of Anxiety better mousetraps still pay handsomer dividends, and a fresh idea is still as good as money in the bank. Many of these shoestring success stories could be duplicated in any community. Each was started on a shoestring and owes its success to the fact that it solved a common problem, filled a basic need. Couldn't your town use a dog sitter, a hat-rental, or a baby-furniture exchange? Any one would be a source of pleasure to a community, and a source of profit to an enterprising member of it.

But there are other services still at large, other daily crises waiting to be exploited. Why not, for example, a "Fourth for Something, Inc."—an agency that would be on twenty-four-hour call to provide a fourth for bridge, a fifth for poker, a sixth for a stranded hostess? Or a service that breaks in new shoes, consisting simply of a few people with popular-sized feet who like to walk? Or how about "Alibis Unlimited," a service that would provide—for so much an alibi—a new and hostess-proof excuse for turning down dinner invitations, visiting firemen, and other people's children.

Let's see—world peace and the common cold are yet to be solved, and you still can't have your appendix removed by mail, although there's an unconfirmed report that an enterprising young intern is readying the Operation-of-the-Month Club: tonsils for May, appendectomies for June, gallstones as the July dividend.

Why, the field has hardly been touched!

THE END

Where to Meet a Man for \$1.50 (Continued from page 65)

of most club guests is about thirty-five.

Age alone is no guarantee of sedate behavior. But age combined with a ban on alcohol turns the trick. At the neighborhood clubs, this ban is strictly enforced. Alcohol on the breath is ample ground for rejecting or expelling a guest. Soft drinks only are sold at club refreshment stands. Even if you do succeed in smuggling a flask onto the premises, you can't possibly find a secluded corner, recess, or alcove in which to take a private slug.

This absence of privacy also discourages necking. Any wolf brash enough to attempt a public pass or the type of

dancing discreetly described as "rude," finds himself abruptly on the sidewalk. The bouncer may be the burly chap who takes tickets at the front door and screens guests for obvious undesirables. Or he may be the "host," who stands in the middle of the dance floor the entire time the music is playing and, for all the world like a riding master in a horse ring, circles with the music, ever alert for suggestive or discourteous conduct.

Since friendship dances are licensed in New York by the Police Department, it is incumbent on the management to avoid disorder and the kind of fracas that would lead to revocation of its license.

Continued from page 25

STORES WHERE YOU CAN BUY "THE COSMOPOLITAN LOOK" FASHIONS

All fashions on pages 22 through 25 are at the following stores:

Atlanta, Ga. J. P. Allen & Co.
Baltimore, Md. Hutzler Brothers Co.
Beverly Hills, Calif. Saks Fifth Avenue
Birmingham, Ala. Kessler's
Chicago, Ill. Saks Fifth Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio Sterling-Lindner-Davis
Detroit, Mich. Saks Fifth Avenue
Lexington, Ky. Wolf Wile's
Miami, Fla. Saks Fifth Avenue
Newport News, Va. Nachman's
New York, N. Y. Saks Fifth Avenue
Oakland, Calif. Joseph Magnin
Palm Beach, Fla. Saks Fifth Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pa. Saks Fifth Avenue
Reno, Nev. Joseph Magnin
Ronnake, Va. Horne's
Sacramento, Calif. Joseph Magnin
San Francisco, Calif. Joseph Magnin
San Mateo, Calif. Joseph Magnin

Ira Rentner's lace-topped dress on page 22 is at the following stores:

Ann Arbor, Mich. Jacobson Stores Inc.
Austin, Tex. Goodfriends
Bartlesville, Okla. Montaldo's
Battle Creek, Mich. Jacobson Stores Inc.
Birmingham, Mich. Jacobson Stores Inc.
Boston, Mass. Fredley's
Buffalo, N. Y. L. L. Berger Co.
Charlotte, N. C. Montaldo's
Cincinnati, Ohio Lillian's
Columbus, Ohio Montaldo's
Denver, Colo. Montaldo's
East Lansing, Mich. Jacobson Stores Inc.
East Orange, N. J. Doop's
Fresno, Calif. Bruckner's
Grand Rapids, Mich. Jacobson Stores Inc.
Greensboro, N. C. Montaldo's
Grosse Pointe, Mich. Jacobson Stores Inc.
Houston, Tex. The Smart Shop
Independence, Kan. Montaldo's
Jackson, Mich. Jacobson Stores Inc.
Jackson, Tenn. Nathan's
Kanas City, Mo. Chasnoff's
Longview, Tex. Martin's
Memphis, Tenn. J. Goldsmith and Sons Co.
Nashville, Tenn. Ruby English
Omaha, Nebr. Fred & Clark Haas
Portland, Me. Ida Goffin
Richmond, Va. Montaldo's
Saginaw, Mich. Jacobson Stores Inc.
St. Louis, Mo. Montaldo's
Tulsa, Okla. Field's

Waukegan, Ill. Hein's
Winston-Salem, N. C. Montaldo's

Raissa Masket's silk-and-rayon separates on page 23 and the dancing separates on page 24 are at the following stores:

Arlington, Va. John Simon
Augusta, Ga. Cullum's
Austin, Tex. Goodfriends
Baton Rouge, La. Linda's
Boston, Mass. Fredley's
Bristol, Tenn. New Fashion Shop
Buffalo, N. Y. J. N. Adam & Co.
Charlotte, N. C. Zimmerman's Fashion Firsts
Chattanooga, Tenn. Miller Bros. Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio Henry Harris
Des Moines, Ia. Wolff Inc.
Easton, Pa. Grollman's
Fayetteville, N. C. The Capitol
Fort Worth, Tex. R. E. Cox & Company
Greensburg, Pa. Royer's
Greenville, S. C. Meyers Arnold
Grosse Pointe, Mich. The Penthouse
Harrisburg, Pa. Junior Dress Shop
Huntington, W. Va. The Style Shop
Jackson, Miss. Town & Country Shop
Jacksonville, Fla. Levy's
Louisville, Ky. H. P. Selman & Co.
Marion, Ind. Alice Phillips Shop
New Orleans, La. Maison Blanche Co. Ltd.
Philadelphia, Pa. John Wanamaker
Raleigh, N. C. Jean's Inc.
Richmond, Va. Miller & Rhoads Inc.
Rochester, N. Y. McCurdy & Co.
St. Louis, Mo. Boyd Richardson Co.
Savannah, Ga. Lady Jane Shop Inc.
Seattle, Wash. Best's Apparel Inc.
Silver Spring, Md. Nan Richards
Trenton, N. J. Stacy's
Tulsa, Okla. Field's
Washington, D. C. Erlebacher Inc.
Waterbury, Conn. Sugenheimer's
Wilmington, Del. John Wanamaker

The India-print party dress on page 25 is at the following stores:

Bartlesville, Okla. Montaldo's
Charlotte, N. C. Montaldo's
Columbus, Ohio Montaldo's
Denver, Colo. Montaldo's
East Orange, N. J. Doop's
Greensboro, N. C. Montaldo's
Independence, Kan. Montaldo's
Portland, Me. Ida Goffin
Richmond, Va. Montaldo's
St. Louis, Mo. Montaldo's
Winston-Salem, N. C. Montaldo's

girl gets a date, the rest of her friends descend en masse on the club. They wander from one club to another, seeking a congenial group.

ISN'T there a stigma attached to a woman attending a friendship club—a clear-cut admission that no man wants her enough to pay her way for the evening? This is a debatable point, but it's taken more seriously outside club circles than at the clubs themselves.

At some clubs, couples, either married or dating, account for thirty per cent of the box office. They dance, join their friends, and still keep the budget in balance. Oldsters—sixty and up—pile in in such numbers that twice an evening most club bands play a round of mazurkas and polkas for their benefit.

A friendship group convenes four times a week in the new and garish ballroom of an Upper West Side Manhattan hotel. The women's hairdos are sleeker, and the men are more sharply tailored than at the last stop. There are upholstered benches along the walls, and no watchdog in the center of the floor. You're barely set foot in the room when a man with a round face and thick glasses puts an arm around you. He is a terrible dancer. The conversation goes like this:

He: "I've never seen you here before. Oops, sorry. I missed the beat."

You: "Oh, that's all right. This is my first time here."

He: "Live in the neighborhood? Oh, I'm clumsy tonight. Did I hurt you?"

You: "No. I'm from Stamford." You adopt Stamford as your home town because it seems safely distant. It couldn't have created a greater sensation if it were Seattle or Lisbon.

He (standing stock-still in astonishment): "Stamford—that's in Connecticut!"

You: "Yes, but it takes less than an hour by train. Lots of people commute every day." You are still standing still, being pushed and jabbed by irate couples.

He (resuming his off-beat rumba): "Gosh, all the way from Connecticut!" He comes down hard on your left big toe.

Next stop, just around the corner, a group assembles every Friday night at a high-class residential hotel. This is a more moneyed group, quite indistinguishable from the dancers at a mountain resort or on a cruise ship. In the black-marble foyer, smartly groomed women in Persian-lamb coats and mink jackets cluster in small groups.

The men tend toward baldness and hand-painted ties. This crowd is older—forty and up. The gambits are more pretentious. "Didn't we meet in Florida last season?" "Have you seen 'Call Me Madam'?" "New here? Stick around; we'll all end up at Lindy's."

But the mechanics and the hope are the same—the frazzled hope that tonight will make things different.

There are many variations on the friendship-club pattern. An ex-pug named Izzy Grove, a former contender for the world's middleweight championship, has cornered one of the most lucrative of these. Operating in New York each weekend Grove hires a large hall—the Hotel St. George ballroom in Brooklyn, Mecca Temple, City Center, the Riverside Plaza Hotel. He books a band, advertises a dance in the newspapers, puts his wife in the box office, and collects a dollar and a quarter a head, plus tax, from two to three thousand lonely

This fifth-rate inquisition is interrupted when a stout man in a gray suit cuts in. "You new here?" You realize then that these fellows are old hands, perhaps even charter members of the club, and your new face has created a mild flurry. Gradually you take over the questioning, and the pattern of friendship-club mores begins to emerge.

Most of the guests are repeaters—returning about once every two weeks. Some come through habit—a poor man's country club. Others just like to dance—like the silent Mr. Onions. A few men admit that their object is matrimony. Most put it this way: "If I met a girl I really liked, I suppose I'd start thinking about marriage."

The gentlemen often cite the high

cost of dating. If they invite a girl to a dance, they point out, they're stuck for flowers, cabs, a twenty-dollar check at a night club or hotel. Repeat this ritual more than twice with the same girl, and her folks are ready to announce the engagement. At a friendship club, by happy contrast, a dollar plus maybe fifty cents' worth of soft drinks, coffee, and popcorn, buys an entire evening of dancing, a variety of partners, and the possibility of meeting a really appealing girl or, failing that, an easy conquest.

THE WOMEN tell much the same story. It's better than sitting home watching television. You can meet your friends. Maybe a new man—maybe, maybe, maybe. In some neighborhoods, if one

dance fans. Nice work, if you can get it!

All of Grove's ads carry the identifying slogan, "Attracts Nice People." In that way, despite the floating-crap-game type of operation, his followers know exactly where he is doing business on a given night. Grove does not complicate his system with any technicalities about age. They push in from eighteen to about forty. First they loiter on the sidewalk, eyeing arriving specimens of the opposite sex. There are hoarsely whispered evaluations, and "Pipe that blonde." "Hey, there's Georgie—remember him from Brooklyn?"

Inside, a Paul Jones starts circulation. Cut-ins are frequent. The spirit is lively. Two girls in tight crepe dresses neatly maneuver themselves into the line of vision of a pair of drugstore cowboys holding up a pillar. The men—their suits are merely extreme, not actually zoot—deliberately look away. The girls shrug and keep moving. A few minutes later they snare partners.

HOW MANY enter a club singly and depart in pairs? No one claims to have even faintly accurate statistics. Certainly every woman is asked to dance by at least one man. Many visitors newly initiated into club ways wonder why the management doesn't make introductions, why women are left to the mercies of the more aggressive and glib-tongued males or the hazards of a square dance.

There's a good reason. The management has no information about the morals, criminal conduct, or sexual aberrations of its guests. Were the host to say, "Miss Smith, meet Mr. Jones. I think you'll enjoy each other's company," the house would be implicitly assuming a certain responsibility. Disclaimer posters on the wall would be slight defense against an outraged patron who lost her bank account following such an introduction. The self-introduction is safer, for it keeps a woman wary. She knows she can blame no one if she permits a club friendship to ripen with excessive speed and disastrous consequences.

The friendship club idea is not new. It began, according to Herman Field, owner of the Club 28, one of New York's most lavishly decorated friendship centers, some twenty years ago in Milwaukee. The idea spread through cities of the Middle West and has taken firm hold. New York City alone, loneliest city in the world, supports nearly a dozen friendship groups, with imitators springing up weekly in hotel ballrooms and catering halls.

Field's Club 28, in Brighton Beach, in the building that once housed Risenweber's, favorite eating place of Diamond Jim Brady, features, in addition to dancing indoors and out, a coffee lounge, tiny TV theatre, Ping-pong, tea parties on Sundays from five to eight, birthday parties for persevering patrons, and the exclusive M & M Chapter for the eighteen couples who Met and Married under Club 28 auspices. On good weekends, Field is host to a crowd of three thousand. At a dollar each, that spells big business and heady profits.

A man who thought he knew all the angles of the entertainment business stared openmouthed at the swaying throngs on the floor of a crowded friendship club. "These clubs really must have something," he exclaimed in awe. "How else could you get nearly a thousand women to admit they're over twenty-eight?" THE END

Before your daughter marries make sure you instruct her about **THESE INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS!**

MOM! PLEASE TELL ME
SOME MORE ABOUT THESE
INTIMATE PROBLEMS.

I INTEND TO, DEAR, ESPECIALLY
ABOUT MARRIAGE HYGIENE--ABOUT
A WOMANLY OFFENSE GRAVER THAN
BAD BREATH OR BODY ODOR.



No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is SO POWERFUL yet SAFE to tissues as ZONITE!

Every modern mother will instruct her daughter on the importance of putting ZONITE in her fountain syringe for hygiene (internal cleanliness), for her health, womanly charm—for married happiness.

And every grown-up young lady must be made to realize there's an offensive odor graver than bad breath or body odor which she herself may not detect but is so apparent to people around her.

What a comfort it must be for a mother to be able to assure her daughter that: *no other type liquid antiseptic-germicide tested for the douche is so powerful yet safe to tissues as ZONITE.*

Developed by a Famous Surgeon and Scientist

Modern women no longer have to use dangerous products, overstrong solutions of which may gradually cause serious damage. Nor will they want to rely on weak, homemade solutions—none of which have ZONITE's great deodorizing and germicidal action.

The ZONITE principle was the first in the world that was powerful enough yet positively non-irritating, non-poisonous. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without the slightest risk of injury.

ZONITE'S Miracle-Action

ZONITE actually dissolves and removes odor-causing waste substances. It gives external protection from odor, too! ZONITE helps guard against infection and kills every germ it touches. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract but you CAN BE SURE ZONITE immediately kills every reachable germ and keeps germs from multiplying. Buy ZONITE today!

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128

A Cosmopolitan Guide to Summer Vacations

(Continued from page 80)

Lake of the Ozarks, Missouri (continued)

			Per person, two in room
Tops—	Kirkwood Lodge, Osage Beach	\$10-12.50 (A)	" "
	Holiday House, Lake Ozark	\$7.50-10 (A)	" "
	Kalfran Lodge, Osage Beach	\$3-4 (E)	" "
	Egewater Beach, Lake Ozark	\$3-3.75 (E)	" "
	Malibu Beach Resort, Osage Beach	\$2.50-3.50 (E)	" "
	Reller's Knollwood Court, Lake Ozark	\$3-3.75 (E)	" "
Medium—	Conrad Cabin Courts, Lake Ozark	\$2-3 (E)	" "
	Lazy Days Resort, Linn Creek	\$2-3 (E)	" "
	Pla-Port, Osage Beach	\$2-2.50 (E)	" "
	Happy Days Resort, Gravois Mills	\$2-2.50 (E)	" "
	Eagan's Twin Cove Resort, Hurricane Deck	\$2-2.50 (E)	" "
	Tracy's Shoreline Resort, Gravois Mills	\$2-2.50 (E)	" "
Economy—	Woods Lake Cove Resort	\$1.50-2.50 (E)	" "
	Niangua Resort, Camdenton	\$1.50-2.50 (E)	" "
	Rock Village, Camdenton	\$1.50-2.50 (E)	" "

Meals: Top hotels and lodges charge from 50¢ to \$1 for breakfast, \$1 to \$1.50 for lunch, and \$1.50 to \$3.75 for dinner. There are many smaller places with snacks and sandwiches, and à-la-carte cafés, with full-course dinners as low as \$1.

Williamsburg, Virginia. One of America's most historic cities, largely restored to its appearance of Colonial days. Famous eighteenth-century buildings are furnished authentically and staffed by hostesses in eighteenth-century dress. Quaint homes, taverns, and shops look just as they did two centuries ago when Williamsburg was the governmental as well as social and cultural center of the Virginia Colony. Average summer temperature is 72.1°.

Nearby points: Jamestown, site of the first permanent English settlement in America; Yorktown, scene of British surrender to General Washington ending American Revolution; Mariner's Museum of sea lore at Newport News; State Capitol and Confederacy museums and battlefields at and near Richmond.

Activities: Sight-seeing in the restored area, carriage rides, cycling, golf, tennis, swimming in outdoor pool at Williamsburg Inn, fishing and hiking in the atmosphere of early American days. Excellent for scenic and architectural photography. **Reached by:** U.S. coast-to-coast highway 60, near the major north-south routes; direct railroad and bus service; principal air lines via Richmond and Patrick Henry Airport.

Tops—	Williamsburg Inn	\$12-18 (E)	Double
Medium—	Williamsburg Lodge	\$5-10 (E)	Double
Economy—	Private guest homes and motor courts	\$3.50-8 (E)	Double

Note: Several attractive colonial guesthouses are operated in connection with Williamsburg Inn, and two eighteenth-century taverns provide additional accommodations through Williamsburg Lodge.

Meals: Williamsburg Lodge runs from 55¢ for breakfast, 85¢ for lunch, and \$1.50 for dinner. Slightly higher at Williamsburg Inn. Lots of smaller places with snacks, sandwiches, or full-course meals. Two eighteenth-century eating places—Chowning's Tavern and King's Arms Tavern in restored area—are operated through Williamsburg Inn and Lodge and provide traditional menus.

Mississippi Gulf Coast. Scenic, semitropical 88-mile Mississippi Coast bordering the Gulf of Mexico—with sandy beaches, salt water, colorful flowers, moss-covered giant oaks, and inland bayous. Warm, sunny, healthful climate with mild nights. **Principal centers:** Biloxi and Gulfport.

Activities: Swimming, sun-bathing, sailing, excellent fresh and salt-water fishing, golf, tennis, shuffleboard, horseback riding, hiking, dancing at night clubs and hotels. Interesting sight-seeing trips to historical forts, homes, and cities; quaint antique and pottery shops; scenic drives to New Orleans and Bellingrath Gardens; colorful sea-food industry. **Picture tip:** Excellent for scenic and recreational shots. **Reached by:** Rail, bus, and auto; air via Mobile and New Orleans.

Tops—	Broadwater Beach Hotel, Biloxi	\$7-25 (E)	Double
	Buena Vista Hotel, Biloxi	\$6-15 (E)	Double
	Edgewater Gulf Hotel, Edgewater Park	\$5-18 (E)	Double
	Gulf Hills Dude Ranch, Ocean Springs	\$5-14 (E)	Double
	Sun 'n Sand Hotel Court, Biloxi	\$8 (E)	Double
Medium—	Alamo Plaza Hotel Courts, Gulfport	\$5-8 (E)	Double
	Beach Manor Hotel Courts, Biloxi	\$6-8 (E)	Double
	Biloxi Hotel, Biloxi	\$5-13 (E)	Double
	Sea Gull Tourist Court, Biloxi	\$6-8 (E)	Double
	Tivoli Hotel, Biloxi	\$5-13 (E)	Double
	White House Hotel, Biloxi	\$5-10 (E)	Double

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Economy—	Colonial Cottages, Gulfport	\$4-8	(E)	Double
	Markham Hotel, Gulfport	\$4-10	(E)	Double
	Moody Cottages, Gulfport	\$4-8	(E)	Double
	Riviera Hotel, Biloxi	\$4-10	(E)	Double

Meals: Hotels and restaurants charge from 75¢ for breakfast, \$1.25 for lunch, and \$2 for dinner. Smaller restaurants serve snacks and sandwiches. Sea food is popular, and French influence is shown in many epicurean dishes.

The Thousand Islands, New York. In the section of the St. Lawrence River that extends from its source at the eastern end of Lake Ontario to a point fifty miles downstream is one of this continent's oldest vacation areas, known first to the Indians as "Monatoana," or "Garden of the Great Spirit," renamed by the French explorers as "Les Mille Iles," and finally its present translation from the French to "The Thousand Islands." There are actually over seventeen hundred islands, divided almost equally between the United States and Canada by the International Boundary.

Principal centers: Alexandria Bay, Cape Vincent, and Clayton in New York State. **Activities:** Scenic tours, fishing, boating, camping, swimming, photography, golf, tennis, boat racing, and Thousand Island Shore Dinners cooked by St. Lawrence River fishing guides. There are twelve state parks, which offer services from picnic areas to camp sites, trailer parking, and cabin colonies.

Reached by: Air, railroad, bus lines, and automobile to Alexandria Bay, New York.

Tops—	Thousand Islands Club, located on Wellesley Island	\$25-40	(A)	Double
Medium—	Monticello Hotel, Alexandria Bay	\$5-14	(E)	Double
	Hotel Crossmon, Alexandria Bay	\$7-10	(E)	Double
	Edgewood Club Hotel, Alexandria Bay	\$17-20	(A)	Double
		\$5-9	(E)	Double
Economy—	Cabins	\$2-3		Per person
	Tourist homes	\$2-3		Per person
	Camps	\$25-50		Weekly per camp
	Cottages	\$35-60		Weekly per cottage

Meals: Hotel dining rooms and restaurants serve breakfasts at about 65¢, luncheons at \$1.25, and dinners at \$2.50.

West Michigan. (Traverse City District). Lake Michigan, shifting sand dunes, Grand Traverse Bay. Trout streams; more than a hundred lakes. World's largest concentration of cherry trees. National Music Camp. Indian lore. Warm days, cool nights, pollen-free air.

Principal center: Traverse City.

Activities: Good fishing in inland lakes, Grand Traverse Bay, and Lake Michigan. Trout fishing in streams and in Boardman River, one of the Midwest's most famous brown-trout streams. Scenic tours of Old Mission and Leelanau Peninsulas. Golf, tennis, boating, swimming, dancing. Concerts in virgin-pine forest by student musicians at National Music Camp. Scenic rides over sand dunes. Cherry Festival.

Reached by: Boat, bus, train, plane, and auto to Traverse City.

Tops—	The Homestead, Glen Arbor	\$22-28	(A)	Double (incl. tips)
	Park Place Hotel, Traverse City	\$6-14	(E)	Double
	Cedar Lodge, Northport Point	\$17-25	(A)	Double
	Leland Lodge, Leland	\$19-20	(A)	Double
Medium—	Fisherman's Paradise, Bellaire	\$14	(A)	Double
	Rex Terrace, Elk Lake	\$13-13.50	(A)	Double
Economy—	Olson's Spider Lake Resort, Spider Lake	\$8.50	(A)	Double
	Elk Lake Inn, Elk Lake	\$12-15	(A)	Double
	Meguzee Point Lodge, Elk Lake	\$11.75	(A)	Double

Meals: Top hotels charge from 45¢ for breakfast, 85¢ for lunch, and \$1.75 for dinner. Many restaurants and small hotels have a variety of menus and prices. Fish dinners are a specialty in this area.

White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier Valley Area, West Virginia. One of West Virginia's most scenic areas. Forest-clad Allegheny highlands, rolling farmlands, and wide, green valley of the Greenbrier River. Numerous fishing streams. Wildlife abundant. Warm days and cool nights. Historic landmarks of ante-bellum days. Area retains atmosphere, traditions, hospitality of the Old South.

Principal centers: White Sulphur Springs, Greenbrier State Forest, Watoga State Park, and southern portion of Monongahela National Forest.

Activities: Hunting and fishing in season (fishing float trips on Greenbrier River under supervision of experienced guides), golfing on championship golf courses, tennis, hiking, picnicking, horseback riding (trail trips into the scenic Alleghenies), swimming in pools and lakes, horseshoes, volleyball, croquet, dancing to name bands.

Reached by: Rail, air, and highway, direct to White Sulphur Springs.

Tops—	The Greenbrier Hotel, White Sulphur Springs	\$32 up	(A)	Double
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(Continued on next page)



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Medium— Big Clear Creek Lodge and
Dude Ranch, Rupert

\$36.50 up (A) Per person
weekly
\$3 up (E) Double
\$5 up (E) Double

Alvon, White Sulphur Springs
General Lewis, Lewisburg

Economy—Greenbrier State Forest, near
White Sulphur Springs

Furnished cabins available for
one- or two-week periods, \$30.50
to \$72.50 per week, per cabin.
Furnished cabins available for
one-week periods, during major
state-park season, \$34.50 to
\$72.50 per week, per cabin.

Watoga State Park, near
Marlinton in Pocahontas County

Canadian Rockies. Glaciers, snow-capped mountains, abundant wildlife. High, dry climate, with cool nights.

Principal centers: Banff National Park, Lake Louise, and Jasper National Park.

Activities: Horseback riding (everything from an hour to week-long trail trips), canoeing, excellent fishing, tennis, golf, mountain climbing with experienced Swiss guides, hiking, swimming in heated pools, dancing at top hotels. Picture tip: Excellent for scenic and wildlife shots. Most wildlife opportunities come at dusk so a flashbulb will help.

Reached by: Rail and auto; air via Calgary or Edmonton.

Tops—	Banff Springs Hotel, Banff	\$12-17 (E)	Double
	Chateau Lake Louise, Lake Louise	\$12-17 (E)	Double
	Jasper Park Lodge, Jasper Park	\$20-32 (A)	Double

Medium—	Cascade Hotel, Banff	\$5-8 (E)	Double
	Deer Lodge, Lake Louise	\$5-8.50 (E)	Double
	Tekarra Lodge, Jasper Park	\$11 (E)	Double
	Maligne Lake Chalet, Jasper Park	\$10-12 (A)	Per person

Economy—	King Edward Hotel, Banff	\$3.75-6.50 (E)	Double
	Temple View Camp, Lake Louise	\$2.50-5 (E)	Double
	Pine Bungalow Cabins, 1½ miles northeast of Jasper Park	\$4-6 (E)	Double

Meals: Top hotels charge from \$1.50 for breakfast, \$2 for lunch, and \$3.50 for dinner. Lots of smaller places serve snacks and sandwiches, or full-course dinners for \$1.50.

Rocky Mountains, Colorado. Denver, the cultural and commercial capital of the bustling Rocky Mountain Empire, is a city of fabulously green lawns against a giant backdrop of snow-covered peaks.

Activities: Motor trips into the Denver Mountain Parks area, comprising 22,000 acres, trout fishing, lake fishing, boating, tennis, golf, swimming, horseback riding, mountain climbing, camping, hiking, open-air dancing in summer. Things to see include colorful Park of the Red Rocks; Central City, an old mining town famous for its opera, symphony, and cultural festivals; Buffalo Bill's grave on Lookout Mountain; Grand Lake; Trail Ridge Road and Rocky Mountain National Park. Picture tip: Clear air makes filters advisable for cloud effects. Avoid overexposure.

Reached by: Of the eight U.S. highways entering Colorado from the east, six lead through Denver. From the west, two of the three principal routes cross the mountain passes to Colorado's first city. Seven railroads, five air-lines, and three coast-to-coast bus systems provide access from all parts of the continent.

Tops—	Brown Palace Hotel	\$7-12 (E)	Double
	Cosmopolitan Hotel	\$6 up (E)	Double
	Ahwanee Motel	\$6 up (E)	Double

Medium—	Shirley Savoy Hotel	\$3.50-6.50 (E)	Double
	Albany Hotel	\$4-8 (E)	Double
	Deter's Colonial Manor	\$4 up (E)	Double

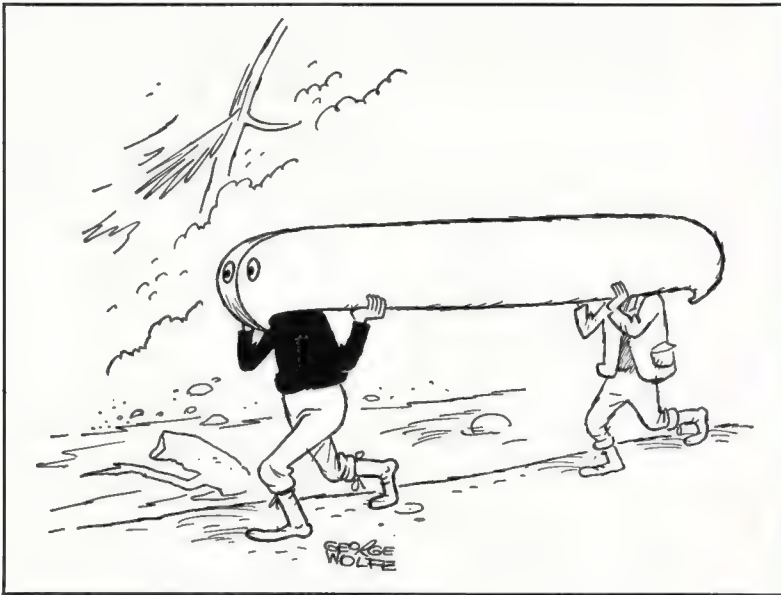
Economy—	Cory Hotel	\$4 up (E)	Double
	Avalon Motel	\$3 up (E)	Double

Meals: In top hotels and restaurants, breakfast is 85¢ and up; luncheon \$1.25 and up; dinner \$2 and up. Many smaller places serve snacks, sandwiches, etc., or full-course dinners from \$1.25.

White Mountains, New Hampshire. Highest mountains in northeastern United States, deep forests, clear streams and ponds. Cool summers, hay-fever-free areas. **Principal centers:** Eastern slope region, Franconia-Bethlehem, Jefferson-Randolph-Gorham, and North Woodstock.

Activities: Sight-seeing, hiking, golf, tennis, fishing, horseback riding, summer stock theatres, photography. Mount Washington Cog Railway and Auto Road, Cannon Mountain aerial-passenger tramway, and Mount Cranmore Skimobile make mountain climbing easy. Thousands camp in White Mountain National Forest. Principal points of tourist interest include Franconia and Crawford Notches, Old Man of the Mountains, Glen Ellis Falls, The Flume, and Lost River.

Reached by: Auto, bus, rail; scheduled air flights via Concord and Lebanon and charter plane service to other points.



Tops—	Mountain View House, Whitefield	\$13 up	(A)	Single
	The Balsams, Dixville Notch	\$17-26	(A)	Single
	Mt. Washington Hotel, Bretton Woods	\$16 up	(A)	Single
Medium—	Eagle Mountain House, Jackson	\$9-15	(A)	Single
	Eastern Slope Inn, North Conway	\$12-16	(A)	Single
	Sunset Hill House, Sunset Hill	\$9-14	(A)	Single
Economy—	Chatham Pines (camps), South Chatham	\$8	(A)	Single
	Iron Mountain House, Jackson	\$6.50	(A)	Single
	Pinkham Notch Camp (Appalachian Mt. Club), Pinkham Notch	\$5.50	(A)	Single
	Jack-O-Lantern (housekeeping cottages), North Woodstock	\$2.50	(E)	Single

Meals: Plenty of small inns and restaurants offer economy meals, with good full-course dinners at \$1.50 to \$2. Top hotels may double this.

Santa Fe, New Mexico. The oldest capital city in the United States, steeped with old-world atmosphere and historic lore, is seven thousand feet high, surrounded by mountain ranges, in the heart of the "Land of Enchantment" and the "Land of Pueblos." Highest average July temperature is eighty degrees, and blankets are needed at night throughout the summers. There are ancient historic buildings in Santa Fe and, nearby, nine Indian pueblos (villages where Indians still live); two ancient ruins dating back to 1250; primitive Spanish mountain villages; mountain scenery of vast distances and deep color.

Activities: Santa Fe Fiesta (Labor Day weekend); ceremonial dances in Indian pueblos; Aspen Week in early October when mountains turn to gold; horseback riding; mountain climbing; hiking; square dancing, night spots; summer theatre with Broadway hits. Picture tip: Good for color photography.

Reached by: Auto, bus, and air, and by rail via Lamy, N.M.

Top—	Bishop's Lodge	\$18-30	(A)	Double
	La Fonda Hotel	\$4-12.50	(E)	Double
Medium—	La Posada Inn	\$6-10	(E)	Double
	El Rey Court	\$5-8	(E)	Double
	Cottonwood Court	\$5-6	(E)	Double
Economy—	Hotel LaCasa	\$3-6	(E)	Double

Meals: In top hotels, breakfast starts at \$1, lunch at \$1.50, and dinner at \$2.50. Many smaller restaurants (including those of Spanish atmosphere and food) serve snacks and sandwiches, or full-course dinners from \$1.50.

Georgian Bay Area, Ontario. One of Ontario's best-known resort sections, this area is 45 miles wide and 100 miles long and encompasses an estimated 35,000 islands. The principal centers are Midland, Penetanguishene, and Port McNicoll. Honey Harbor, Sans Souci, Parry Sound, Point au Baril, and others. Wasaga Beach, nine miles long, is called "the Daytona of Canada."

Activities: Swimming, excellent fishing, horseback riding, bicycling, hiking, hunting, sailing, cruising, golf, tennis, dancing, and camping.

Tops—	New Belvedere Hotel, Parry Sound	\$11-17	(A)	Double per day
		\$66.50-115.50	(A)	Double per week
	Deer Horn Lodge, Sans Souci	\$11-17	(A)	Single per day
	Georgian Bay Lodge, Penetanguishene	\$14-18	(A)	Double per day

(Continued on next page)

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by **VALDA SHERMAN**

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You'll face this problem throughout womanhood. It's not enough merely to stop the odor of this perspiration. You must now use a deodorant that stops the perspiration itself before it reaches—and ruins—your clothes.

As doctors know, not all deodorants stop both perspiration and odor. But Arrid does! It's been proved that the new cream deodorant Arrid stops underarm perspiration 1 to 3 days safely—keeps underarms dry and sweet.

Remember this, too. Arrid's antiseptic action kills odor on contact—prevents formation of odor up to 48 hours and keeps you "shower-bath" fresh. And it's safe for skin—safe for fabrics.

So, don't be half-safe. Don't risk your happiness with half-safe deodorants. Be Arrid-safe! Use Arrid to be sure. Arrid with Creamogen will not dry out, and it's so pleasant and easy to apply. Get Arrid today.

Medium—	Delawana Inn, Honey Harbor	\$38-52 (A)	Single per week
	Royal Hotel, Honey Harbor	\$38-52 (A)	Single per week
	Hotel Ojibway, Point au Baril	\$27-60 (A)	Double per week
Economy—	Housekeeping Cabins		
	McGaws Bungalows, Wasaga Beach	\$35-60 (E)	Per week, per cabin
	Falkenburg Lodges, Wasaga Beach	\$16.50-17 (E)	Per week, per cabin

Pocono Mountains, Pennsylvania. Rolling hills and fertile valleys, in eastern Pennsylvania. Altitudes to 2,500 feet. High, dry climate with cool nights.

Principal centers: Stroudsburg, Mount Pocono, Cresco, Canadensis.

Activities: Horseback riding, canoeing, excellent trout fishing, tennis, golf, mountain hiking, swimming in cool mountain lakes or filtered pools, dancing under the stars on outdoor patios, aquaplaning. Excellent scenic and wildlife photographic shots. Tourist attractions: Wild Animal Farm; Bushkill, Buck Hill, Winona 5, Res-sica, and Buttermilk Falls; Lake Wallenpaupack, Pennsylvania's largest natural body of water; and the Pocono Playhouse.

Reached by: Rail, auto, bus, and air to Mount Pocono airport.

Tops—	The Inn at Buck Hill Falls	\$19-28 (A)	Double
	Split Rock Lodge	\$20-28 (A)	Double
	Pocono Manor	\$16-30 (A)	Double
Medium—	Pococabana Lodge	\$52.50-59.50 (A)	Single per week
	Strickland's	\$14-23 (A)	Double
Economy—	Bushkill Falls House	\$47-55 (A)	Single per week

Meals: In most hotels and resorts, meals are included. However, there are many restaurants serving breakfasts from \$1 up, \$1.50 for lunch, and full-course dinners at \$2.50; small places for snacks and sandwiches, or full-course dinners for \$1.50 up.

10,000 Lakes Area, Minnesota. There are actually more than 11,000 lakes, from the Twin City area to the border. Famous for game fishing, including muskies, northern pike, and other battlers. Paved highways to practically all resort areas.

Principal centers: Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth.

Activities: Fishing, swimming, sailboating, motorboating, canoeing, horseback riding, tennis, and golf. Northern resort areas are noted for being pollen free.

Reached by: Air, rail, and bus to Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Duluth.

Tops—	Basswood Lodge, Ely	\$17 (A)	Double
	Ruttger's Pine Beach Lodge, Brainerd	\$19-22 (A)	Double
	Maddens Lodge, Brainerd	\$18-20 (A)	Double
Medium—	Grand View Lodge, Brainerd	\$16-25 (A)	Double
	Forest Glen Lodge, Ely	\$14 (A)	Double
	Gateway Lodge, Grand Marais	\$12-16 (A)	Double
Economy—	Hart's Resort, Moose Lake	\$3.25-6 (E)	Double per day
	housekeeping cabins		
	Other housekeeping cabins	\$25 per week and up	

Meals: Breakfast is 50¢ and up, lunch \$1 and up, dinners \$1.50 and up in hotels and restaurants.

Acadia National Park, Mt. Desert Island, Maine. A unique combination of ocean and mountain scenery comprising twenty-nine square miles on the largest rocky island on the Atlantic Coast. Wildlife sanctuary for birds and animals.

Principal center: Bar Harbor, Maine

Activities: Carriage drives, horseback riding, hiking, free ranger naturalist lectures, campfire programs, ranger-conducted auto caravans, sea cruises around Frenchman Bay, boat trips from Bar Harbor, fresh-water fishing, picnicking, camping, boating, and swimming.

Reached by: Highway from Bar Harbor, rail to Bangor and Ellsworth, air via Bangor.

Tops—	Asticou Inn and Cottages, Northeast Harbor	\$22-32 (A)	Double
	Harborside Inn and Cottages, Northeast Harbor	\$16-20 (A)	Double
Medium—	Claremont Hotel, Southwest Harbor	\$12-16 (A)	Double
	Some House, Mount Desert	\$10-20 (A)	Double
Economy—	Wee Eden Cottages, Bar Harbor	\$5-6 (E)	Double

Quebec City, P. Q., Canada. Old-world charm in a French-speaking province. Ancient city walls; narrow, winding streets; handicraft shops; bargains from Britain; French cuisine. Nearby, the world-famous shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupré, towering Montmorency Falls, antique villages on the Ile d'Orléans, Lac Beauport, and the entrance to Laurentides National Park.

Activities: Fishing in Laurentides Park, swimming, canoeing, boating, horseback

riding, golfing, tennis, sight-seeing. The shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupré. Ile d'Orléans. Montmorency Falls, and Quebec City are highly photogenic.

Reached by: Modern highways, and by direct plane, train, and bus service.

Top —	Chateau Frontenac, Quebec City	\$11-18 (E) Double
Medium —	Manoir Saint Castin, Lac Beauport	\$15-19 (A) Double
	Kent House, Montmorency Falls	\$7-12 (E) Double
Economy —	Hotel Saint Louis, Quebec City	\$6-9 (E) Double

Meals: Breakfasts 50¢ and up, luncheons \$1 and up, dinners \$1.50 and up.

Miami Beach, Florida. A winter resort now equally popular in summer.

Activities: Bathing, sight-seeing, fishing, tennis, golf, surfboard riding, horseshoe pitching, badminton. Sight-seeing attractions include the parrot jungle, monkey jungle, rare-bird farm, Musa Isle Indian Village, tropical gardens.

Reached by: Direct through-highways: via Miami by rail, air, bus, and ship.

Meals: Breakfast 50 to 60¢; luncheon 65¢ and up; dinner \$1.25 and up.

Resorts: Three hundred hotels are open in summer. Summer rates range from \$2-3 to \$16 per day, double. European plan. There are no cabins or motor courts.

Mount Hood Area, Oregon. Mount Hood, in the Cascade Mountains, reaches a height of 11,245 feet. Scenic Mount Hood Loop Drive goes through Mount Hood National Forest as high as the timberline. Skiing in spring on upper slopes.

Activities: Mountain climbing, golf, fishing, horseback riding, pack trips, dancing.

Reached by: Modern highways, rail, plane, and bus, via Portland.

Top —	Timberline Lodge, Mount Hood	\$8-10 (E) Per room, double or single
Medium —	Hotel Multnomah, Portland	\$4.50-12 (E) Double
Economy —	Breeze Hill Motel, Portland*	\$5-6 (E) Double

Meals: Timberline Lodge, breakfast \$1.25, luncheon \$2, dinner \$2.75. Others, breakfasts ranging from 50¢ up, luncheons from 85¢, dinners from \$1.25.

Los Angeles Area, California. A fascinating combination of Hollywood glamour, beach resorts, mountain areas, sight-seeing attractions, night life, movie, radio, and television studios, and swank new shopping centers. Subtropical climate.

Activities: Sight-seeing, golf, tennis, swimming, fishing, boat trips to Catalina Island's submarine gardens. Swimming at Santa Monica and Long Beach.

Reached by: Main highways; it's also a principal terminal for air, rail, and bus lines.

Top —	Hollywood Roosevelt, Hollywood	\$8 (E) Double
	Biltmore Hotel, Los Angeles	\$7.50-12.50 (E) Double
	Chase Hotel, Santa Monica	\$8-12 (E) Double
	Miramar Hotel, Santa Monica	\$8 (E) Double
Medium —	Mayfair Hotel, Los Angeles	\$7 (E) Double
	Venetian Square Hotel, Long Beach	\$7 (E) Double
Economy —	Rosslyn Hotel, Los Angeles	\$3.50-10 (E) Double
	Colony Motor Inn, Los Angeles	\$4-5.50 (E) Double

Yosemite National Park, California. Pearl-gray mountains of rock rise from an emerald-hued valley. Slender cascades plunge thousands of feet. The valley occupies only seven square miles in a national park embracing 1,189 square miles.

Activities: Camping, riding (including trail trips into the High Sierras), swimming, golf, tennis, hiking. Dancing at Camp Curry and Ahwahnee Hotel. Long-range scenic photographic shots are abundant; a telephoto lens will help.

Reached by: Good highways; rail and air via Fresno and San Francisco.

Top —	Ahwahnee Hotel, Yosemite Valley	\$26-30 (A) Double
Medium —	Camp Curry, Yosemite Valley	\$17* (A) Double
Economy —	Yosemite Lodge, Yosemite Valley	\$7* (E) Double

Also: Free public camping grounds. Parking sites and trailer camps may be rented for 75¢ to \$1.50 per night. Housekeeping tents or cabins cost \$4 to \$5 per night, per cabin. Food stores for campers, and cafeteria in Yosemite Valley.

*These are 1950 rates. 1951 rates may be higher.

Black Hills Section, South Dakota. America's memorial to the ages is carved in the granite face of Mount Rushmore—an outstanding scenic feature of the Black Hills, which stretch north and south about a hundred miles in the southwestern part of South Dakota. It's an area of pine forests, gorges, and canyons. High lights are Needles Highway, Wind Cave National Park, Jewel Cave National Monument, and Custer State Park. Wild game includes Rocky Mountain sheep, Rocky Mountain goats, deer, elk, and one of the largest bison herds in the world.

Activities: Fishing, horseback riding, hiking, boating, bathing, dancing.

Reached by: Good highways and by rail and air to Custer.

(Continued on next page)



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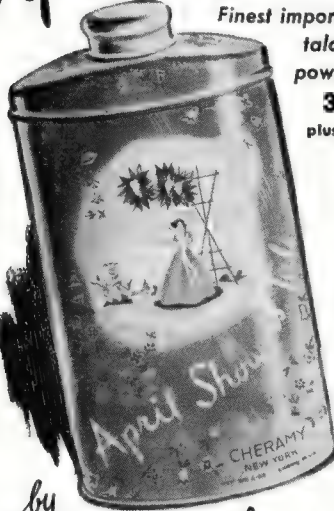
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Tops—	Alex Johnson Hotel, Rapid City	\$5.50-10	(E)	Double
Medium—	Palmer Gulch Lodge, Hill City	\$14	(A)	Double
	Rimrock Lodge, Spearfish	\$11-15	(A)	Double
Economy—	Legion Lake Resort, Custer	\$4.50	(E)	Double
	State Game Lodge, Custer	\$3-6	(E)	Double
	Highland Hotel, Lead	\$2.75-5.50	(E)	Double

Meals: An economical area. Breakfasts from 40¢; lunches from 75¢; dinners from \$1.25 in many hotels and restaurants.

Atlantic City, New Jersey. Broadway on the Boardwalk. Amusement piers, vaudeville shows, movies, dancing nightly, big-name stars, auction rooms, kitchen gadgets, hamburger, hot-dog, pop-corn, and peanut stands all sit beside the sea in America's best-known seashore resort. The Miss America Pageant, held annually in the five days following Labor Day, is known throughout the world.

Activities: Swimming, sun-bathing, sailing, salt-water fishing, horseback riding, golf, tennis, bicycling on the boardwalk. Attractions include ice shows, carnivals, and other spectacles; boardwalk parades, summer-stock theatres, concerts.

Reached by: Direct rail lines, air, bus, and principal motor roads.

Tops—	Hotel Claridge	\$12-22	(E)	Double
	Hotel Dennis	\$9-20	(E)	Double
	Marlborough-Blenheim	\$8-22	(E)	Double
Medium—	Carolina Crest	\$9	(E)	Double
	Fox Manor Hotel	\$18-25	(A)	Double
	Jefferson Hotel	\$12-23	(A)	Double
Economy—	Penn-Atlantic	\$5-9	(E)	Double
	Sea Breeze Cottages	\$4.50-6.50	(E)	Double

Meals: Variety of inexpensive eating places. Breakfasts from about 65¢ up; lunches from \$1.50 up; dinners from about \$2.50 up. Famous sea-food restaurants.

El Paso, Texas—Juarez, Mexico. Named for the pass to the north, the big city on the banks of the Rio Grande has been a highway between Mexico and the United States for centuries. Located in the southwest desert country, El Paso's altitude is 3,710 feet, which makes it comfortable at night.

Activities: Swimming in pools at desert resorts, horseback riding, golf, tennis, sight-seeing. Juarez, just across the international bridge, is one of the most colorful of Mexican border towns and has a number of shopping centers where visitors may purchase Mexican goods, as well as several top Mexican restaurants catering to United States tourists. Juarez, the favorite spot of camera fans, provides a variety of Mexican color for snapshots. Other points of interest in the El Paso area are Fort Bliss; Scenic Drive, overlooking the city and providing a view of two countries and three states; Mission de Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, built in 1659; the Mexican markets; the Juarez Bull Ring; and the thirty-foot statue of Christ atop the Sierra de Cristo Rey.

Reached by: North and south highways, and served by direct air, rail, and bus lines.

Tops—	Hotel Cortez, El Paso	\$5-8	(E)	Double
	Hotel Paso del Norte, El Paso	\$5-8	(E)	Double
Medium—	La Fonda Motel, El Paso	\$4.50-8	(E)	Double
	Motel Villa, El Paso	\$4-7.50	(E)	Double
Economy—	Gateway Hotel, El Paso	\$3-4	(E)	Double
	Del Camino Courts, El Paso	\$3-5.50	(E)	Double

Meals: Variety of small restaurants in El Paso. Breakfast 50¢ and up, lunch 75¢ and up, dinner \$1.50 and up in smaller places. Mexican dinners in Juarez from \$3.

Green Mountains, Vermont. The mountains rising from the eastern shores of Lake Champlain provide hundreds of miles of hiking trails, including the famous Long Trail, and over a thousand miles of bridle paths, connected in a state-wide system so that tourists may cover the state on horseback. Mountain lakes provide facilities for bathing, boating, sailing, fishing, and canoeing. Horseback riding is one of the principal sports in this home of the Morgan horse.

Reached by: Through north and south highways, traversing the Green Mountains; and by rail, air, and bus to Burlington.

Tops—	Basin Harbor Club, Vergennes	\$20-24	(A)	Double
	Lodge at Smugglers Gap, Stowe	\$17-28	(A)	Double
Medium—	Oakledge Manor, Burlington	\$14-24	(A)	Double
	Mt. Equinox Cabins, Manchester	\$5-7	(E)	Double
	Cedar Grove Hotel, Lake Bomoseen	\$12-15	(A)	Double
Economy—	Candlestick, Rutland	\$4-5	(E)	Double
	Camp sites in twenty-four Vermont State Parks and forests rent for fifty to seventy-five cents per camp site.			

Meals: A variety of small restaurants along all main highways and in the towns. Breakfast from \$1, lunch from \$1.50, dinner from \$1.50 to \$2. Vermont maple syrup and sausage are specialties.

THE END

Dot-Dash Surgery

(Continued from page 53)

IMMEDIATELY FORCE FLUIDS SULFATHIAZINE SEVEN AND A HALF GRAINS AT ONCE TWO EVERY FOUR HOURS PLUS HUNDRED SIXTY THOUSAND UNITS PENICILLIN AT ONCE THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND EVERY FOUR HOURS PLUS THOUSAND MILLIGRAMS STREPTOMYCIN ICE TO HEAD ALCOHOL SPONGE.

Goss found the designated drugs in his medicine chest. As a result of his first-aid training, he knew how to use a hypodermic. When the gale-tossed ship finally reached port, the first mate was still alive, and the disease had not infected other crew members. An ambulance, waiting at the dock, sped him to a hospital. There the Boston doctor's general diagnosis was confirmed, the specific type of meningitis—menococcal—established, and similar treatment continued. The Carmody's mate is back at sea today.

RADIOMARINE handles an average of twelve hundred DH MEDICOs a year. Of all the cases treated in 1950, there were only two fatalities, and those could probably not have been avoided even in a hospital. With no help other than a distant voice, steely-nerved skipper have successfully set broken legs, extracted teeth, probed for bullets, healed knife wounds, delivered babies. Thanks to DH MEDICOs, they have nursed patients through practically every affliction from food poisoning to pneumonia and prevented many a case from becoming epidemic.

Few doctors will encourage a layman to attempt surgery, however critical the symptoms, but in extreme emergencies Radiomarine has arranged transfers of patients from freighters to liners with doctors. One time the *S. S. Ilsestein*, two days out from Antwerp, bound for New York, reported that a seaman aboard had acute appendicitis. His condition was clearly too serious for him to survive two days without surgery, even if the captain chose to turn back to Belgium, let alone the ten-day trip to New York. But Radiomarine discovered that the mighty *Europa*, which had both an operating room and a surgeon, was somewhere in the vicinity. The ailing seaman was transferred in a lifeboat. The *Europa's* Dr. Brahm, his equipment prepared, immediately performed an appendectomy. The patient made a complete recovery. However, if another four hours had passed before the operation, he would have been dead.

The MEDICO system was conceived in 1921 by an old salt named Captain Robert Huntington, who, after some fifty years before the mast, had been appointed principal of the Merchant Marine School at New York's famed Seamen's Church Institute. In his seafaring days, Huntington had seen scores of his shipmates killed or permanently disabled for lack of medical guidance. The memory never ceased to haunt him.

"A man would get some sickness or perhaps would be wounded," he told me recently when I visited him on Staten Island, where he now lives in retirement, "and there wouldn't be one skipper out of a hundred who knew what to do. You'd just stand around helplessly, watching the poor devil suffer, and pray to God he'd last till you got in. Very often he didn't. I recall an occasion on a schooner in the Caribbean. We ran into

for Vacation Variety... Come to

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when you travel the Way of the Zephyrs!



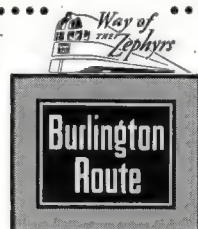
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In this Western paradise, you'll find exactly the vacation you want—vigorous hiking, riding and fishing ... or long, lazy days of restful relaxation. Take your choice from 104,000 square miles of mountains, forests, plains, valleys and lakes! Visit such delightful vacation centers as mile-high Denver with its mountain parks ... picturesque Colorado Springs, in the Pikes Peak country ... Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park, with its sky-scraping peaks ... the friendly Dude Ranches and mountain resorts ... and many, many others.

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I am interested in a vacation in *Colorful Colorado* this summer. Please send me booklet and complete information including list of Dude Ranches.

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____



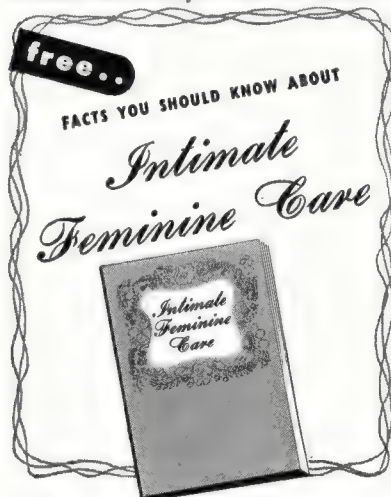
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add the fresh color and lustre of LOVALON

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This booklet tells in detail how to gain complete confidence in your own daintiness. It explains the hygienic importance of syringing as regularly as you bathe. Illustrates the various Faultless Feminine Syringes widely preferred for this intimate care and discusses their gentle but thorough cleansing action, their ease and simplicity of use and their special advantages for travel. "Intimate Feminine Care," is sent free in a plain envelope. Write for it today.

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a heavy storm, and our cabin boy fell down a hatch, breaking both legs. We put him in splints, but they weren't right. He was deformed for the rest of his life."

As part of its training equipment, the Merchant Marine School used radio sets that frequently picked up messages from fogbound ships calling for a check on their position. Listening in one day, Huntington hit upon the MEDICO idea. He took it to the Institute's superintendent, Reverend Archibald Mansfield, who, in turn, interested a philanthropist, Henry A. Laughlin of Philadelphia. With five thousand dollars donated by Laughlin, a radio station, KDKF, was installed on the roof of the Institute's waterfront headquarters at 25 South Street. From Colonel E. K. Sprague, head of the Public Health Service Hospital in lower Manhattan, Reverend Mansfield obtained the promise of free diagnosis and medical counsel.

One of the first MEDICOs Huntington and Sprague handled between them came from a freighter hove to in a westerly Atlantic gale: REQUEST CONSULTATION ADVISABILITY EXTRACTING VERY BADLY INFECTED TOOTH.

In less time than it takes a family doctor to respond to a house call, Sprague replied: GIVE INFORMATION LOCATION NUMBER OF TEETH CONDITION OF GUM PRESENCE OF CAVITIES SYMPTOMS OF PATIENT.

The freighter: ONE SIDE OF JAW BADLY SWOLLEN FOUR TO FIVE TEETH AFFECTED NO CAVITIES HAS BEEN IN SERIOUS CONDITION FEVER PARTIAL COLLAPSE HAVE MADE INCISION IN JAW PUS DISCHARGING IF DISCHARGE CONTINUES SHALL I EXTRACT.

Sprague: DO NOT EXTRACT REPEAT NOT APPLY CONTINUOUS HOT COMPRESSES TO CHEEK GIVE PATIENT DOSE OF SALTS IMMEDIATELY WASH OUT MOUTH EVERY HOUR WITH TEASPOONFUL SALT IN WARM WATER TAKE TEMPERATURE PULSE EVERY FOUR HOURS KEEP US INFORMED.

The freighter (four frantic hours later): PATIENT SHOWS SIGNS TETANUS LOCKJAW BLOOD DISCHARGE VERY LIGHT COLOR PATIENT VERY VIOLENT ONE QUARTER GRAIN MORPHINE NO EFFECT SHALL I EXTRACT.

Sprague: CONTINUE TREATMENT PREVIOUSLY RECOMMENDED DO NOT EXTRACT HAVE PATIENCE.

The freighter (after another four hours): PATIENT GREATLY IMPROVED THANKS THANKS.

WITHIN a year, KDKF was known to seamen the world over as "Kome Doctor, Kome Fixit," and so great was the demand for its service that the one small station, with its limited range, could not cope with it. Dr. Mansfield appealed to RCA and was referred to a junior executive, David Sarnoff, now president of the corporation. He could not have found a more sympathetic listener, for as a radio operator aboard a whaler in his youth, Sarnoff had once saved the life of a pneumonia-stricken lighthouse keeper by relaying advice on self-medication. At Sarnoff's recommendation, Radiomarine, which is an RCA subsidiary, adopted and developed Captain Huntington's brain child on a world-wide scale. No message, it announced, beginning DH MEDICO would be charged for. DH stands for "dead-head." Today the service costs Radiomarine around fifty thousand dollars a year.

The Seamen's Church Institute, meanwhile, realized that the efficiency of the

service would depend on the skipper's ability to describe symptoms accurately and follow instructions. Accordingly, it lobbied to make it compulsory for every seaman to acquire a first-aid certificate as a prerequisite to obtaining a master's license. It was also the Institute that published *Ship Sanitation and First Aid*, written by Dr. Robert W. Hart in cooperation with the United States Public Health Service.

ALTHOUGH Radiomarine handles more MEDICOs than any company in the field, it is not alone. Almost every radio-telegraph company, both American and foreign—not to mention a good many "hams"—now respond to the familiar distress signal. The station a ship can contact in a medical crisis depends not so much on location as language. In Rome, Dr. Guido Guida, a fifty-one-year-old ear, nose, and throat specialist, runs his own private International Medical Radio Service as a philanthropic hobby.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

Christopher Morley

Since the most broadcast reports
Of our national sports

Have a razor for sponsor
(The world's most prosperous
tensor)

I think it unethical and craven
That a bearded man unshaven,
A man whose jowls are never
barbered

Either port or starboard,
A man on whom blades never
glisten,
Should listen.

To my shame, with hairy chin,
I tune in.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

His office on the Via Torina contains receiving and transmitting apparatus presented to him by the Italian navy, and either the doctor or an assistant mans it around the clock. At the code-call MEDRAD-CIRM, Dr. Guida goes on the air, prepared to tackle a diagnosis himself or to call on a panel of forty Italian specialists who have placed themselves at his disposal.

Last year Dr. Guida's unseen patients numbered two hundred. Treating them involved fifteen hundred communications in Italian, French, and English. Only one patient, a stoker with a cerebral hemorrhage, died.

In another harrowing instance, an Italian captain actually performed surgery under IMRS's remote-control directions. On a freighter midway across the South Atlantic, the radio operator stepped on a nail. He paid no attention to the cut, and an abscess soon developed below his kneecap.

On Dr. Guida's advice, the captain injected penicillin, but it failed to arrest the infection. The abscess continued to swell, and the patient's temperature climbed to 103. On receipt of the captain's second message, Guida recognized the

danger of fatal sepsis. IS THERE A SHIP WITH A DOCTOR IN YOUR AREA? he asked. The captain replied that no such ship was near.

Had the freighter been sailing nearer the Mediterranean, Guida might have been able to send an Italian naval plane to the rescue, as he had occasionally done in the past. But the time element precluded that. Finally he asked the captain: HAVE YOU THE COURAGE TO OPERATE YOURSELF? The captain said he had. THEN GET THE PATIENT'S CONSENT. The radioman gave it.

No surgeon himself, Guida summoned one of his colleagues, who promptly began to guide the captain's hand. First, sterilization of the instruments and sick bay. Then the correct technique of holding a lancet and opening the abscess. Finally, draining and dressing. Within a few hours, the patient's temperature fell to normal. By the following day, he had recovered.

DR. GUIDA constantly strives to simplify methods for obtaining precise diagnostic information. As an aid to detecting a kidney infection or other urogenital ailments, he has reduced to a few simple instructions the way to make a urinalysis by combining a specimen with acetic acid and boiled water. He is now working out a technique for taking cardiographs by radio.

Long-distance diagnosis presents one of the trickiest challenges a physician is ever likely to face, and to meet it he must frequently muster all his ingenuity. Last summer, for example, on an American freighter sailing the Mediterranean, the entire crew broke out simultaneously with a violently itching, reddish skin rash. Through Radiomarine, word of their discomfort reached Dr. Levere White, a medical resident of the Staten Island United States Marine Hospital. After requesting further information, the clues he received that struck him as significant were that the whole crew had succumbed at the same time, and the rash covered only the exposed areas of their bodies. The second clue seemed to eliminate food poisoning.

Although Dr. White had never visited that part of the world, he recalled a curious fact from his reading on tropical diseases. Where, he asked, had the freighter last touched port and how recently? Had the crew, by any chance, noticed the sudden appearance of a swarm of insects—possibly whitish, powdery-winged moths?

It was a brilliant hunch. Yes, the captain answered, while in Aden a few days earlier, the ship's lights had attracted thousands of what appeared to be moths. The doctor knew then that the crew had been brushed by the moth miller, whose wings deposit a toxic, but not deadly, dust. He prescribed bathing in starch and sodium bicarbonate. The rash disappeared.

The quickest, surest diagnosis and treatment ever transmitted through Radiomarine answered a message sent by a captain whose knowledge of the human machine was unusually limited. He wanted to know what to do with a patient whose heart, pulse, and breathing had stopped.

The answer was precise: PLACE COTTON OVER MOUTH AND NOSTRILS TO DETERMINE MOVEMENT COTTON STRANDS IF NONE PRESENT PREPARE MAN FOR BURIAL.

THE END

Oh! my Aching foot!

and for that stiff, tired arm, hip and leg

● Why be tortured with sore, overtired muscles? Rub on Absorbine Jr. This pain-chasing liniment goes to work fast—with two wonderfully beneficial actions!

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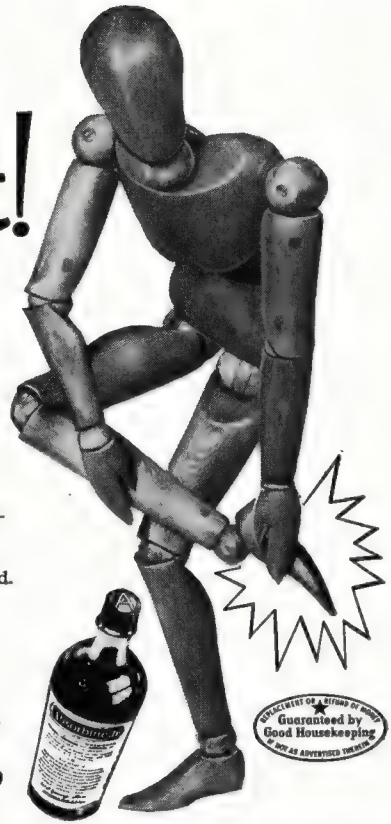
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Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as NOT AN ADVERTISED PRODUCT

Plan Your Career

ON pages 142-146 in this issue you will find the announcements of many schools and colleges, including those for very young children, for boys and girls of preparatory school and college age, and for adult men and women who wish to prepare for suc-

cessful careers. Turn to these pages for information about well-established schools in every section of the country. For assistance with your school problem without incurring any obligation telephone CO 5-7300, Ext. 450, or write to

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If you are worried because aging lines are showing up around your eyes and mouth and forehead . . . if your skin looks coarse, muddy and sagging . . . if you are bothered with pimples, blackheads, enlarged pores . . . here may be the most wonderful news you have ever read.

At last, after years of research, testing and experimentation among patients, a prominent Chicago plastic surgeon has discovered a truly sensational new beauty treatment that so refines the skin on face and neck, it actually becomes younger!

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This startling new discovery, called Talli Liquid Mask, goes on like a creamy oil and comes off as a complete mask! It doesn't draw the skin or pull muscles—can't harden on the face like ordinary masks. This amazing new liquid mask is utterly different . . . a rich, beauty-restoring liquid containing 9 secret ingredients, proved beneficial to the skin. You feel its magic work the instant you apply it . . . cooling your skin with delicious tingling sensation of chilled mint. You see the difference in your skin, the moment you remove the mask: radiant, tender, soft and so wonderfully smooth, so deeply refreshed. You can even see the

removed impurities from your skin clinging to the inside of the mask! That's because Talli Liquid Mask penetrates the deepest pore areas of your skin . . . drawing out embedded impurities as it softens, oils and refines your skin to radiantly youthful beauty.

Now Available for Home Use

New Talli Liquid Mask until now a closely guarded doctor's formula, is at last available for easy home use. To try it, simply send us your name and address. On arrival, pay the postman only \$3.00 plus C.O.D. postage for Complete Two Weeks Supply on guarantee you must see a marked improvement in your skin, or your entire money refunded. Cash orders sent postage paid. Today, right now, send your name to

CONRAD PRODUCTS, INC.
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Chicago 1, Illinois



BLEMISHES
ADHERE
TO MASK

REDUCE

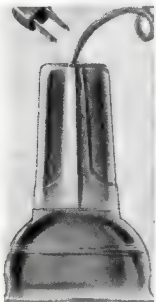
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In Reducing by Massage
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Cosmopolitan's Movie Citations (Continued from page 12)

surprise me if it brings the television audience back to the movie houses. "King Solomon's Mines" was adventure-romance. So, too, was "Kim," and both were tremendously successful. "Bird of Paradise" is romance and adventure—a travelogue with poetry. And in the six-foot-four figure of Jeff Chandler, sex is personified with a force that hasn't been equaled since Clark Gable first kissed Joan Crawford in "Dance, Sinners, Dance."

In 1911, Richard Walton Tully wrote this story of a little native girl who died for a great love. It became a perennial stage hit, starring such old-time favorites as Laurette Taylor and Carlotta Monterey. Later, in 1932, Tully's story was produced as a screen play by RKO, with Dolores Del Rio.

Darryl Zanuck, vice-president in charge of production at Twentieth Century-Fox, decided—and quite rightly, in my opinion—that the original story was too dated for 1951, but that the locale and the dramatic high light of an erupting volcano could be retained in a new screen play. He engaged Delmer Daves, one of Hollywood's most creative writer-directors, to do a folk story of love and sacrifice.

Small Debra Paget, who brought poetry and romance to "Broken Arrow," is luminous as the girl, Kalua. Handsome Louis Jourdan is the sensitive young Frenchman who falls so much in love with her he is willing to give up his own world to live in hers and try to understand its ways. Maurice Schwartz, one of the Yiddish theatre's most powerful actors, is superb as the Kahuna, who foretells the sinister effect their romance will have. Only one white man has ever lived on the island before—and he brought so much unhappiness that the

Polynesians banished him. One of the most startling scenes I've ever watched takes place when the outcast, played by Everett Sloane, warns the bewildered Jourdan against continuing with his plans. A later scene, in which Sloane slips back to the island on Jourdan and Debra's wedding night, is as threatening and foreboding as any in a Greek tragedy. Watch out, too, for a secondary villain, Jack Elam. I'll tell you about him later.

Thrill is piled on thrill—the moment when, under water, Debra's hair becomes tangled in some coral rock; the moment when Jourdan almost drowns; the ecstatic moments with the young people in the "common house," where they learn if they are right for marriage; the tender moment when Debra chooses Louis before all her people; the fearful moment when she's required to walk on burning coals.

There is all this—and Jeff Chandler. If this performance doesn't make Jeff one of our greatest stars with the public, I miss my guess. He possesses a perfect combination of voice, face, body, and extraordinary acting ability. Here he is Tenga, the chief's son, loyal to his people while understanding the outside world. He is a man of strength, imagination, and ideals.

Jeff's performance alone would be enough to make "Bird of Paradise" the Best Production of the Month. But, in addition, the picture has beauty, poetry, and loveliness—and the result is a masterpiece you will treasure in your heart and memory for a long time to come.

I AM GIVING the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Starring Performance of the Month to Loretta Young. The ordinarily glamorous, chic, and lovely Lo-



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retta will raise your goose-pimples as high as the Himalayas as she goes—drab, aproned, and uncured—through a suburban suspense thriller entitled "Cause for Alarm."

Believe me, this Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, produced by Loretta's husband, Tom Lewis, is a tidy gem in every way. Also, it makes me think that perhaps Miss Young ought to abandon her glamour stock-in-trade more often. You'll recall that the last time she forsook her perfect grooming, in "The Farmer's Daughter," she snared herself an Academy Award. In "Cause for Alarm," she achieves a tension that hasn't been reached since Barbara Stanwyck shrieked for salvation over a telephone in "Sorry, Wrong Number." If anything, "Cause for Alarm" is even more sinister than the former smash success. It is so taut, in fact, that while it runs the standard feature length, it gives the effect of being a short story, like those vignettes of which "Quartet" and "Trio" are composed.

Barry Sullivan, who is steadily becoming a more fascinating actor, portrays with neurotic intensity a husband who is much less innocent than he seems. To all outward appearances, he is just a poor, bedridden invalid. Actually, his mind is as sick as his body, and he maliciously writes to the district attorney that his wife and his doctor are conspiring to kill him because they are in love. He even sees to it that innocent Loretta gives the letter to the postman. Irving Bacon is well-nigh perfect as the folksy, gossipy postman who refuses to return the damaging letter to Loretta. Bruce Cowling, who has been around Hollywood for some time, but whom I've never seen on the screen before, is wonderfully sturdy and sympathetic in the role of the doctor.

Director Tay Garnett has been very artful in achieving an "everydayness" in the acting and settings that makes the insidious mischief Sullivan has done even more terrifying. For instance, we see Loretta busily vacuuming downstairs while her husband writes the fatal letter. A small boy's asking for a cookie at the back door leads to his becoming one of her most damaging witnesses. "Cause for Alarm" abounds in subtle touches like these.

Miss Young's underplaying of her moments of terror, hysteria, and pitifulness is so magnificent that I give her our Cosmopolitan accolade.

"**L**IGHTNING Strikes Twice" is the best straightaway murder mystery I've seen for some time, and its plot has more twists and turns than an unraveled sweater. If you are an old mystery hound, as I am, you know better than to suspect pleasant Richard Todd, whom you will remember for his distinguished work in "The Hasty Heart."

In January, 1950, I chose for my radio program the four newcomers I felt were most promising. Richard Todd was one of them and another was Mercedes McCambridge, who subsequently won the Academy Award for the Best Supporting Performance, in "All the King's Men." Mercedes is "Best Supporting" once again in "Lightning Strikes Twice," her first appearance since then. The part of Liza, who runs a Texas dude ranch, does not have quite the scope of her Sadie Burke in "All the King's Men," but she gives it (Continued on page 146)

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A little extra money will often make all the difference between "I wish" and "I can!" Hundreds of men and women in every one of the forty-eight states are adding substantial sums to their own earnings or the family income as part-time or full-time subscription representatives for COSMOPOLITAN and other leading magazines, whose universal popularity means quick sales and many renewals year after year.



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Summer Camps Are *Essential*

BY GENE TUNNEY

Despite our outstanding champions and highly efficient athletic specialists, we Americans are, on the whole, a nation of softies. Today's average boys and girls will soon face critical years and will need all the physical toughening and outdoor self-reliance they can get. And there is no better way for them to develop these important qualities than through our country's summer camps.

Those pioneer virtues that we do have we owe to our ancestors, who lived the year round under camp conditions. In the early days of the Republic, almost every American boy was a woodsman. With a rifle and a few necessities, he could take care of himself for long periods under hardship conditions. When the call came to serve his country, the change from farmer to Minute Man was simple and quick. But with the advance of what we call civilization, Americans began to crowd into industrial centers and live more and more indoors, losing the intimate touch with nature. Today we are accustomed to more comforts and luxuries than any other people on the face of the globe. I sometimes wish we had fewer of these "advantages" and more of the hardy responsibilities of our forebears.

As an officer in World War II, I was concerned with the physical fitness of United States Naval personnel, and I had plenty of chances to observe that, although young Americans became the best fighters in the world once they were toughened up, when fresh from civil life, they were under a handicap. They had plenty of native resourcefulness and initiative, but

they lacked muscle and endurance.

Late in the last century people began to realize that year-round city life was bad for American youth. Only the children of well-to-do families could go with their parents to the shore or the mountains for the summer, and that wasn't enough. The first boys' camp, as far as I have been able to learn, was established in 1872 and the first girls' camp twenty years later. Now there are thousands—at the seashore, on lakes and rivers, and in the mountains.

Owned and operated principally by private interests (though some are under the auspices of social-service groups), summer camps are open to all creeds and adapted to all purses. Land and water sports and long walks through country lanes and mountain trails produce stronger bodies and healthier minds. Health for health's sake is a legitimate ambition, but camp life fulfills a nobler purpose: In getting close to nature, the youngster becomes better acquainted with his Maker.

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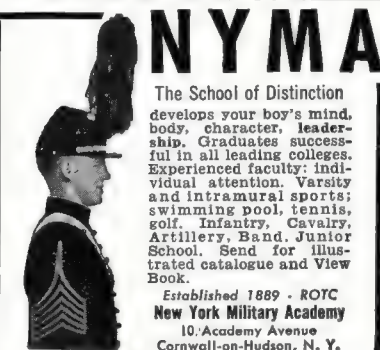
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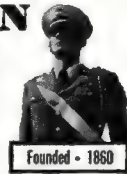
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(Continued from page 139)

the lucid distinction that marked her earlier work. Her tart observation of people and her lonely pathos photograph as clearly as her slim figure.

Produced by Henry Blanke for Warner Bros., "Lightning Strikes Twice" has been excellently cast throughout. Todd is strong, and at the same time very touching, as the man suspected of murdering his worthless wife. Ruth Roman brings not only her physical beauty but great warmth to the part of the casual tourist who happens in on these events and stays to love Todd. Zachary Scott plays the heel, a role in which he has been cast too often, and nobody can blame him for not giving much variety to what is essentially a phony part. I want to say a good word for Kathryn Givney. Under King Vidor's searching, accurate direction, she plays, with the liveliest craftsmanship, a string-pulling matron who succeeds in bringing the various elements and moods of the mystery together.

Nevertheless, it is Miss McCambridge who commands your attention every second she is on the screen and makes you miss her every second she's off. Naturally, I am giving her the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Best Supporting Performance of the Month. It is to be hoped that she will find more roles commensurate with her outstanding talent.

I AM awarding the Cosmopolitan Citation for the Most Promising Newcomer to Jack Elam for his work in "Rawhide." You will remember that I commented, above, on his work in "Bird of Paradise."

"Rawhide" is not the biggest Western you've ever seen, nor the most original, but it's very, very good. In the cactus-studded expanse of Arizona and Old Mexico, in the early 1880's, a group of desperadoes take over the compound and hold up the stage at Rawhide station, on the Jackass Mail route. Our hero is Tyrone Power, in the first movie he has made in this country in two years. The worst of the varmints trying to plug Ty with bullet holes and get the gold is Hugh Marlowe. Susan Hayward is among those present, and very wasted, too, if you want my opinion. This vivid girl has almost nothing to do except look scornfully frightened, protect her toddling baby, and help Ty dig a tunnel that will lead them to safety, when they are locked in a room together. (There is only one bed, you may be sure, but our hero is a gentleman.) Before the story ends, there is a heck of a lot of shooting and riding, much suspense and thrilling whoop-de-doo, and I know you will have the same kind of good, tense, exciting time that I did.

One of the thinnest, meanest reasons for this shuddery pleasure is the aforementioned Jack Elam. He is cast as a mere follow-up villain to Marlowe, but he looks like the type who haunts the man who hires out to haunt a house. In fact, Elam is so utterly terrifying that I thought he might be like some character players whose very looks are so startling you hate to see them again. I actually had rejected Mr. Elam from my calculations until I saw "Bird of Paradise" about a week later, and realized that even though he is again playing a villain, he is an entirely different one—or, in other words, that he is a first-rate actor.

THE END



Guillumette

Most Famous night spot in Paris

It's haughty and sedate today, but time was when kings and princes wooed forbidden beauties there, and no respectable woman would enter the place—for fear of being mentioned in Hugo's little black book!

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

Some of the most interesting things at fabulous Maxim's were not on the menu

Ever since, on my sixth birthday, my father and mother took me for the first time to the theatre—to a performance of “The Merry Widow”—I’ve had a secret ambition to spend a night at Maxim’s. The romantic complications of the plot and the beauty of the heroine left me cold, but I’ve never forgotten the moment when the dashing, handsome, uniformed hero, Prince Danilo, tells his sweetheart off in great style and announces, *la-la-la*,

*I go off to Maxim's
Where fun and frolic beams
With all the girls I chatter,
I laugh and kiss and flatter!
Lolo, Dodo, Joujou,
Cloclo, Margot, Froufrou!
For surnames do not matter,
I take the first to hand.*

And then the curtain went up on the second act, and there was Maxim’s, the most exciting, glamorous, debauched hot spot in Paris and the world. The two-syllable ladies were swarming over the stage, singing, “. . . We’ll dance upon the tables, In and out among the spoons. . . .” This, I said to myself, is Life, and right then and there I made the resolution to grow up quickly and live at Maxim’s. But as it happened, I never got there until one evening not long ago, when I found myself at 3 Rue Royale in Paris, in front of the brown-woodwork-and-faded-gilt entrance that looked more like a Victorian club than a prominent Place of Sin. It was early, half-past nine, and the uniformed doorman gave me a haughty look. Inside, the waiters were standing around in bored little groups. Everything was red—the carpets, the walls, the lights, the chairs, and the banquettes—modeled after those used in the waiting rooms of small French railroad stations. In the entrance hall was a papier-mâché model of the Paris 1900 World’s Fair, with small paper figures of such renowned Maxim’s clients as the Prince of Wales, Czar Nicholas II, Victor Emmanuel II of Italy, Oscar of Sweden, Alfonso XIII of Spain. On the wall was a sign, “EVERY FRIDAY: EVENING DRESS,” and, beneath it, a *New Yorker* cartoon by Peter Arno, showing a dissipated couple at a bar and a headwaiter who is saying, “Ah, m’sieu, I have a table for you now.”

I looked around. As far as I could see, the people in the cartoon were the only ones showing any sign of dissipation. A few people were dining, looking extremely well-behaved and respectable.

A fat, pompous, austere man with a double chin moved slowly toward me and greeted me with royal aloofness. Albert, Maxim’s formidable maître d’hôtel, is feared by kings, socialites, nabobs, and playboys, all of whom he seats without regard to their names or bank accounts, but solely according to his own ideas of protocol. Albert has been called “the friend of the great of the world and of the small of the half-world,” and he “composes” his dining rooms as if he were orchestrating a symphony. In the old days, the “omnibus,” the narrow corridor leading to the bar, was the place to sit, and local celebrities of the “Tout-Paris” would roost there, staring at each other, while the big room was given over to the foreign

scum of the earth, American millionaires, Argentine beef barons, Russian grand dukes, and South African sugar daddies who had left wives, kiddies, and palatial homes in search of the forbidden fruit that was symbolized by Maxim’s.

Monsieur Albert took me to a table in the big dining room, which today is the place to see and be seen in and the inner sanctum for those who would rather join the Academy of Snobs than the Académie Française. Paul Valéry once said that Maxim’s reminded him of a submarine that had been sunk with all its period trappings. The baroque gilt-framed mirrors, red-plush seats and carpets, the calla-lily lighting fixtures, the painted flowers on the stained-glass roof, and the Chéret and Capiello murals of naked women may once have been the height of extravaganza, but today they are only a symbol of decadent *fin-de-siècle* atmosphere and seem more noteworthy for nostalgia than beauty.

Only a few tables were occupied, by well-heeled tourists, businessmen, families, and elderly couples obviously quite respectably married. An uninspired orchestra on a little platform played the “William Tell” overture, and a worried-looking waiter was cutting a side of beef; perhaps he was afraid he was cutting the slices too thick.

Several elegant figures appeared: a headwaiter, two waiters, a wine waiter; even the bus boys looked distinguished. I ordered Sole Albert and Poularde Maxim’s because a Parisian friend and gourmet had advised me that they were the great specialties of the house. The wine waiter presented his card, which showed an undressed lady throwing away her fig leaf with cheerful abandon. The card listed 112 varieties of champagne and 338 other wines. Maxim’s has always been famous for its cellars, formerly located on the site on which the American Embassy stands today, and now at 12 Rue Boissy d’Anglas. Among the 200,000-odd bottles, they have a memorable Clos Vougeot 1885, Hermitage Blanc 1899, Château Grillet 1876, Château Haut Brion 1905, Château Pichon Longueville 1894, and a Bonnes Mares 1898.

I gave the order (“Pink champagne,” my gourmet friend had advised me), the wine waiter departed, bowing deeply, and a short, stocky, gray-haired waiter appeared, rearranging plates, glasses, flowers, ashtrays, knives. He happened to be Léon, the oldest of Maxim’s old-timers. “I’ve been here for forty-nine hectic years,” he said proudly. He was obviously glad to talk. “The barman comes next, but he’s been with the house only thirty-two years. Oui, m’sieu, I have seen here *bien des choses délicates*. Of course, one doesn’t talk about those things. Did you see the picture of the chasseur on the menu? That was I when I started here at the age of sixteen. I got twenty-five francs a month and food, but it seemed more than what we’re getting today. Ah, the days of *la belle époque*!” At Maxim’s, they always refer to the *belle époque* when they talk of the restaurant’s golden age, which came after the turn of the century.

Maxim’s occupies the spot where, in

the Gay Nineties, the Italian Imoda had a fashionable ice-cream shop, which specialized in “meat-juice ice cream,” whatever that was. On Bastille Day, 1890, Imoda put up a large German flag and the Parisians reacted quickly and properly by wrecking his place. In 1893, Maxime Gaillard, a waiter at the nearby Reynolds American Bar, borrowed 6,000 francs, opened a restaurant, dropped the “e” from his first name and called the place “Maxim’s.” He hired a famous chef, Chauveau, and a famous maître d’hôtel, Cornuché, but when Gaillard died, a year later, Maxim’s was almost broke and Cornuché had to borrow money. One night Irma de Montigny, a much-admired Parisian lady, dropped in at Maxim’s with some of her friends, and they drank up thirty-six bottles of champagne, at the exorbitant price of ten francs a bottle. That night Cornuché saw the light. To make a success of Maxim’s, he had to have glamorous women attached to the restaurant who would attract generous men. It was a sure-fire formula, and it worked well for almost forty years. Cornuché also bought a piano, hired a musician for five francs a night, and advertised Maxim’s as “the first restaurant with music.”

“Sometimes the guests would stay on until the morning,” said Léon, absently polishing a well-polished fork. “At six A.M. the *arroseuses* (charwomen) would come to clean up, and the guests would offer them white wine—the best thing in the early morning. Ah, *la belle époque*!”

Cornuché did a swell job of running the place. You could order practically any dish. The famous “sugar king,” Max LeBaudy, would drop in every night for a salad of violets. Once a guest complained loudly that he had found a beetle in his soup. While everybody looked on, Cornuché approached the soup, picked out the beetle, swallowed it bravely, and proclaimed that it was “merely a raisin.”

“M’sieu Cornuché was a great maître d’hôtel,” Léon said. “Even the celebrated César Ritz sang his praise.” Léon departed, and the wine waiter arrived with the bottle, filled himself a glass, tasted the champagne, approved of it, filled my glass, and watched the expression on my face as I drank. It was a carefully rehearsed ritual, but I couldn’t help liking it. Then Léon served the Sole Albert, which was prepared with a delicious vermouth sauce.

“PEOPLE eat too quickly today,” Léon observed. “Everything is done too quickly. In the days of the *époque*, we didn’t serve lunch at Maxim’s. Business started at six in the afternoon, when the races were over, and *Ces Dames* began to arrive.” He gave a delicate smile as he mentioned Those Ladies who had made Maxim’s a household word the world over.

I asked him about Those Ladies. Were they all—*demi-mondaines*? Did they live up to Maxim’s reputation?

Léon coughed delicately behind the back of his hand. After all, he is a citizen of the nation that gave birth to Talleyrand and Richelieu. “If I may say so, m’sieu,” he replied, “some of *Ces Dames* were quarter-mondaines,

even. You didn't have to introduce them to the gentlemen. They had two tables near the bar and did all right by themselves. By eight o'clock, the place would be crowded. Around ten, everybody would leave to dress for the evening. Many would go to a theatre to see the last act of a play. It wasn't chic to see the whole play. We waiters were free until eleven-thirty. We would go over to a small bar in the Rue Royale and play *manille*, a card game of the era." He sighed deeply. "At midnight, the same people came back, now wearing evening clothes. Around one o'clock, Those Ladies began to arrive. Ah, m'sieu what a spectacle of the *grande galanterie*! The stars among them would come in sumptuous carriages drawn by two horses. I can still see *Ces Dames*, wasp-waisted, bare shoulders whitened with rice powder, looking stunning in their hats and dresses and jewels. . . ."

And Léon half closed his eyes as he recalled the names of the great courtesans of the *époque*, who brought infatuation to the guests, unhappiness to their wives, mothers, and sweethearts, and fame to Maxim's.

The elegant Liane de Pougy, and the beautiful Réjane; "La Belle" Caroline Otéro, staggering under pounds of precious stones; Cléo de Mérode, waiting for her Belgian king; the sisters Jeanne and Anne de Lancy, twins so much alike that their suitors never knew which one they had been with; Lina Cavalieri; the vivacious Emilienne d'Alençon; Jeanne Derval, carrying a small dog in her jeweled chastity belt; Manon Loty, swearing like a drill sergeant. They made spectacular entrances while people looked on and applauded like the audience at a first night. Every night was a first night at Maxim's, and the chorus formed a veritable Almanach de Gotha of the *demi-monde*.

THE SPECTACLE of the *grande galanterie*, as Léon calls it, began at the entrance, where head doorman Gérard, impeccable in blue habit, blue pants, and scarlet cap, and wearing a monocle, would receive the guests. Gérard divided the world's population into "goodhearts" and "chóleras," and he knew everything about everybody in Paris; he was a combination banker, detective, promoter, and father-confessor, who slipped messages into the hand of Mademoiselle while Monsieur was looking the other way.

It was Gérard who saved Maxim's reputation one night when La Belle Otéro announced that her valuable diamond brooch had disappeared. Gérard had noticed that a stranger at the bar

had bent over as Otéro passed by. Gérard ordered the most famous dessert of the house, a soufflé topped with a bouquet of roses, and then tripped the waiter so that the soufflé landed on the jacket of the suspected thief. When the man took off his jacket in the washroom, Gérard removed the brooch from a pocket. He returned it to Otéro in the middle of another soufflé. Exploits like this now enable Gérard to live in comfortable retirement in a big house in the Pyrenees. Yves Mirande wrote a comedy about him, "Le Chasseur de Chez Maxim's," and Georges Feydeau wrote his successful "La Dame de Chez Maxim," which brought more fame and publicity to the restaurant.

LÉON briefly halted his reminiscences to serve the Poularde Maxim's, a delicious concoction of chicken cooked with mushrooms and truffles in a white cream sauce with cognac and port wine, and then he said, "Sometimes we had half a dozen kings here at the same time. At the corner table over there, Edward Seventh was always holding hands with Lily Langtry, the British actress he didn't dare see in London. King Leopold Second of Belgium would be upstairs in a private room with Cléo de Mérode, and King Manuel of Portugal was often here with Gaby Deslys." Then there was the American king of cotton, McFadden, who once ordered for dessert an undressed girl on a silver tray, served in a pink sauce; and Rigo, king of the gypsy fiddlers, who had escaped with Princess Caraman-Charmay (born in Detroit under the plebeian name of Barbara Ward), causing a juicy, world-wide scandal.

"Ah, and the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Boris, Michael, and Dimitri of Russia!" Léon continued. "Always sitting at the table next to the entrance to the omnibus. Formidable revelers, all of them. They thought nothing of celebrating four days and nights in a row. I remember a morning of the Fourteenth of July when one of the grand dukes was expected to review the French troops in Longchamps at eight o'clock with the president of the Republic. At six, His Highness was still lying under a table, surrounded by empty magnums of champagne. We tried to lift him, but he swore at us in seven languages. Somehow we got him up, gave him black coffee and mineral water, and put on his uniform, making sure that all the medals and the grand cross of the Legion of Honor were in the right place. And an hour later he was in Longchamps on his horse, looking radiant.

"Yes, m'sieu," Léon said, casting a disdainful look at the quiet, respectable

people around us having their dinner, "nothing was impossible at Maxim's during the *époque*. I remember old Count de Seyssel, who belonged to the Gin Club that congregated here every night. At two in the morning, the Count would order two soft-boiled eggs, and then he would fall asleep at the table, the ends of his mustache drooping into his glass of mineral water. And the Baron de Palaud would play the flute, juggle with the plates, recite the fables of La Fontaine, and bring in men carrying advertising placards for the circus. M'sieu James Gordon Bennett, of the New York *Herald*, would come here often, buy a rose, and pay five golden louis for it. The Duke de Morny came every night. And there was Alphonse Cranqueville, the grocer, who arrived here with three girls every night for three years, ordered fifteen dozens of oysters and six bottles of Chablis, and after three years went back to his wife, broke, and never returned. Many times I've served Messieurs Caruso and Chaliapin at that table over there. M'sieu Caruso would always order caviar and chicken with vegetables; M'sieu Chaliapin wanted borsch, a thick steak with pommes soufflées, and a salad with lemon. For dessert, they would share a soufflé together.

"And I remember the night a gentleman came in, ordered dinner, and didn't have enough money to pay the bill. M'sieu Hugo, our great maitre d'hôtel, said, 'Don't worry, you'll pay me back when you have money.' The gentleman was M'sieu Lehár, who later wrote the song about Maxim's—" Léon turned around to make sure he wasn't being watched, and then hummed,

We'll dance upon the tables,
In and out among the spoons

I LOOKED at him sharply. "Tell me the truth, Léon. Did they really do it?"

Léon seemed on the verge of crying. "Mais oui, m'sieu, of course they did! It was not at all unusual to dance the cancan on the tables. The Vernon Castles danced the cakewalk here and later the one-step." He looked disapprovingly at the dance floor, where two bored, middle-aged English couples were executing their version of a rumba. "And there were always some gentlemen from Spain or the Argentine who would start a *bagarre* (free-for-all) at the slightest provocation. And the ladies! Ah, Those Ladies! One night Madame Otéro arrived wearing all her jewels because she was having a feud with Liane de Pougy. Madame Otéro jingled like a Christmas tree, and when she sat down, you could almost

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feel the shock. A few minutes later Madame de Pougy came in, wearing a simple black robe and not a single jewel. But she was accompanied by her maid, and when the maid took off her coat, she was wearing all of Madame de Pougy's jewels. The Grand Duke Vladimir was so fascinated that he forgot to close his mouth. Naturally, Those Ladies had quite a fight afterward, and when they had a fight . . . Léon preferred not to finish the sentence.

AFTER DINNER, I asked Léon to show me the private salons on the second floor, where monarchs incognito had sought relaxation in the company of Those Ladies. I saw a big dining room, capable of seating about forty people, and another for twenty people. The place looked as debauched as the board room of the Chase National Bank.

"This," Léon said, like a guide pointing at the ruins of Pompeii, "is the spot where the private salons were once located. Now the rooms are used by businessmen and executives of big firms. Sometimes I ask myself whether the *belle époque* wasn't a dream that really never happened."

Actually, the *époque* came to an abrupt end one June day in 1914 when the pistol shots of Sarajevo started the first World War. Maxim's became a playground for French officers on leave. Then came the happy-go-lucky men of the American Expeditionary Force.

"The Americans, oh la la," Léon said diplomatically. "Within three months, one had to replace all the mirrors."

At the end of the war, kingdoms tottered and princes disappeared, and the only princes at Maxim's were those of the black market. It was a dark, vulgar era no one at Maxim's likes to remember. Then came the time of the heroes; Georges Carpentier, the boxer, had his steady table here; also the flyers Roland Garros, Nungesser, and Guynemer. Josephine Baker often appeared with a baby leopard; André Maginot felt more secure at Maxim's than behind the fortifications that later bore his name; and André Citroën, the automobile king, rubbed elbows with Georges Mandel, France's "gray eminence."

"Most of Those Ladies had disappeared," Léon was saying. "They'd become older, and the younger generation preferred to go up on Montmartre."

We were joined by a tall, quietly energetic man in a dark business suit, M. Louis Vaudable, the present proprietor of Maxim's. His father bought the restaurant in 1932, and decided to revive some of Maxim's old glory. (Today Maxim's belongs to Maxim's, Inc. in London; Vaudable owns the majority stock.) The restaurant was redecorated in its former style, or lack of style, and such features as air conditioning and better lighting were added. When they pushed away the red-plush seats, they exposed heaps of jewelry, gold coins, and garters that had been lost in the wild, long nights.

Hugo, maître d'hôtel of the *époque*, went into retirement, to be succeeded by the formidable "Albert"—Albert Blaser, a veteran of the Perroquet, the Ambassadeurs in Paris, and several London night clubs. The new management decided to break with Maxim's risqué past and make respectability and elegance the new keynote of the establishment. Then came the second World War, and Maxim's loss of respectability among pa-

triotis when it became the favorite hangout of Goering, Goebbels, and Field Marshal Rommel. No one at Maxim's likes to dwell on this somewhat touchy subject beyond reminding you that the British secret service was also active inside the restaurant, and that staff meetings of the Nazi leaders in the private dining rooms upstairs were usually reported to London within two hours. When the war ended, Maxim's became the British Empire Club and was run strictly on rations under control of the British embassy.

In 1946, the old management took over again, but only by May, 1949, six years late, did they feel sufficiently fortified to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the restaurant with a gala dinner, which featured Lobster Belle Otero, Chicken Merry Widow, and Ice Cream Belle Époque, at fifteen dollars. French actresses appeared in costumes of the era, the orchestra played the "Merry Widow" song, and everybody tried, with a somewhat transparent effort and not quite successfully, to recreate the old spirit.

"The fact is that you can't recreate the spirit of an era that will never come back," M. Vaudable was saying now. We went into his office, a small, wood-paneled room with old prints on the walls. "Before 1914, the people who came to Maxim's were aristocrats, playboys, and snobs who didn't work for their money and merely looked for a pleasant way to spend it. No man would dare bring his wife here, and no decent woman would want to be seen near the place. Today our clients are businessmen rather than ex-kings, tourists from America instead of Balkan pretenders, French families who celebrate a wedding anniversary, and plain people who come here for a good meal. Maxim's has been called an oasis of gastronomy, but what would our clients say if we offered them the sort of menu that was served here in the early years of the century?" M. Vaudable looked at a printed menu. "Melon Glacé, Lobster, Tartelettes with Parmesan, Smoked Salmon, Chicken Consommé, Carpe Braisé à la Chambord, Porc Farci à l'Alsacienne, Ragoût of Truffles, Poularde Maxim's, Salade, Asparagus with Sauce Hollandaise, various desserts. Among the wines were Xères, Madeira, Pouilly-Fuissé, Château Latour, two champagnes, brandy, and a Chartreuse Jaune 1841. Yes—times have changed."

M. Vaudable opened a drawer and took out a small notebook bound in black linen. "This is a facsimile of the famous book written by Hugo, maître d'hôtel during the *époque*. It lists, alphabetically and with great care, the names and addresses of all the great *demi-mondaines* of Hugo's time, their abilities, availability, peculiarities, and special preferences, if I may say so."

The preface, written in Hugo's schoolboyish handwriting, says, "You of today who peruse these lines—do not believe that a reward of any sort whatsoever was given me for this information. I have refused many offers, and this refusal saved my honor as maître d'hôtel. Hugo."

Hugo's handwriting may be schoolboyish, but he certainly was no babe in the woods. His little black book is the most detached *chronique scandaleuse* ever written, a veritable catalogue of the *grande galanterie* that doesn't conceal or censor anything. The abbreviations alone, which Hugo uses throughout the book, give you the idea: A.F. means *à faire*;

R.A.F. stands for *rien à faire* (nothing doing), sometimes softened by the promise P.L.M., *pour le moment* (for the moment); F.S.B. means *femme seule au bar* (woman alone at the bar), not exactly a compliment in those days; and E. 2 A. stands for *entre deux âges* (between two ages, which is a Frenchman's polite way of indicating that the lady is nearer her forties than her thirties.). Finally, Hugo's supreme accolade, Y.M.C.A., *il y a moyen de coucher avec*.

Yes, Those Ladies are all in Hugo's little black book, whether they liked it or not. There is Mlle I.B., "young, very Parisienne, very pretty, always at all the grand galas, before A.F., but since she's become an artist, R.A.F." Mme L.B. "lives with her mother, but Mama is hard of hearing." Mme J.A. is "a beautiful blonde who doesn't like to be contradicted and maintains that when she says no, she means no." But Hugo wasn't easily fooled, for he adds, "That may be so, but I still think she will say yes." And there is Mme A.C.—"very spoiled by her mother and definitely A.F. except on Tuesdays and Fridays," and Mlle E.D., "the little princess," is "a good girl but too naive. She will never get far because she trusts men." (How well Hugo knew his fellow men, too!) Of one Mme R. de L. he writes, "Veni, vidi, vici: she came here for the first time, found her man, and married him. The ungrateful, she never came back."

There are girls in Hugo's book who are reserved for kings and grand dukes only, and others who don't like men with mustaches. Mme D.D., a brown-haired little American, was "enticing but too loquacious. According to her, R.A.F., but I'm quite sure A.F. with a little effort." But on the other hand, there is Mme A.Y.B., "grande femme of rare elegance, very much in demand, but R.A.F. since she is in love with a colonel and very faithful." At the end, he adds once more, "Absolutely R.A.F.!"

I SAID good-by to M. Vaudable and went back to the big dining room. Many people had gone home, the musicians sounded tired, and the place had a defeated look, like a woman who tries hard to look young and can't succeed because she doesn't feel young anymore. A little man was dancing with a voluminous lady, but he didn't look happy. When they went back to their table, he ordered another bottle of champagne. I thought ruefully of the "Merry Widow" song—"And then the corks go pop, we dance and never stop."

Léon greeted me with a sad smile. "Did the *patron* show you M'sieu Hugo's little book? They say La Belle Otero lives somewhere in the south of France, in great poverty. Another one has gone to a Swiss convent. One Sunday afternoon a few weeks ago, I went to the Vel' d'Hiver to have a glass of beer and watch the bicycle riders, and there was one of Those Ladies, selling programs. 'I hear they now have wedding-anniversary celebrations and engagement parties at Maxim's,' she said to me. 'What a shame, Léon! I'm glad I'm not there anymore.'"

Léon gave a philosophical shrug. "Sometimes I wonder whether the *belle époque* was really as *belle* as we try to remember, m'sieu. Maybe we liked it because we were all much younger."

"Yes, Léon," I said. "We were all much younger. Let me have the check, please."

THE END

Shanghai Affair (Continued from page 31)

the split knuckles on my right hand. She frowned and used her veil.

"Join us?" I asked.

"Love me?" she asked, panting.

"Of course I love you, *glupishka*!" I said. "From afar. And that's the way it's gotta stay!"

"Kiss me!" she demanded.

Our faces couldn't quite make it through the bars, but I could feel the marrow churning around in my bones.

"You smell nice," I said.

"Marry me, please!"

"Never."

"Why not?" She was angry again.

"Speak more softly," I cautioned. "People are sleeping."

She started climbing again. I moved around the cage as she spiraled up.

"*Glupishka*," I said, "you are completing the last lap of your pedestrian ascent to the sixth floor. Yet you speak of love. This is why I will not thee wed!"

We'd reached the sixth-floor landing. The cage doors were open. Valya entered and reached up and put her arms around my neck. The boy closed the doors, and we resumed our upward journey. Valya's face was flushed and faintly moist. So were her lips.

"Please," I said, "my arteries—and think of our young friend here. It isn't healthy for him to witness demonstrations like this."

"I know," Valya whispered, eyes twinkling. "Biology was one of my majors. I got straight A's. Marry me?"

"No," I said, "you are too direct. I am of a more oblique era. You were in school a few months ago. It's seventeen years since my sheepskin."

Valya kissed me again—with anger, with determination, as if she'd never kissed me before. This, I told myself, was the last time. Vianor was going to ship her back home—or give me an assignment somewhere in the interior, or farther south, or even where the fighting was. Anywhere.

The elevator stopped; we'd reached the top, the fourteenth floor. We stepped out of the elevator, and stood before her door. Valya looked at me.

"Mark," she said, lips full and chin high, neck smooth and white, "you're going to marry me. You need me!"

"Good night, Valya." I turned to re-enter the elevator.

"Mark—"

I paused. Valya gestured to the Chinese to take the cage away. I indicated he was to wait. She pointed downward, imperiously. He went reluctantly. Then we were alone.

"Valya," I said, "this is good night—permanently." I pressed the electric button. "My dad married again. He married a woman a lot younger than he. A girl about your age. I had to leave home. That was a long time ago. I learn from experience. You find yourself a boy somewhere near your own age. Good night."

The elevator was returning. Valya stood by her door, holding it ajar. Her mouth was vivid with lipstick. On her it looked good. She was a flaxen-haired, white-skinned, athletic, gorgeous, barbarous Russian.

Her blue eyes narrowed. "I'm going to get you yet, Grandfather!"

"No, you're not," I replied, smiling.

"Good night."

She raised her hand.

"Hold it, Miss Ivanov!" I cautioned. "Not three times in one night! Hit me once more, and you'll stand while you eat breakfast!"

"Well, well, good morning," Vianor said, swinging open the apartment door. He'd heard the rumpus.

Valya blushed, pushed past him, and vanished inside, slamming doors.

HOW ABOUT one of these? Vianor had a drink in his hand.

"I need one."

"Good, come on in. I've been waiting up for you two. We've got something hot. Maybe we can still pull a fast one and get it out."

"Save it till after I've had my drink," I said.

He closed the door and followed me, saying, "They've cut the railways, this time for good. The Nationalist armies are running like sheep. Chu Teh and his cohorts are taking over everywhere! It won't be long now."

I got out of my coat and mixed my own drink at the bar.

"Well?" he asked.

"Where'd you get the news?"

"From a Chinese in Communications. Looks like we're the only ones to have it. Air mail goes in three hours, and I've predated so there won't be any trouble."

"Why predate?" I asked.

"We'll get to that."

"Okay," I said, following him into his study. He had a nice place. So did I. But his place was warm. It was perhaps the only comfortable apartment in Shanghai. One wall was glass, the entire wall. I looked out. All of Shanghai glittered on the other side of the International Bridge. Chinese curfew was over, and the streets were coming to life.

Vianor gathered up some typed pages

and gave me the top one. He'd worked on it all night. Huachiying, last Nationalist railway center before Pukow and Nanking, was under heavy assault. Surviving government forces were being abandoned. Two generals had gone over to the Reds. The lesser officers were trying to get away in staff and armored cars, in almost any vehicles they could find.

"Why duplicate?" I asked. "I sent one like this before dinner. Eight hundred words. By radio—" I pushed aside a lot of debris on his desk and found the carbons I'd left for him when I called for Valya earlier that evening. They hadn't been touched. When he came in, he'd covered them with his own stuff.

"Duplicate?"

"Maybe we're the only ones who have it," I said, "but we bought it twice! That so-and-so Communications sold it to both of us." I handed him my carbons. "The minute it came in, the guy in Communications brought it over. That's the last message out of Huachiying."

"You radioed? It passed Censor?" Vianor asked incredulously.

"Radioed, but not past Censor," I said. "The radio operator on a Panama freighter out on the river said he would send it. He hams when he's off duty. He's supposed to call here when he gets confirmation that the stuff got through."

Vianor slumped down behind his desk and tore up his story. Then he took another drink.

"Well," he said, "what's done is done."

"Shouldn't I have sent that?"

"Lord, yes!" he said, nodding. "We've scooped everybody."

"Then what's up?"

"Tell you later." Vianor liked to let things out in little dribbles. Good—or bad.

"I gotta get more sleep," I said, yawning. "I've hardly been to bed before five-thirty since Valya arrived. I can't take it."

Vianor didn't say anything. He was crazy about his kid sister. He'd had a tough time getting where he was. Right now he was on top of the heap; dean of all newsmen in the Orient. He'd been born in the Urals. When the Revolution came, his folks ran east. Vianor was sixteen then. Only he and his mother got through. She married again. Vianor got started in newspaper work, first with Russian-language papers, then doing jobs for foreign war correspondents. Valya was born in Harbin. Then, in 1930, Vianor's mother and stepfather died in a cholera epidemic. Vianor had to get out—the Nips were invading Manchuria and

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his news work made him *persona non grata*. Connections got him to the States. He took his Valya with him. There, he took post-grad work in journalism and polished up his English, and took care of Valya at the same time. He damn near died, he worked so hard. At last he was shipped out to Shanghai as a correspondent. His sister went along. That's where I met them. I was there to cover the Sino-Japanese war. We were competitors.

In 1937, I was on Nanking Road, watching the planes go over, when the bombs fell. Thousand-pounders. A Chinese plane dropped them by mistake. The street was packed with Chinese, everyone looking up, dumb, like me. One bomb struck the side of a building. I felt the blast and saw a rickshaw and two coolies go straight up in the air for seven stories. Eight hundred people perished in two seconds. Then the buildings caved in on both sides. Tile and concrete cornices came down, tons and tons. Splintered glass fell like rain. It fell for five solid minutes. I sat down—I hadn't even been knocked off my feet—and looked at my legs. My right foot wasn't there. I took off my belt and cinched it around the stump, just above the ankle, as tight as I could get it.

Then Vianor Ivanov showed up, running. We'd just had coffee together at the chocolate shop. He'd figured I might have got caught in the blast. Buildings were still folding over into the street. Vianor was cut on the face and arms by falling glass. He picked me up and ran out of there. I don't know how he did it. An avalanche of brick crashing down on the spot where I'd been was the last thing I remembered seeing.

BACK IN the States, I was fitted with a trick foot. I was a while getting used to it. I had to build up a callus. I spent some time in Manitoba, long enough to be able to throw my crutches away, and then I headed for the West Coast. My office wanted to send me to Europe, but I had a letter from Vianor saying that he needed a man; he'd just been made chief. I cabled and asked if he could use me. He didn't reply. Instead, his head office called me from New York and said he'd requested that they ship me out on the Clipper. Vianor and his kid sister met me. She was dressed in a blue convent-school uniform. I almost kissed Vianor, and I did kiss Valya. She blushed. She was nine years old. She wanted to see how my foot worked. I showed it to her and explained that it was better than before—now if my toes got stepped on, they didn't hurt. I promised to take her dancing just as soon as she finished at the convent.

Weekends, Vianor and I used to call for Valya. We'd take her back to the apartment where she would change the convent uniform for a pretty dress that was my idea. She almost died the first time she saw the whole outfit spread out on the bed. One of my girls, Ludmila, had helped me assemble it for her. Then Vianor and I would take her to a movie or sailing on the Hwangpu—we always found something to do. I was studying Russian. It seemed like a language a correspondent should know. Anyhow, all my girls were Russian. On weekends, I really got a drilling. Valya showed me how to hold my lips, and made me say the hard words until I had them perfect.

I didn't get to take her dancing for eight years. Vianor and I shipped her

back to the States on the last boat before Pearl Harbor. She was eleven then. Vianor and I spent the war in Chungking.

Then, two months before, she'd come back—a grown woman. It was a cool autumn day and she was dressed in a snappy red tailored suit, her yellow hair blowing in the river breeze. She wasn't the kid we'd sent away. The first words she said were, "Mark, darling, you've got to take me dancing. You promised!" She yelled it. Suddenly I felt middle-aged and weary.

THE TELEPHONE rang. Vianor got it. "No," he said. "I'm Ivanov. Wait a second." He gave it to me.

It was the radio operator from the Panama freighter.

"Glory be!" I said to Vianor. That was the home office's code confirmation of sneak messages.

"Let's have another drink," Vianor said. He wasn't showing the proper enthusiasm.

"Look," I said, "I need a vacation. Honolulu. My absent foot tells me to go where winter isn't."

He lowered his glass, not fooled.

"What's eating you, Mark—aside from your leg's itching?"

"Nothing."

"Valya likes you."

"I like her."

"She came back here to see you."

"She came to see you, and China, and she came because she was tired of being bossed around in school."

"She came back to get married!" He got up and closed the door. "She's been in love with you a long time."

"You're crazy," I said. "Haven't you got better sense? I'll be a ruin when she's in her glory!" I was getting provoked. Now that we had started, we might as well say everything. "Man, in ten-fifteen years I wouldn't be able to keep up with her."

"Mark," Vianor said, "you're just talking words. You know how I feel. What she wants, I want. I wouldn't mind having you in the family. If it doesn't work out—he threw up his hands and spilled some of his drink—"it doesn't work out! Did she propose to you tonight?"

I nodded.

"What'd you say?"

"No."

"That's what I said you'd say." He noticed my hand, and joked: "What happened? Did you hit her? Is that what got her so steamed up?"

"Accident on the way here," I explained, glad to change the subject. "Our taxi clipped a Chinese. Stunned him and got his clothes dirty, but didn't do him any damage. Valya made me take him in the cab. He woke up on the way to the hospital, accused us of robbing him, and pulled a gun. I had to hit him. Broke his jaw, I think. We left him at St. Andrews Hospital."

"Anybody get your names?"

"No."

"Bad business if they had." Foreigners didn't stand a chance before a Chinese court.

"I've got something more to tell you." Vianor gave me a cigarette. "Sit down a minute."

He held the lighter for me—low, so I had to sit down.

"The master plates for the new gold yuan have disappeared from the mint in Nanking. The one-yuan plates."

"Holy smoke—" I began.

"Hold on!" Vianor interrupted. "We can't send anything on it, not a word."

"What do you mean, we can't send anything?" I demanded. This was big news. It could be as bad for Nationalist China as the A-Bomb had been for Japan. "Have the Chinese papers got it?"

"Everybody has—Chinese Intelligence made the rounds and told everybody. They were here about ten. Told it to me, official—so we wouldn't be able to say we got it by rumor, or a leak. We aren't to file a word with the Censor, or mail anything. No cables and no letters."

This was the news he'd been holding back.

He found a folded poster, opened it, and held it up for me to see. It was in Chinese. It ordered a complete blackout on all items pertaining to the government, declared a state of national emergency, and promised a hole in the head for every editor, typesetter, office boy, and janitor of any Chinese paper that published a word about finance, troop movements—anything! The same punishment would be meted out to whoever was caught distributing such information, rumor or fact, printed or word of mouth. Approved news would be issued by the government.

I looked up.

"Doesn't include us."

"That's what you think," Vianor said.

"They said foreign violators will be prosecuted, punished, and bounced."

"Lord!" I said. Now I understood his lack of enthusiasm when I had told him about sneaking the Huachiying story out, and that he'd predated his stuff so that when it appeared in the home papers the Chinese wouldn't be able to say we had sent it out after the deadline.

"Never mind." He tested his thumbnail against his teeth. "We can always say it went out before they got the word around—if they monitored it—and if they trace it back to us."

We sat there a while, quiet, wondering what time the radio ham had completed transmission of my story.

"Do you know how big this money deal is?"

"I've got a vague idea."

It was the same as if the master plates for the one-dollar bill had been swiped from the U. S. mint. The country could be flooded with counterfeit money—but genuine money; inflation no one could control. Add a civil war—and put the plates in the hands of the enemy.

"They got a line on who did it?"

Vianor grunted. "Criminals, they said. The mint superintendent and his aide were found shot to death one morning—and the plates missing. Only the one-yuan plates."

"What do you think?" I asked.

He thought what I was thinking. Criminals wouldn't take only the one-yuan. They'd grab a higher denomination and get rich quick. But the smaller bill was politically the most valuable. There were Reds in the Nationalist Party, right in the government, high up. Someone in the government, someone big enough to be able to get into the mint out of hours, had probably pulled the job.

IT WAS dawn outside. There was a haze of smoke from the filthy city as six million people lit their morning fires. I said, "They can't keep anything like that quiet, not in China."

"They've done pretty well so far," Vianor argued. "It happened six days ago."

"Six days—" I said. "If the Reds got 'em, old Chu Teh's got the plates in his hip pocket by this time!"

Vianor thought out loud. "Maybe not. Last night they said nobody, *nobody*, got out of Nanking. They missed the plates right away. The corpses were still warm. All roads and waterways were blockaded. They netted a lot of Reds; they think they got the organization. Only official traffic has been allowed out, and only toward the south, Shanghai, here, away from the Red lines. And that's been searched."

"So they admit it's a Communist job?" "They don't," Vianor said. "They said criminals, but they *thought* Reds—else why close traffic to the north?"

We had seen the Nationalist currency inflated to over fourteen million for one U. S. Then, a couple of months back, the government had withdrawn the worthless paper and issued a new currency backed by gold: the gold yuan. Four yuan for one U. S. If anything drastic happened to the new money, the people who weren't already Red would turn color out of sheer disgust.

"I'm getting a list of everybody who's come out of Nanking in the last six days," Vianor went on.

"Ask for a list like that, and Valya will be carrying you a basket of food to jail every day. I'll be in Honolulu." I picked up my overcoat.

"You aren't thinking," Vianor said. "Names'll be in back issues of Chinese papers; they weren't muzzled till last night." His eyes twinkled. "You better stick around to carry that basket. I might starve—because Valya will go anywhere you go."

"I'll change my name, so help me!" I said.

"Change hers. Save yourself a lot of trouble."

I got mad. "You're a helluva brother!" I said. "I got in trouble with a girl as old as she is the year before Valya was born."

"Is that why you're running?"

"Yes," I said. "I know what happens when a man my age gets hitched to a bobby-soxer."

"Tell me—I'm interested." He stopped grinning.

"All right," I said, "he falls in love. The girls falls out of love. Maybe *she* doesn't know it, but *he* does. Then someone young comes along. Young as she is. Once I was the guy. When it was done, she and I found out we didn't even like each other! And her husband couldn't hold her. She ran off with someone else right after I pulled out. It killed her husband. He'd begun to die the day he knew

about me—the rest was gravity." I took a breath. "I don't want to die that way—not even if I've got it coming!"

"*Ladno*—" Vianor said, interrupting. "Enough. That she loves you, this I knew. That you had come to want her equally, about this I wondered."

I didn't flare up. I said, "I'm leaving on the first plane that'll squeeze me aboard."

"Wait a second," Vianor said. "You're stealing my stuff. I'm the Russian. But do you realize you are the character out of Dostoevski? Crime—and punishment? You're turning down Valya because you've at last found a way to atone for a child's sin. That's it! Mark, you're mad! You're *scrupulous*." The phone rang. "I'll tell you about it someday."

Vianor listened for a moment, nodding, said thanks, and hung up.

"Callahan," he explained. Callahan was the correspondent for *News Mag*. "There's a sweep on: plenty of Chinese and about half the Russian population are being arrested. He said to keep away from the police."

"They won't bother you," I said. "You're American."

"Callahan said they've picked up four or five naturalized citizens. If that radio was monitored—"

"Well?"

"How about sleeping here, on the divan? I'll get you some blankets."

"Make you feel better?"

"Yes."

I took a hot bath, bandaged my hand, and turned in. But the glass wall let in too much light. I couldn't sleep. In my mind, I kept going over the evening I'd had with Valya.

CURFEW was from eleven P.M. to five A.M.; between those hours, no one could move in the streets without being roughed up by the police and jailed. And robbed—the police weren't paid enough. The curfew was a security measure: to prevent fifth columnists from seizing the city in a sudden night coup. So—we were stuck wherever we happened to be at eleven, and tonight Valya and I had been at the Metro. We'd got together with Callahan and his girl, Ludmila, a little before curfew lifted. Callahan asked Valya for the dance. They'd gone when I asked Ludmila if she cared to dance.

"*Nyet*," she said, tossing her head. "I do not desire. I am tired." So was I.

She finished her drink while we watched them dance.

"You love her?" Ludmila asked, not bothering to look at me.

"She," I said, "is too young for love. Remember when you helped me select

ribbons for a little girl's hair? She is the little girl. I am her brother's friend."

"I was seduced by my brother's friend—at seventeen," Ludmila said. "How old is she?"

I shrugged and laughed, but I was annoyed. "Nineteen."

"Then you will not be the first."

I kept quiet. After a moment, Ludmila said, "I have offended you. You love her! Will you marry?"

"I have no intention of marrying anyone."

She persisted, "Is she innocent?"

"Probably," I said, going into a slow burn.

"Hah, you love her!"

I said nothing. She was baiting me. She said, "I am going to marry!"

"Whom?" I asked. "Callahan?"

"Yes."

"Congratulations." I lifted my glass and touched hers and we drank to it. "When?"

"Soon," she said. "He hasn't asked me, but I will trap him! It is time I became a wife. I'm twenty-nine."

WE WATCHED them dance. Ludmila said, "I want to go to New York. Either I go to New York, or I go to the Soviet consulate. My father would turn in his grave if he thought his daughter would return to Russia."

I had to laugh. I said, "You'd look good with a pitchfork in your hands and straw in your hair. A collective farm might be just the place for you."

I stood while Callahan seated Valya.

"Tell me, speak truthfully, I am an old friend of his," Ludmila said, speaking to Valya in Russian and pointing at me, "do you love him?"

Valya colored. Callahan was embarrassed. I began to burn again. Valya turned and looked me in the eye. She nodded. There was a silence, then Callahan said, "Something's happening, something big. Just before I left the office—"

"Will you marry him?" Ludmila interrupted.

"What happened?" I asked, prompting Callahan.

He took a breath and went on: "Chinese Intelligence came to see me—asked a lot of foolish questions."

Valya looked at me. Ludmila watched us, with her lips curling into a wicked smile.

Callahan said the Nationalist government had inherited half the evils and all the corruption of the Manchu dynasty under the Empress Dowager. The top men were worth billions. The people were starving.

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"Ignore this *krasny bandit*!" Ludmila said, speaking to Valya. "Tell me, will you marry Mark?"

"In his inaugural address, March 4th, 1861—" Callahan went on, top speed, "Abraham Lincoln said, 'This country with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it.'"

"Yes," Valya said. "I've wanted to be his wife since I was a little girl."

Callahan stammered and stopped. Ludmila's eyes lighted up; she reached over and patted Valya's hand.

"*Molodets!*" she exclaimed. "You will be! While you were dancing so closely with my bolshevik, this one spoke of you. I said you had had others. He was furious."

Valya looked at me, sudden, eyes questioning, unembarrassed. Callahan glanced at his watch, grabbed Ludmila's coat, threw it over her shoulders, and hustled her away. As she went, she called over her shoulder, laughing:

"He loves you. I saw it."

There was an awkward moment; then we laughed.

"C'mon," I said, "curfew's over."

OUTSIDE it was dark and raining. The doorman warned us to stay close to the bund. Chinese mobs were rioting all over town, but the waterfront was under control.

After we were in a taxi and rolling, Valya told me: "You're marrying me!" "I'll give the bride away," I said, laughing it off, "and be godfather to your children."

"Father of our children!" Valya said. She kissed me on the mouth. "When'll I be Mrs. Mark Lansing?"

"Never," I said. "Where'd you learn to kiss?"

She drew back, looked at me, then laughed. I told the driver to step on it.

Valya put her hand in mine. Her fingers were trembling. "Mark, I waited for you. It wasn't any trouble at all. Can I be your wife, huh, please?"

It was the wrong moment for a joke. I didn't say anything.

The driver yelled and slammed on the brakes. A figure had come out of a dark side street, moving fast. We skidded and clipped him with the front fender. There was a thud, and he ricocheted into the gutter near the mouth of a storm drain and lay there.

Valya was out and running the instant we skidded to a halt. The Chinese was young and muscular and wasn't hurt. He started coming around while I examined him. I got fifty U.S. out of my wallet, stuck it in his pocket, and hauled Valya back toward the cab. She jerked away, horrified. I heard running feet—coming our way. I had to work fast. Valya wouldn't leave the Chinese. I got him into the cab, on the floor, just as another Chinese arrived. The driver gunned the motor, and we got out of there. The new arrival tried to jerk the door open. I held it shut until he fell off.

"Mark!" Valya gasped. "You were going to leave him!"

"And fifty bucks—" I reminded her. "This is China, honey. He isn't hurt."

"It's criminal! And he lost something he was carrying when we hit him."

The driver wanted to know where to go. He was more scared than I was. I told him St. Andrews, the nearest hospital. Before the war, when British and French and Japanese ran the Shanghai police, when the International Settlement had

foreign courts, I wouldn't have had to run from the scene of an accident. Today we didn't dare drive our own cars. If ever a foreigner bumped a Chinese (and sometimes they'd deliberately break a leg or push an unpopular relative under the wheels) and was taken into Chinese custody, it was all over but the keening.

Suddenly the Chinese was wide awake. He thrust Valya away and fumbled at her feet and mine, roughly, frightening her.

"Slowly!" I cautioned, in Chinese. "You're on your way to a hospital."

"Where are they?" He struggled to get off the floor, but I held him down. He relaxed. Then I saw the gun in his hand. Valya kicked his arm, and I slugged him. I hit too hard. She grabbed the gun and chucked it out the window. I wrapped my knuckles, then felt around inside his clothes for some sort of identification. I didn't find anything. We drove up to the receiving entrance of St. Andrews and had him unloaded. I told them we'd found him in the street. I kept my hand in my pocket. Valya stayed in the cab.

Then we were rolling again.

"Thanks," I said. "You saved my life."

"Don't," she said. "Please, Mark, forgive me. I didn't know."

"I didn't either," I admitted. "Maybe I've been over here too long. I'm getting as savage as they are. It's time I got out."

"With me!" She'd got her second wind. I found an envelope on the floor; it had fallen from the Chinese's clothing. I put it in my pocket. "With me for a wife."

The cab pulled up at the Shanghai Mansions. We'd arrived. I shook my head, no.

Then she slapped me.

UNEASILY, I woke up. Then I saw why. Six Chinese were standing by the divan, watching me. Others were spread around the room. One was last night's driver; he was bleeding from both ears. Another was the Chinese we'd left at St. Andrews. Both looked scared sick. The one with the cracked jaw mumbled and pointed at my hand—the bandage. It was like a bad dream. The clock said I'd been asleep about twenty minutes.

Then I saw the big Chinese. He grabbed the taxi driver by the hair, shook him, and asked if I was the one? Then, when the driver was slow to reply, he smashed an immense palm against his ear. I felt the pain in my eardrum.

I came to life. I threw back the covers, put on my foot, and asked them what the hell they thought they were doing. Everybody was interested in my foot. I got up, stamped it in place, and kicked the nearest Chinese off the corner of my robe. He jumped away. Then I crashed against the wall and flopped onto the divan. The big Chinese had hit me. I lay there, coming to, watching things happen. The big guy gave orders, and the others obeyed. Vianor was dragged from his bed and Valya from hers. She came first, fighting like a fury. It took four of them to handle her. I tried to move, but I couldn't. I'd never been hit so hard. The big Chinese gave her my robe and told the others to turn her loose. She covered herself—then saw the shape I was in. The big guy kept her away from me. He told the others to take her robe if she gave any more trouble. He spoke the Shanghai dialect with a northern accent. Vianor was brought in. I sat up, still uncoordinated. The big Chinese held out his hand. I flinched. But he didn't strike: he

wanted something. I pointed at my coat. One of the men picked it up from the chair, shook it, and threw it on the floor. The Chinese I'd kicked got hold of me by the hair. Vianor was cussing. Valya tried to get to me. Her robe was jerked half off. She stopped. The big one asked me where it was? I told him it was in my coat. I thought they wanted money.

My head was pulled back until my neck cracked. Chinese were on each of my arms, folding them against my back. I got slapped. Then they searched the place; efficiently, no disorder. The big one checked my coat pockets and found the envelope the Chinese had lost in the cab.

The big devil went over to the one with the broken jaw and slapped him across the mouth. Down on his knees, the Chinese put out his hands to protect himself from another blow.

"Not to be trusted, these hands," the big bruiser said, crushing them in his. Valya sat down on the floor and closed her eyes. The big Chinese came back to me.

"Where is it?" he asked grimly. "The package—where is it?"

Then the police arrived. They made a racket and demanded to be let in. One of the Chinese holding me got a knife out. I butted him in the face. The big fellow knocked the blade out of his hand.

"No," he hissed, "fool!"

One of them checked the balcony. There was an unlocked door that led to the freight elevator. The big guy looked us over.

"You'll never make it," I said. He was thinking of taking us along. He didn't say so—he didn't have to. It was going to be hard to get us out of the building, two of us in pajamas and a barefoot girl with only a robe.

Valya made up his mind for him. There was no one between her and the bedroom. She dashed for it, and slammed and locked the door. The police thundered on the outer door. Without Valya, the only way Vianor and I could be taken was limp.

The terrified taxi driver began to yell for help. He was silenced and hustled out through the balcony exit. Then they were gone.

VIANOR let the police in—enough for an invasion: ten municipal and two in plain clothes, special police—nasty. They'd been making too much noise to hear anything. And they weren't interested in what I told them. They weren't after the Chinese. They were after Vianor.

Both of us told the ugly ones, the special police, that he was American. No, they said, Russian. Not anymore; we argued. They weren't interested. The Bureau of Communications had sent them after Vianor, and they had him. I told the two in plain clothes that they couldn't arrest the head of the News Bureau. We were licensed by the Chinese government.

They told Vianor to hurry up.

He dressed warmly. The jail wasn't heated. I said in case there was any delay, I'd be down to spring him. The door closed.

I tried to light a cigarette. The police had stolen the silver cigarette lighters.

"Well, *tovarisch*," I told Valya, "find me a match."

She went to look for one. I armed myself with a glass paperweight and went

out on the balcony to the service hatch, shot the bolt, and secured the hasp.

Valya was waiting, alarmed; she hadn't known where I was.

"Get dressed. We've got to get Vianor out."

"All right." Her heart was beating hard. I could see the pulse in her throat, and it jarred against the robe over her left breast. "All right, Mark."

I got up, went around her, and picked up the phone. I found the consul's home-phone number in an index on the table—a junior consul; they do all the work.

The guy sounded tired. He'd been busy all night. Communist partisans had blown up the tracks between Shanghai and Nanking and, on top of everything else, some bad news had been radioed out without being submitted to Censor. He didn't know by whom.

I interrupted and told him about Vianor. The consul said he'd go right down and get him out. He'd already sprung two of the boys—Shotwell and Meyer.

WHEN I hung up, the phone rang. Callahan. Shot and Meyer were at his place. The money trouble wasn't a secret anymore. Leaflets had appeared on the streets announcing that the gold yuan would soon be worthless and that the Reds would arrive, bringing the common people a stable government and economy. The leaflets had appeared early the previous evening, and they had started riots. Callahan said to call him back if I heard anything, or if I needed some help in prying Vianor away from the police.

By the time I'd shaved, Valya was dressed and had breakfast ready. The table was set for three, but she looked worried.

The toast was still warm when Vianor returned. He had a paper showing that he was a VIP and wasn't to be molested. He had another for Valya and one for me. He said he didn't know if his was going to work. They were mad at him. The Chinese didn't know which outfit had radioed the Huachiyang story. They threatened to close all news services unless the offending party came forward.

"They'll have to work fast if they're gonna kick me out," I said. "I'll be gone. I'll write them a confession from Mani-toba."

Vianor gave his head a jerky, impatient shake and said, "I'm counting on you not to walk out on me until this mess is straightened out."

"I'll stick that long," I said. Valya poured coffee.

We were still at the table when another

police outfit came to get Vianor. He showed them the VIP paper and they checked by phone, then retreated. One after the other, four more teams knocked on the door, some plain clothes, some uniformed, all from different departments. Pandemonium.

"*Bozhe moy!*" Vianor exclaimed, as he threw down his napkin while the last group trooped out. "I never knew I was so important! Listen, what was in that envelope in your coat? I reported the whole business to the police, and to the consul, while they had me down there. I had no choice."

I'd examined it before I turned in. I said, "Authorization for passage north aboard a military plane. Flight time was about an hour after the accident."

"The envelope wasn't what they were after."

"That guy we hit with the cab was carrying something. Valya said so."

"Mark," he mused, "you think it's possible he had the plates?"

"No!" I said. "I refuse to!"

Just then Hwa, our Chinese clerk at the office, called and said that he wasn't able to get in. Seals had been pasted over the News Bureau doors. He was afraid to break them.

I went down, split the paper seals and told Hwa to go over the Chinese papers of the past week or ten days and make a list of people who'd come out of Nanking. When he got all the names, he was to look in the official *Who's Who* of people in the government and get what he could. Hwa said Shotwell and Meyer had sent Chou, their Chinese clerk, over to borrow it.

"When?" I asked.

"Last night, Mr. Lansing," Hwa explained, "before curfew. Mr. Chou came to my house and asked if we had such a book. The need was very urgent."

"So?"

"So we came here and I loaned the book to him. Did I do wrong?"

"No," I said, weary, "just go get it!"

I started home. Halfway, the taxi was held up by a procession: twelve men in funeral clothes escorted by soldiers. The twelve were roped together and walked in single file. They beat drums and wore sandwich signs saying they were criminals—small merchants caught giving short weight, or black marketing, or speculating. They were on their way to the execution ground. Crowds lined the curbs, yelling and applauding.

This was one of the symptoms. The Chinese people were just desperate enough, and poor enough, to be dangerous if they ever got out of hand. They didn't have anything to lose. So the big

crooks in the government tossed them small fry to maul.

The condemned had the giggles. They had never before received so much attention. Only one seemed to realize what was about to happen. He couldn't remember to beat his drum. A soldier kept reminding him with a little switch.

I changed my mind about going home. I didn't see anyone tailing me, but I was uncomfortable. I changed taxis three times. Then I took a room at the Hamilton House, top floor.

Upstairs, I called Vianor and told him where I was. Then I called my Chinese boy: no answer. I called Hwa and told him to hold the fort—I was going to be asleep for the next eighteen hours. I undressed as I talked. The radiators weren't working, and the suite was clammy cold. I wanted to get to bed. I asked Hwa if there was anything worth filing. One of his routine duties was to check the vernacular press for material we'd be able to whip into news. He said St. Andrews Hospital had been entered and a patient forcibly removed.

"He was just discovered in an alley close to where Ivanov lives. He had been mutilated—both hands severed. There was another man, also dead. Freshly killed, both—"

"Anything more?"

"An actress. She is provoking a sensation—"

"Name?"

"Mi Tai-ch'ang. . . ."

I called the hospital and explained that I was the News Bureau. I was told the Chinese had been removed within an hour of admittance. I hung up and tried to get my thoughts straight. Then I called Vianor. He'd already heard. The janitor had found the bodies. He asked me what I thought.

"I think," I said, "you better put Valya on the first transportation out of here! She can come with me. You, too."

I called the consulate and told them to put the three of us down for immediate evacuation. They said there'd be a boat in four days, a plane in forty-eight hours, but they weren't sure there was space. I told them we'd take the plane.

Then I went to bed. The sheets were as cold as marble.

IT WAS dark when I woke. The telephone was ringing.

"Mark?" It was Valya's voice.

"Maybe," I admitted. My watch said 9:30; I'd been asleep since noon, and I wanted to keep on sleeping until breakfast.

"Mark, listen! Something's happened."

I listened. Shotwell's interpreter had

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called up from somewhere in the Chinese city. Vianor had already gone. She told me the place: he'd written it down for her. He'd asked her to call me.

"Slow down," I said. "Did he say he wanted me to come?"

"Mark, someone's been killed."

"What?" I sat up. "Who?"

"I'm not sure—"

"Not Shot or Meyer?"

"I think so. Vianor only said to call you. Then he ran."

"How long ago?"

"Just this minute!"

"I'm on my way."

She said, "Be careful!" just as the circuit closed.

I GOT OUT of my taxi just as Vianor paid for his. We didn't have any trouble finding the place. There was a Chinese mob milling around in front of an apothecary shop. The fat shopkeeper and his assistant were screaming for them to go away—they'd break the neon sign. There was blood on the sidewalk, and its trail led into the shop. Then we saw Chou inside, scared white. He led the way into the back room. We could have followed the trail of blood. Meyer lay on the filthy floor, flat on his back, eyes open, blood leaking from a hole in the side of his head. Shot was sitting on a stool, leaning against a moldy stuffed tiger. His head had fallen back. His eyes were closed. He was still alive, breathing in big gulps like a goldfish. Blood was pouring out of him.

I tore open his clothing. He'd been hit in the neck, low down, just above the clavicle. I stuck my fingers in the holes in his neck, anything to stop the blood: he was bleeding to death before our eyes.

"Chou," I asked, "did you call an ambulance? Call the police?"

He had. Vianor went after bandages. Shotwell opened his eyes.

"We've got everything under control," I said. "Just a few minutes, and we'll have you in a hospital."

"I want a priest," he said, and closed his eyes. He knew what he needed.

"Chou," I said, "get on that phone. Call Saint Mary's Mission. Ask the operator." He did as he was told. The phone was on the wall, close to the door. There'd be a priest at Saint Mary's, and it wasn't far from us.

Vianor dumped an armload of packaged bandages onto the cases. "They're ancient," he said, "but they're cleaner than your fingers."

"Please—" Shot said, "don't. Stay like you are."

I hung on, the blood pressing at my fingers. I had my thumb against the hole in the front of his neck, and my middle finger, same hand, closing the hole in back, where the bullet entered—only he was still bleeding. I couldn't stop it.

Then the big Chinese came in—the guy who'd bossed the raid on Vianor's place in the morning. First he bent and looked at Meyer. He straightened and looked at Shot, then at Vianor and me. He was as surprised as we were. He asked, "Is that one dead, too?"

Shot stiffened under my hand; my fear had gone into him like an electric shock. Chou turned from the telephone at the sound of the voice. He looked at the stranger, and you could see he was paralyzed with terror.

"Yes," I said. "He bled to death." I was so scared my mouth tasted salt.

Shot's blood was hammering against my fingers.

Chou had dropped the receiver. It swung from the phone box and rattled against the plaster. He backed away.

The big Chinese had taken a gun from his overcoat pocket—a little thing with a big silencer. He pointed it at Chou and pulled the trigger.

Chou shrieked and ran for the door, trying to get past the stranger. The big Chinese calmly shot twice more. Even in the half-light, I saw the dust spurt from Chou's coat. Then he went down, still screaming, still trying to get to the door. The big Chinese stepped on his coat to stop him from squirming, glanced our way to see if we had moved, bent and fired into Chou's ear, twice. Chou shivered and curled up.

The Chinese straightened, smiled, and told Vianor and me: "Come with me."

"No," I said.

"I insist!" He didn't raise his voice. "You must, I insist." He used the gun like a forefinger, scolding us.

We didn't budge. I felt nailed to the floor. I was wondering how far I'd get if I made for him; I was wondering if my feet would move. The Chinese made up my mind for me by reading it. The gun steadied, looking right at me. He was still smiling.

"Please," he said, "immediately."

"Took five rounds to kill him," Vianor said quietly, nodding at Chou. "You were lucky with the foreigners. Caliber's too small. Seven rounds. Your gun holds eight. You've got one round—think you can stop both of us?"

The smile faded. Out front, the apothecary and the crowd were screaming. Then, above the uproar, we heard a siren. The big Chinese went out. For the space of a breath, there was a hush, and then the apothecary resumed his yelling. The killer had gone.

A TELEPHONE was making thin, squawking sounds. Vianor got it.

"Please," he said calmly, "a foreign man has been badly hurt. He needs a priest—"

"I'm still alive!" Shot said, his voice filling the room. "Never mind the priest. That was the same gun. Listen—" Then his voice faded.

Vianor told the mission where we were, and for the priest to come running. He wiped his face with his handkerchief, and his hand shook. I had cold sweat running down the small of my back and from under my arms.

"Listen"—Shot was breathing in big gulps again. "Listen—Meyer and me. We made a list—it's still there—in the office." He spoke in snatches between breaths. "Some were coffins. Waste of time. Ran onto big wheel. Economic board. We said we were American paper. Chou translated. Big wheel talked—national—security. People leaving Nanking searched in national interest. Getting this?"

"Sure," Vianor said, "keep on."

"We told Chou—ask why he hadn't been searched. Chou said no, afraid to. We made him. Old guy said—for us—to—get out. He was scared—of us. So help me!"

"Mark?" Shot got hold of my coat. There was a lot of jabbering out front. Some Chinese came through the doorway with guns in their hands, police. My mouth felt as if it had been pounded full of rock salt. "Priest, Mark?" Shot asked.

"Any second," I told him. "Police came. Why did you get shot?"

"Dunno—" he faded.

"Who is he? Who are you?" a Chinese policeman asked, sticking his head over my shoulder.

"Get away, turtle!" I yelled. "Tso, wamba!" He got away. Vianor detoured the others. There wasn't any ambulance. "Go on, Shot," I said, "keep talking!"

"Father," he said, lips not working right. "I want to confess. Father, I'm dying!"

"Vianor," I called, "what the hell am I going to do? He thinks I'm a priest! I'm not even Catholic!"

Vianor got to my side again. "Shot," he said, "listen, boy"—he spoke directly into his ear—"I'm Vianor. Mark's here, too. A priest is on his way. Hear me?"

"Good—" Shot gasped. "As we went out, a girl came in. Two men with her. Bodyguard. Downstairs, I sent Chou to get more dope on her. She lives with the big wheel. Her name—I can't remember Chink names. Actress. Green eyes—"

His voice got louder, but he left pieces out. "Meyer said drop it—we'd get in trouble. He'd spotted somebody following us. Same two—her bodyguard. Caught us in the alley. Big guy cut us off. Other one shot. Got Meyer first. I picked him up. Then I got it. They pulled out. Street full of Chinks. Nobody helped. I got up and yelled at Chou. He came back—dragged Meyer in here. I said telephone. Meyer's dead?"

"Who was the big wheel?" I asked.

"Tell us names," Vianor said, trying to hammer it through. "Shot, names."

"Names—" he repeated, "names? Meyer's dead. Me, too. Where's the priest? Where is he?"

"Here I am, my boy," a voice said, coming up behind me. The priest put something around his neck and set an unlighted candle and a little jar on the packing case.

"Hurry, father," Shot whispered.

The priest bent over him and said urgently, "Can you tell me you're sorry for your sins?" There was a little pause, and then Shot nodded and gasped, "Sorry—"

The priest bent over and listened, but only for a second or so. I hung on while absolution was given, then communion and anointing. The father touched his thumb to the solidified oil in the jar and touched Shot's eyelids, ears, nose, lips, and hands. Shot was in a coma. Then he was dead. One long sigh.

I took my hand away. It clung for a second, part cramp, part coagulated blood. I started through Shot's pockets—once the police got to them we'd never know the score.

But I didn't find any list. Neither did Vianor; he searched Meyer. It was in their office, as Shot had said. A police lieutenant said we'd have to come to headquarters and make a report. That suited me fine. I wanted an armed escort out of there.

THE CROWDING Chinese in the street made a noise when they saw my hand and sleeve. The ambulance was just arriving. I told the lieutenant that I wouldn't go anywhere without changing. He didn't argue. I was a mess.

Four cops came with me to the apartment and waited while I washed and changed clothes, from the skin out. I had to scrub my right hand with a brush.

I drank half a water glass of whisky. Then I went with them.

We told what we knew. I repeated everything Shot had said. The Chinese police rang for someone to take it in shorthand.

He wanted a description of the big Chinese. Vianor gave it: black hat, long black overcoat, black Chinese slippers. Eighty per cent of China looked like that. I mentioned his size and the northern accent.

The captain showed his teeth and said that the criminals would be brought to justice—it was a matter of national honor. There was nothing more to be said. We rose to leave; he reminded us that we'd be required to file sworn statements.

"When? Any time before the inquest?" Vianor asked.

The Chinese shrugged. "Soon, please. I am leaving. So are many others, perhaps also the coroner. I can release the bodies when I have the statements. An inquest is unnecessary—"

"Unnecessary?" I asked. "Murder and no inquest?"

"I am leaving," he repeated. "The army will take charge here." He closed the discussion. "Return and sign the transcribed notes: that will be sufficient. There will be a charge—for the reporter."

We left. The army was about to take over; it wouldn't bother with civil affairs. It couldn't even cope with the military situation.

The street was clear. We waited inside the door until a taxi rolled by, and flagged it.

We didn't talk. We had one idea: to get Shot's list, the list that led him to the "big wheel." The big Chinese was the big wheel's bodyguard. He'd killed to silence. Shot and Meyer had been working on the currency deal and had run into something—something important enough to the opposition to make them willing to kill to keep it quiet.

"Hear what Shot said?" Vianor asked suddenly. "The big one didn't shoot them, just headed them off; his pal did the shooting. The big guy only returned to finish the job the other one fluffed. He had three rounds in that gun, not one, and didn't use them. I've been wondering why not?"

So had I. I'd been wondering what the Chinese had lost when we bumped him; what he'd been taking north. Whatever it was, the big Chinese thought we had it. I asked, "Think they're Reds?"

"I think," Vianor went on, watching the street and speaking Russian, "like you and Valya, that that package contained the one-yuan plates. I think *they* think we've got them."

The Chinese police wouldn't help us,

not if a "big wheel" was involved; not unless we got all the facts and published them and the orders came from Nanking. That was our only chance. I thought of asking to be locked up until plane time; Valya, Vianor, me. That wasn't any good—China's Communists weren't all in Chu Teh's armies. There were about three million sympathizers in Shanghai; about thirty thousand active Reds; waiting, under orders, placed everywhere. Some were in the police. There was no place to hide. We had to keep moving.

We got out at the building where Shot and Meyer had their office. We hadn't been followed. The elevator wasn't working, and the safety grill was stretched across the staircase. I climbed up and squeezed between the hinged grill and the fixed ornamental crown grill. Vianor followed. The lights were all out, and the building was deserted.

Inside their office, Vianor switched on the light. I started to close the door.

"What for?" he asked. "The light shines through anyway—and we won't be able to hear if anybody comes."

We left it open.

What we'd come for was on top of one of the desks: clippings from Chinese newspapers, stapled together chronologically; added was a typewritten list of Chinese names from the newspaper clippings. Mr. and Mrs. Chia. Mr. Kwei. Mr. Hsia. Mr. Yui. Mr. Tsai. Miss Mi . . .

The first four were checked in pencil. That might mean they were working on the fifth. One of the names was familiar. I'd heard it before. It came to me just as we heard the sound in the hall.

VIANOR stepped over and snapped off the light. I took a deep breath and listened. My mouth was full of brine. Everything was dark, the entire building. We listened to the footsteps.

"Come out, thieves!" A Chinese voice said. "I am armed!"

It was the night watchman.

I picked up one of the typewriters and heaved it through the half-opened glass door. The crash echoed and re-echoed from the stone corridor. We heard the watchman running away and shouting bloody murder.

Vianor flipped the light switch, he and I scooped up the list and clippings, and we went down the way we'd come up, only faster. We crawled up the creaking grill, squeezed through, and dropped.

The watchman had gone down the back stairs and was making a racket at the rear of the building. It was time for us to think about pulling out—but there was a car parked directly opposite us, across the street, lights out.

"What d'you think?" I asked. "It wasn't there when we entered."

"We weren't followed," Vianor said. "We're just excited."

"That's the Gospel truth!" I admitted.

We stepped out of the unlighted building and started down the street. The clock on the bank building read ten of eleven. The instant we emerged from the building, the parked car's rear door opened and closed again. Whoever was in the car was as startled as we were. The door opened a second time, all the way, and the big Chinese put one foot on the pavement. An alley ran down the side of the building; we turned into it and ran like hell.

WE WERE halfway to the next street when headlights swung in behind us, the roar of the motor amplified by the narrow walls. My shadow was suddenly two hundred feet long.

"Over here!" Vianor shouted.

We splashed through some slime and ran up a pile of ashes and garbage and through a narrow passage—which turned into a dead end at a locked iron door. So we ran back. I slipped on some filth, but the passage was too narrow to allow a man to fall. We were caught as nobody ever got caught before.

Then I saw some loose bricks heaped on a crate of ashes. I grabbed two. Vianor got two more. The sedan crossed the passage entrance, slowly, shutting us in. They didn't know where we'd gone, and they didn't expect an attack. The driver snapped on a flashlight beam and pointed it right into my eyes. I slammed a brick at where his head should have been. The beam dropped. I heaved the second brick through the open rear window: range, about four feet. The driver screamed and the car bucked, jumped forward, and stalled. Vianor put both of his bricks into the back seat, hard. To my amazement, nobody did any shooting.

Vianor and I squeezed between the rear fender and the corner of the passage. The rear door on the far side opened, and someone stepped out and fell down, moaning. Another figure stumbled out and started shooting—the big guy. We ran back up the dark alley the same way we'd come, Vianor on one side and me on the other, each hugging a wall so we wouldn't make too good a target against the brighter street at the mouth of the alley. Geysers of sparks shot up in front of me as bullets splattered along the cobblestones. He was shooting at our legs.

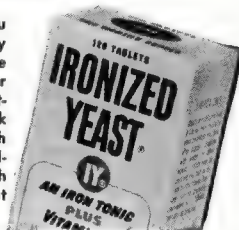
Then we were out and on the street again. When we got to the intersection,

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FEEL TIRED?...
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some rickshaws raced up and asked did we want some pretty girls? We took them as far as the bund, then switched to a cab. It was starting to rain. The driver didn't want a fare; he wanted to get off the street: curfew was close. We shoved handfuls of yuan at him. He took a chance.

"The big Chink was going to check Shot and Meyer's office," Vianor said. "Just as we did—same reason."

VALYA let us in. I closed the door, snapped the lock, and fastened the safety chain. The big guy and his crew had originally got in by slipping a blade through the door molding and tripping the lock tongue.

"I was worried," Valya said quietly. "Honey," I told her, "you and me both."

"What happened? Who was—hurt?" I poured myself a drink, a stiff one, and another for Vianor.

"Go to bed, Valya," he said. "Shotwell and Meyer were shot to death. So was their clerk. Murder—" he said, lifting his glass, "at the hands of persons unknown. That's what the inquest's going to decide."

"How did—"

"Go to bed, Valya!" I said.

She looked at me for a second, nodded, said, "Yes, Mark," and started out.

"Look," I told Vianor, "I'd like to stay here. Curfew any minute, and I like the altitude." Vianor nodded, still drinking, not bothering to come up for air.

I was pouring myself another drink when Valya returned with my bedding.

Curfew sounded. I got on the phone and called the consul at his home. I told him about Meyer and Shot and asked about the evacuation plane: Were we on it, or not?

He was dumbfounded by the killings and wanted details. I wanted to know about evacuation. He said it was policy to accept women and children first, and there had been a sudden rush. The panic was on. If there was space, he'd see to it that Vianor and I got aboard. Otherwise we'd have to wait for the next plane, or the boat. Miss Ivanov could fly for sure.

I told him to check with the police, about Shotwell and Meyer, and then I hung up.

Valya was frowning and shaking her head, eyes dark.

"No!" she said, "No, Mark! I'm not going anywhere without you two. Not an inch!" We didn't argue. She was going to leave.

Vianor had taken off his coat and was emptying the pockets of crumpled newspaper clippings. I got out those I'd snatched up, and the typewritten list. Somewhere in the scraps of paper was a key to the identity of the murderer. Dumb luck—bad luck—had led Meyer and Shot right to him.

"They killed them first crack," Vianor said. "We're still alive. Not because we're lucky—they want us alive. Have you given it any thought?"

I'd been giving it considerable thought. By now the big Chinese must have reported that Shot and Meyer hadn't just happened along, but were working with us! He'd been surprised when he found us in the apothecary's. The next meeting, at the building where Shot and Meyer's office was, had cinched it. Shot and Meyer had been executed because the big wheel supposed they knew a lot more than they had. We were alive be-

cause he supposed we had a lot more than we had. The Chinese stunned by our cab had been an errand boy carrying the one-yuan plates. If by some fluke the big guy recovered them, we'd get the same treatment as Shot and Meyer. If he got hold of us—and he was trying hard—and we didn't produce, we'd envy Shot and Meyer.

I had two more shots of whisky, and then Valya brought in a pot of tea. Tea was the last thing I wanted, and it did me more good than all the whisky I'd had. The warmth put the alcohol to work.

We were safe until five A.M., when the curfew lifted. I began to slack up. I took another sip of tea and burned my mouth. I'm one of those people who shouldn't get drunk. I can drink, but not get drunk. I get unpleasant. I kept my mouth shut and drank more tea. Vianor studied the clippings silently, frowning.

Valya started to pour more tea for me. I reached out and touched her. I tried not to, but I did. Vianor watched. My forefinger touched her chin, then traced the line of her throat, then the fullness of her breast. Valya paled, but didn't pull away. I felt a lock of her hair.

I said, "I don't like your hair. I didn't mind when you were a little girl, but now you're a woman I don't like it."

"What's wrong with it, Mark?" She wet her lips and put down the teapot. "Tell me. I'll do it differently."

"It's blonde," I said.

"I could dye it." She smiled, but her chin quivered.

"You can't change the way it grows," I said. "It grows yellow. Like flax. I don't like it!"

"Go on to bed, Valya," Vianor said, rising. "Don't mind him. The liquor's talking. Good night."

I laughed. I was drunk! Valya took the teacup from my fingers. My hand still ached from holding Shot. I told her: "Go to bed! Good night! Get the hell away from me!"

She didn't go. She said softly, "Mark, darling, tell me about that girl—the one who belonged to someone else. Yellow hair, hadn't she?"

I told her. She winced at every word.

"She was my stepmother!" I said. "He was my dad! He was losing her; he was too old and she was too young. Someone was bound to come. With me, maybe he thought he could control it—"

"No!" I stopped myself. "I don't know what he thought. I hated her. And I hated me. She went away with someone else. Dad died. Now get away from me!"

Valya got to her feet. Impulsively she bent and kissed me; then she went, almost running.

I sat there, alone.

Vianor had left the clippings strewn on the coffee table. I looked at them a long time before I touched them. They were numbered. Shot and Meyer and Chou had gone at the job systematically.

The first clipping was a week old—about Nanking's being closed to outgoing traffic. An important figure had been murdered and theft perpetrated by subversive elements. The victim wasn't named; the mint wasn't mentioned.

Another clipping, a day later, said that large-scale sweeps had netted a number of Communists and sympathizers in Nanking and its environs. During this period there would be no commercial or civilian traffic out of Nanking, only military and official.

Same date, different paper—the third

clipping announced that Chia, ex-governor of Sinkiang, together with his wife, had been received in Shanghai. Aboard the same train were the wartime officials, Kwei, Hsia, and Yui.

Chou had circled each name with a blue pencil. Then I saw why they'd been checked off; at the close of the article—fouled-up journalism—it was mentioned that Chia and his wife were on their way home for burial. So were the rest. All of them had died years ago during a Nip bombing attack on Chungking. Then I remembered what Shot had mumbled about people in coffins wasting his time.

The next clipping was an article about a Mr. Tsai. He was executive secretary to the Economic Board. He had arrived from Nanking four days ago. He was the big wheel, name unchecked; Shot and Meyer had never returned from the interview. I put it down without finishing. I needed one more figure. Mi Tai-ch'ang, the actress. Hers was the next name on the list. Shot hadn't been able to remember it; I had.

She was in the next clipping, same date. This was her first appearance in Shanghai. She was appearing under the patronage of Mr. Tsai, as in Nanking. Then there was a theatre ad. I read the address; it was just around the corner from the apothecary shop.

I could just imagine the rest. Meyer and Shot had gone to Tsai's hotel. They'd been granted an interview that hadn't amounted to a damn. Then, on spec, smelling something, they'd told Chou to ask why Tsai hadn't been searched on leaving Nanking. Chou hadn't wanted to; he'd had more sense. They had insisted. Tsai had said that the executive secretary to the Economic Board wasn't likely to be annoyed by police on the lookout for criminals, not in any country. Then they'd been kicked out.

Tsai had brought the plates, now lost, from Nanking; he was a big enough wheel to get into the mint at will. He'd believed Shot and Meyer actually had something on him—and had sent the bodyguard to finish them.

The bodyguard, one of whom had been the big Chinese, had returned and told of encountering Vianor and me. By now, they'd decided Shot and Meyer hadn't been working on their own but had been sent by us. They'd decided we had the plates, had the dope on Tsai, and were trying to sell the plates back to him!

I got up, went to the desk, and typed the whole thing out, a breakdown, step by step. It took me about an hour. Then I read it. It held water, and it made me sick. I knew they'd never turn loose.

AFTER I checked the lock on the front door, I went into the bathroom to undress. The electric heater was still on, and slippers, robe, and pajamas were waiting on the hamper. Perfume and toilet-water bottles were lined up on an illuminated glass shelf, and strands of Valya's hair glistened on her brush. Yellow hair. Gold-yellow. I took a strand in my fingers and stretched it until it snapped.

I remembered Dad. He was a missionary. He and I had gone back to his home town in the States on leave. Mother had died the year before. He and I stayed with one family and then another, a week at a time; each meal at a different table; homes and tables of people who contributed to the church and wanted their money's worth. So Dad talked

while his food got cold. When it was time for us to go, the head of the house would usually slip a bill into his hand. Two-thirds of the time it was a dollar.

Dad met my stepmother one of those evenings. She was the daughter of the house. She'd been married young and widowed young. I was sixteen. She was two years older. She didn't see Dad. She saw China—pagodas and brocades. She didn't see herself fighting the bedbugs. She didn't see herself unpacking a barrel of old clothes and then sitting down to write a letter of thanks. You needed barrels. Maybe out of six barrels you could get two decent dresses. Most of the things would be given to orphans and beggars to fill the baptism quota. There was a quota: Back in New England they fixed the number of converts to be brought into the fold. It was entered in the church's mission ledger, credit and debit: so much paid out—so many heathens converted per annum.

And in the end you died of dysentery. Dad started asking what I'd think of having a mother? He asked me half a dozen times, different ways, but never straight out. I never understood, on purpose.

I understood his wanting her. I was sixteen. She was prettier than my mother had ever been. North China turned a white woman's skin to mud. But I couldn't figure out what she saw in Dad. He was old when I was born. He was old when he was born. It was the China angle that got her.

At last Dad came out with it. We three went for a walk in the park. The grass was dead and the ground frozen. There were snow clouds in the sky. It was casual as hell and as engineered as a bridge. He held hands with her and asked how would I like to have her for a mother?

She was just a kid. I was taller. I blurted out something that turned out all right. We all blushed. She insisted that I call her by her first name. I did—Phyllis—and we blushed again.

Then, a few days later, Dad asked if I'd like to visit my aunt and uncle in Manitoba.

I LIKED Manitoba. It was clean and far away. Best of all, my aunt and uncle didn't speak in parables. And my uncle damned up one hill and down another—they were relatives on my mother's side.

Manitoba was too good to last. One day I got two letters saying that they'd been married and would meet me in Bismarck, North Dakota. Dad's letter was self-conscious and cluttered with words. I didn't

finish it. I put it in the fire and opened the other one.

Her handwriting was still school-girlish, tiny, and very legible. She called me "Mark dear." It was the sort of letter she thought a mother would write.

Before we left the farm—my aunt and uncle were going with me as far as Bismarck—they made a little advance birthday and going-away feast for me. My uncle stood in front of the fire and made a speech. He said that they had never been happier than during the time I'd been with them. So they'd decided to draw up their will.

I was the sole beneficiary. The farm and all they had was to be mine when they were gone. He said the Lord knew it wasn't much, but it was beautiful. In the meantime, my room would always be ready for a sudden visitor! I got tears in my eyes.

In Bismarck, there were a few confused minutes on the icy station platform. Then the train was moving, and we were on our way to Seattle.

I sat opposite Phyllis and Dad until my stepmother suddenly shifted over and sat beside me; she said riding backward made her feel funny. She looked about fourteen. I got up so Dad could sit with her. He pushed me back. He said he wanted to look at us: both his!

The conductor came by and asked for tickets. He said to Dad, "Fine pair of kids you've got there!"

The *Hiye Maru* had bad weather from the start. At the end of the third day, only a handful showed up for supper. And there were only four of us at the following day's breakfast. It got rougher.

PHYLLIS and I had supper together, alone in the dining salon. I got up and held her chair when she entered. She was pale. Dad had been in his bunk since the first day. After we'd ordered, she asked, "Mark, how long will it be like this?"

I shrugged. "Most of the way, I guess. He pretty bad?"

She wrinkled her nose, then laughed. "Look," I said, "if you want, we can switch cabins. You stay in mine. I'll take care of him. It doesn't bother me. You should get out in the open more. Then you won't feel bad."

She shook her head. "I'll stay where I am. Thank you, very much."

"Lord," I said, "that's nothing!"

"Maybe I will get out in the open. But isn't it windy on deck, and cold?"

"Sure," I said, "it's wonderful! Wear that red sweater and your raincoat with the hood and the pleated skirt so you can climb the ladders. You might as well

have a good time. There's nothing you can do for him."

The next morning after breakfast, I took her on deck. At first she couldn't get her breath and was frightened. She clung to me for dear life. We went up to the boat deck, and the Japanese captain saw us and nodded to come on up to the bridge. I introduced them. He laughed and said I had a lovely sister.

I asked if we could go on up to the open deck above the bridge, the highest point on the ship. He laughed and told us to go ahead, but to be careful.

The wind up there was roaring. We could see aft past the stacks and over the stern to where the twisting butter-milk wake vanished in the mist. But the thrill was in looking down on the bow and watching it plunge like a submarine deep into the sea, then rise, faster and faster, as though God were pushing it up with His hand, bringing the sea with it and hurling it into the air; tons and tons burst into spray, stung our faces, and hissed away. Each time the prow boomed into the sea and began to lift, Phyllis screamed and clutched at me. I'd put her hands back on the binnacle railing and stand so that if she lost her grip she'd still be held by my arms.

THE DINING salon smelled like an ever-green forest that night. The stewards had stood a big fir tree in a corner and had begun decorating it with tinsel and cotton and thin glass balls. The decorations shivered and swayed with the roll and plunge of the ship, and when the propellers came out of the water the vibration sent artificial snow drifting down from the branches.

Phyllis laughed and pulled me along with her. She had to touch it. She had been like that when I first met her, young and eager. She'd been changed when we met on the train. They had been married a month, and there was a tightness about her mouth that hadn't been there before—and a certain impatience in her movements and gestures. I had seen this grow more pronounced during the week in Seattle. Now she was as she'd been in the beginning, before they were married. Only now we weren't strangers.

That evening, Christmas Eve, we helped the Japanese stewards finish decorating the tree. Services were scheduled, but only one Catholic father and a couple of nuns got out of bed to do anything about it.

In the morning, the ship was like a mortuary. I struggled through the passageway to Dad's cabin—and met Phyllis coming out. She had on her storm clothes. I wished her a Merry Christmas. She

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remembered it was my birthday. The sea threw us against the side of the passage.

"Wait," she said, "I'll go back in. I've a present for you!"

"Not now," I said. "Were you going on deck all by yourself?"

She nodded.

"All right if I come with you?" I asked.

"Of course. It'll be ever so much nicer." She gave me a friendly smile.

The *Hiye Maru* was shuddering and twisting, and we had to balance ourselves against the bulkheads. First we went to my cabin. She stood outside the open door, in the corridor. The door wouldn't stay open, and she couldn't keep her balance. She had to come in. She left the door open. It slammed. I looked at her, and she reddened. I got into a sweater, put on my coat, and we went out. I went first. She waited. The corridor was empty. I held the door for her.

Outside, the decks were sheets of ice and running water. It was like riding an eleven-thousand-ton roller coaster. Tears blew out of our eyes, and our faces felt dead. The wind got under her skirt as we rushed into a trough between waves. She released the rail to hold it down. The shock of the following wave hit us, and she fell. I caught her.

We entered through the cabin hatch nearest my cabin. I took off my coat and helped her out of hers. Both of us were frozen. I opened my door and threw our things on my bunk, and we went on to breakfast. The dining salon was closed. Sometime during the night the wires securing the tree had snapped, and it had crashed down. The furniture had been lashed in a heap in one corner, and the bulletin board said that meals would be served in the cabins until the storm abated. So we fought our way back to the cabin, and rang. A Japanese steward brought trays, one at a time. He said we were the champions. The second time he went out, he released the door. I'd fastened it open. I couldn't get up and reopen it without losing my tray. So we laughed again. I sat on one bunk and braced my feet against her bunk; she sat opposite and braced her feet against mine.

We smiled at each other and ate. Her yellow hair was mussed from the wind; when she fell her hood had blown back. I felt grown up. She'd accomplished that by hesitating before leaving my cabin until I made sure that we weren't observed.

She finished, wiped her lips with her napkin, and said, "Merry Christmas! Merry, merry Christmas!"

I rang again, and the steward took the trays away. She reached for her coat. I didn't want her to leave. I blurted, "I'm glad you're with us!"

She looked at me. "Truly?"

"Truly!" I swore. "You're just swell. There'll be things you won't like, but I'll do my best to make things easy. I promise."

She got to her feet, bracing herself.

"Must you go?"

"I think so," she said. Suddenly she put her hand out, like a boy. "Always friends, Mark!"

We shook on it, hanging to opposite upper-bunk frames with our free hands. Then she gave me an abrupt kiss, partly on the cheek and partly on the nose. I helped her into her coat.

Her hair touched my face. I kissed it without intending to. She looked at

me, startled. The *Hiye Maru* heeled over and brought her to me. I caught her by the elbows. Then I kissed her on the lips, clumsily. Flashes of light exploded behind my eyes, blinding me. Then, for the least instant, she pressed herself to me, toes touching my feet, knees against mine, coat open and thighs against my thighs. I released her elbows, caught her closer, her body against mine, her bones pressing into me, firm breasts forced against my chest, lips together until the pressure opened them and our teeth met.

She tore herself away. Deathly pale, then crimson, then pale again, she pressed her hands to her cheeks. I didn't know what to do or say. She was the only girl I'd ever kissed.

"Please," I begged, almost in tears. "I didn't mean to spoil everything. It was just—"

"Don't!" she said, voice muffled and indistinct. "Don't! Oh, let me out. Please let me out!"

I fumbled with the door.

"Wait, my hair—" She'd caught sight of herself in the mirror over the washstand. There were tears in her eyes, and she was trying to smooth her hair.

"Here," I said. I gave her my comb and military brushes. "Forgive me," I begged. "Do forgive me!"

"Please, please, please don't say anything!" she begged. The more she tried to fix her hair, the worse it got. At last she threw off her coat and tore out the hairpins and did it over, fingers trembling.

I didn't know what to do with myself. I pulled on my coat.

"Where are you going?"

I turned. She met my eyes in the mirror.

"No"—she shook her head—"not till I've gone. You'll have to see that no one's around."

I sat down on my bunk and waited. The cabin was small and my heart embarrassed me, it beat so loudly. I pressed it.

"What's wrong?" she asked, her voice almost normal.

I looked up. She'd been watching me in the mirror.

"My heart is beating," I said. "I love you."

She caught her breath. I said, "I'm not coming home to Kalgan with you and him. I'm going back to Chefoo, to school. I love you—and I hate him. You will, too. I think you do already."

She wouldn't let me help her into her coat; she got into it by herself. I saw that the passage was empty, and she hurried past me. Then I went back in the cabin and closed the door. One of my military brushes lay in the basin. I picked it up. There were gold strands of her hair tangled in the bristles. I started to remove them—then pressed them back in and stood where she'd stood and brushed my hair with hers.

I STAYED away for two years, even during the holidays. Then I went home to Kalgan. Dad insisted.

Phyllis was thin; her breasts had almost disappeared. She dropped things. There was a little sore where she constantly gnawed her lip. She was twenty. I was nineteen.

There was a guest at dinner, a young field man for China Petroleum. When Phyllis passed things to me, her fingers trembled.

Dad went away on the second day—

to visit Christian Chinese in the villages. He was gone ten days. The oil man visited the two of us a few times, and then stayed away; I wasn't hospitable. Her fingers trembled for him as they did for me.

Dad returned, and went away again. We asked him not to. He said she had companionship; he had work he'd too long neglected.

That night she broke. I heard her sobbing. She was lying face down in bed, hair loose. At the sound of my voice, she caught her breath and twisted around to face me, indistinct in the dark. I heard myself ask if she loved the stranger. I shook her, kissed her, and demanded to know if he'd ever kissed her. He hadn't. She didn't have to reply. I wasn't thrust away. She waited. Then I kissed her as during two years of nights I'd dreamed of kissing her.

In the morning, we hated each other. She wasn't the girl I'd seen in my dreams. And it was the stranger she wanted; she hadn't known until I re-awakened her.

They went away together. Chinese pirates seized the boat off Hong Kong. They were killed during the boarding.

I ran. Dad came back to the mission and sat silently in his study until he died.

I had never stopped running. Then I came face to face with the girl who had haunted my dreams. I met her the day Valya came back from America.

THE PHONE rang. My watch said two. The elevator boy said a man and woman had just come in, and they wanted to come up. I told him to put them on the line.

"Mr. Ivanov? Mr. Lansing?" It was a feminine voice. I said I was Lansing. Her name?

"Mi Tai-ch'ang."

"Mr. Tsai's friend?"

"Yes." She chuckled.

I wasn't amused. I asked, "Is Tsai with you? Or the ugly big one?"

"No, no," she said, "the Soviet consul, Mr. Apakaiev. It is urgent."

I believed her. It was urgent for me, too—the first chance I'd had to learn the score. I asked if she'd care to come up alone.

"If you wish." She didn't hesitate or consult anyone.

"Please," I said. "I am armed."

"No, no"—chuckling again—"I will be alone."

I told the elevator boy to bring her up. Then I put on the robe and went out on the balcony and looked down. A limousine was parked in the otherwise deserted street. A lone figure came out of the building: the chauffeur held the car door and he got in. The car didn't drive away; it waited. I checked the freight-elevator hatch. The fire escape was okay. The fire escapes couldn't be climbed, only descended; counterbalances held them out of reach from below.

I didn't wake Vianor nor Valya. I wanted them out of it.

I opened the door, checked that she was alone, then slipped the safety chain. She entered without hesitation. I fixed the door and asked for her coat, a soft gray squirrel. She said she'd keep it on. I said she wouldn't: I wanted to see what was inside—armament, not female. There was a .25 automatic in the pocket. I confiscated it. She raised an eyebrow, but didn't protest.

Her Chinese gown was of vivid-green cut velvet, long-sleeved, but slit high at the sides. Unlike most Chinese, she had breasts—and wasn't ashamed of them. I opened her purse: it contained nothing lethal. She took it back, and asked, skeptically, "You are the one-legged man?"

I lifted my pajama leg until she saw metal. She frowned, then chuckled.

"I thought I would meet an old man!" She lay back in a chair. I sat opposite her. Her cat eyes reflected the lamp glow. The slit gown exposed one leg to the thigh. She tilted her head, and asked, "You recognized my name?"

I gave her the clippings: Tsai's first, then hers. She put them aside, still smiling, and said, "I was told you were wary and did not frighten. So I came to bargain. No more violence. You know *what* I am? What Mr. Tsai is? And the others?"

Her eyes were as green as her earrings. Shot hadn't forgotten them, not even when he lay dying.

"Tsai," I said, "is a traitor to his country and a murderer. Ditto the rest."

"Wrong," she said softly, "patriots. Already we are victorious. Those plates will shorten the war and save half a million lives. If many survive at the sacrifice of a few, the few must die. What is your price?"

"Listen," I said, "this isn't a shake-down. My cab clipped your man, but I didn't get the plates. Believe that!"

"No," she said. "No, you have them. Or they have." She looked toward the doors at the far end of the room; she knew the geography. "Do they listen?"

"They sleep," I said. "They know nothing."

"You bargain well." She returned her eyes to mine, sex turned on full force. "A hundred thousand, gold?"

"Listen, honey," I said, "the plates probably lay in the street until some coolie found them."

"A hundred thousand is enough." She leaned forward and touched my hand with her exquisite one. "And—my friendship. Mr. Tsai is not a patriot, you were quite right. His work is soon finished." She nodded toward where Valya slept. "In a few hours she will be gone, flown away. We know everything. There is nowhere a place where our people are not watching and listening. Both of us will be alone, and I have never known one such as you." Her eyes were on my foot.

The big Chinese had only frightened me: now I was nauseated. I tried to draw my hands from under hers; she hung on, fingernails gently biting. Her face came closer to mine. I felt the animal warmth.

"Man downstairs waiting—Comrade Apakaiev," I reminded. "If he goes off in a huff, you'll have to sit in the foyer until five. I'm kicking you out any second."

Her thumbnails dug in and sliced across the backs of my wrists. Both my hands were bleeding as I threw her away from me.

"Babe," I said, giving her the squirrel coat, "you can have them chopped off, but you can't measure up to the girl asleep in there. She's got everything you've got, and more of it."

At the door, she hesitated and touched one of my wrists and looked at the drop of red on her fingertip. She said, "You will come to me—"

I opened the door, and she stepped out. I kept the gun.

I watched from the balcony. She entered the limousine. The limousine didn't cross the International Bridge; it turned and disappeared in the direction of the Soviet consulate compound.

WHEN I went inside, Valya almost scared me to death. I saw a pale form emerge from the bunched drapes at the end of the glass wall, in the shadow.

"Good Lord!" I gasped, lowering the automatic; I'd almost fired.

"You do want me!" she said. "I've been here since before the telephone wakened you. I was coming to you. I heard every word."

Tears glistened in her eyes. She was breath-taking. "Mark, you love me, really!"

"I do!" I said, "Heaven have mercy on me!" She suddenly turned, re-entered her room, and closed the door.

I lay awake for the balance of the night. The Reds knew we hadn't returned the plates to the government. *Therefore we had them.* If we had really had them, I could have bargained—not for money, but for life and safe-conduct to Nankai Airport, at least for Valya and Vianor.

Suddenly, I saw it. The Chinese who lost the plates hadn't been alone; the running feet, the man who'd clung to the taxi door, had been an escort. He would have checked the street after we'd gone. The plates hadn't been there. That's why they were so sure we had them.

I dressed fast. I'd picked up the stunned Chinese from in front of the storm drain. I wanted to lift the cover and look in the catch basin beneath the slot.

At five sharp, I was on the street. So were a million others. I'd descended the fire escape at the rear of the building. The sky was midnight black and pouring rain. I merged with the tangle of bi-

cycles, carts, wheelbarrows, rickshaws, and pushing Chinese. I'd left the gun behind—they had more use for it than I did. A .25 automatic wasn't going to be much help against the machine that was closing in.

AS SOON as I was on the ex-International Settlement side of the bridge it started—a Chinese moving with the crowd at my left, two others on my right. I didn't bother to look for more. I kept going. They didn't approach any closer, just stuck with me. The two were in police uniforms. I'd never seen them before, but they stood out from the mass as though they were spotlighted—Chinese with a purpose—the rarest thing in China.

I didn't slow at the corner where we'd had the accident. The gutters were emptying themselves into the curb opening. If the plates were heavy enough, their weight would keep them in the catch basin: if not, they'd already sluiced on down into the torrent and were gone forever.

I hired a pedicab. No one hindered me, but the other Chinese went along on bicycles. I handed the coolie a wad of yuan and vaulted out as we passed police headquarters, and sprinted for the entrance.

The captain received me in his office. His eyes narrowed, and his complexion went gray. I told him everything—except about the storm drain. Even as I spoke I knew I'd made an error. I accused Tsai and the girl, the actress, of having stolen the plates from Nanking. I told the captain that if he acted, he could nail Tsai for the government; there'd be a reward, promotion.

"The government," he whispered, his eyes slits, "is finished. Two weeks, a month—then *finish*. And Mr. Tsai—" grinning, he pushed a slip of paper to me across the desktop, an official report. Tsai was dead. He'd just been found underneath his hotel window, in the street, a suicide.

I looked up. The captain laughed, nasty laughter. He was a Red, waiting for zero hour. I tried not to understand. I didn't want to force his hand. I wanted to get out. I asked for a bodyguard.

"But you have a bodyguard!" he said softly, reassuringly. "We treasure you. You and your friends: the man and his sister."

I got up and went out. No one prevented me. The American Club was next door. Callahan lived there. I wanted help. And I wanted a gun.

Callahan was in his pajamas. He let me in and got back to the telephone. I



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locked the door. He told someone that I had just shown up. I realized that he was talking to Vianor. I'd left Vianor a note with the gun and the breakdown I had typed during the night. I'd written that I might come here.

Callahan gave me the phone. Vianor asked what the hell I thought I was doing. Valya had wakened to find me gone. No, he hadn't read the typed pages, only my note, and he had found the gun. Valya had told him about last night.

I said to read what I had typed and stay put. I was checking something. Vianor argued. Suddenly we were far apart: the line was tapped. We hung up.

I was about to ask Callahan if he still had his .45, when Ludmila came out of the bedroom, wrapping herself in a dressing gown. Her hair was mussed and her eyes were sleepy and angry and beautiful.

"Got married last night," Callahan explained, grinning in spite of himself. "Getting married again today, Russian Orthodox this time; consul will be there to witness it; everything official, so I can put her on the evacuation plane. Anyhow, she says we're living in sin till a Russian priest goes through the motions." "Bolshevik!" Ludmila said. "Atheist!" She was happy. So was Callahan.

"Congratulations," I said. "Gimme a gun and good-bye."

He went after it. Ludmila lit a cigarette and curled up in a chair, her eyes on me.

"Sorry I busted in on your wedding morning," I apologized. "Ten thousand years of happiness!"

She slowly nodded thanks, and asked, "What is it? Why a gun? Why—"

"A stitch in time," I said; "nothing important. Not nearly so important as your seeing New York!"

Her entire body smiled. "Mark," she said, "you're coming to the Russian church today—for the ceremony, yes?"

I was preoccupied. I wasn't up against hoodlums and thieves. I was bucking the Soviet war machine. I was living on stolen time.

Callahan returned with a .45, an extra clip, ammunition, and a lot of questions. I talked while I loaded. They listened, struck dumb. I told the story in ten easy sentences.

AS HE LOOKED out at the pouring rain, Callahan, like me, was wondering if the one-yuan plates were washing away through the sewer. He asked, "We recover them, huh—then?"

"I recover them," I corrected, "then bargain. Everybody gets out, safe. Maybe you're involved now, by my coming here. I'm sorry. When all of you are gone, in the clear, then they get the plates."

"Who delivers?"

"I do."

"If there are no plates?" Ludmila put the question.

I didn't reply. If there were no plates, there'd be no delivery. The opposition wouldn't know until it was too late. The rest was the same. I put the automatic in my overcoat pocket and buttoned up. From here on in, I'd never be alone. I was going to try to lose my escort before I opened the catch basin. If they stuck to me, I'd open it in front of them. If the plates were there, I'd need the .45. I'd be alive only until the plates were in their hands. If there were no plates—

"I'll go with you!" Callahan decided. "A guy living down the hall owns another of those cannons. Uncle Stalin

and me have come to the parting of ways!"

"Ummik!" Ludmila disagreed. "To make me a widow before a bride?"

I made for the door. She got there ahead of me. "No, Mark! They follow a man. I go! I can do it!"

CALLAHAN and Ludmila insisted my role was to lead the shadows in another direction. Ludmila would look for the plates and return, unless she was followed—in which event she'd abandon the whole thing and return immediately.

They won. I was to wait downstairs in the dining room until I saw her go out.

While I was waiting, I telephoned the consul. His phone rang twenty times before a woman's voice said that they weren't open, and registration for evacuation would have to be made in person.

I told her to slow up. I was the News Bureau, Mark Lansing, and I wanted—"Oh, yes," she said, "there's someone here wants to speak to you—"

It was the consul. "Lansing? Look here, we've been advised Nanking has issued a complaint against Ivanov, Callahan—he paused, continued—"Meyer, and Shotwell, for violation of security regulations. Ivanov and Callahan'll have to get out on the first plane. I've put them down for evacuation. Flight time's been moved up. The plane's coming in from our base in Japan."

"Wonderful," I said, "and Callahan's wife. He got married last night. And listen—"

"Good heaven!" he interrupted, "we've already got an overload! Now, at the last minute, we're being besieged by people we told to get out weeks ago! I'll squeeze Callahan's wife on somewhere. What nationality? Russian stateless? Like all the rest? You know anything?"

"Listen!" I said. "Shut up and listen! The Chinese who killed Shot and Meyer were Communists. Chinese Reds. They're after Ivanov and me now, and maybe his sister, Valya. They think we have the one-yuan plates. They stole them from the mint in Nanking. How about you doing something about protection? Top man in the police here is Red, won't help. Never mind me, but cover Miss Ivanov, and . . ."

"Oh, Lord!" he interrupted, disgusted. "What melodrama! What'd you do, lie awake all last night thinking that one up? We've had all kinds of tales in the last three days—people trying to get priority on the plane and get out—but yours takes the cake! You newsboys sure have imaginations. We've already had a full report from the police. Shotwell and Meyer were working on a black-market exposé. The police have a line on the killers. Ivanov and his sister go on the plane, but you'll just have to wait."

I hung up and went in for coffee. Sitting close to the window where I could watch the street, I spotted the Chinese who'd followed me there, and they saw me. We almost nodded.

I wondered what a man thought about during the last hours of his life. If I was going to be shot, I shouldn't be drinking coffee—nothing that would spill into the abdominal cavity. I remembered the big Chinese putting two bullets into Chou's ear. Coffee was the least of my worries.

I ordered a second cup. Foreigners came and went. The boys waiting across the street weren't interested. They wanted me.

Ludmila strolled across the lobby, adjusted her raincoat, opened her umbrella, and went out.

I left some money on the table and took a walk up Bubbling Well Road, got drenched, and returned past the spot where I'd mislaid my foot in '37. Nothing happened. I could feel that time was running out.

Callahan didn't open the door until he heard my voice. He had the gun in his hand. In the bathroom, the tub was filling. Ludmila was in the center of the room, and lying on the floor were her shoes, dress, and underthings, everything stained and stinking. She peeled off her wet nylons, weeping with revulsion as she talked. She'd bribed a hardware store clerk to lift the cast-iron cover, and then she'd stepped down into the sewer and, nearly submerged, felt for the plates with her toes. She had dredged up the package that now lay on the table.

Sodden and filthy, it contained a heavy rectangle of gray metal cushioned in dissolving cardboard. I ripped the covering off and found the reverse of the one-yuan note. The other half had gone on down the drain.

Sobbing, Ludmila fled into the bathroom and into the tub. I slipped the plate into my unoccupied pocket, told Callahan to kiss her for me, told him they would be flown out in a few hours, that I'd cleared her to go with him, thanks for everything, and got out.

There was only one ending, but now I could stall until the rest were safe. I figured on going to the office and sitting there until the Reds came. Then it was up to me.

I'd considered going to the Nationalists. But I didn't know whom to approach—who was loyal, and who traitor. In the end, they'd think it was a shakedown and hold all of us while they made an investigation that would be concluded by the Reds.

In the lobby, I got on the phone. The clock said seven. I wanted to brief Vianor on what not to do. No matter what happened, no matter what they heard about me, or from me, he and Valya were to stay in the clear. If they were taken, the game would be over, the opposition would have all the cards.

I called Hwa, the clerk at the office. First, I wanted him to take the day off. He had a family.

There wasn't any answer.

I tried Hwa's house. His wife answered and said Hwa had left for the office.

"When?" I asked. "What time?"

"Early," she said. "More than an hour ago. He was called."

"Who called?"

"I don't know—"

I called Vianor. One of the returned servants got on the line. Mr. Ivanov had gone out.

"When?"

"A few minutes ago."

"Give me Miss—"

"She went, too."

"Where to?"

"The office, Mr. Lansing, with—"

"How long ago, exactly?"

"Maybe twenty minutes. They were in a hurry. Mr. Hwa called. He said you had been—"

I rang off and called the consulate. When he heard my voice, the consul asked, "You again? What's happened now?"

"Listen," I said, "don't be so damn

cute! *The Reds got Ivanov and his sister in the last few minutes.* They may be still holding them at the office, waiting for me. Forget the police. How about some of our military? There're some around—"

"Reds got Ivanov and his sister? You mean—"

"You heard me."

"Where are you?"

"American Club."

"Look," he said, hesitating, "this isn't a gag? That plate talk—"

"I've got the reverse face of the one yuan in my pocket," I said. "Help me, for God's sake!"

"Lansing," he said, "I'm going to have to throw a lot of weight around. I'm going to look awful foolish if—"

I cursed him.

"All right!" he said, deciding. "I'll be along. Where?"

"Our office."

I got in a pedicab and told the coolie to pedal like hell. We got stuck in a tangle of bicycles about half a block from the office. I left the cab and ran.

I picked up two Chinese cops at the corner. They knew me. They weren't Red. I told them there was a hundred yuan in it for each of them if they came with me, that Hwa was having some trouble in the office. They grinned.

"No," one said, "no trouble. Miss Ivanov is there, with the mei-mei. We saw them enter."

"All right," I said. "I'm playing a joke. Come on."

"A hundred yuan each?"

"Yes."

They came along. An ambulance was parked a few yards from the entrance. I cocked the .45 and wondered if I'd be leaving in the ambulance.

I wasn't praying. I didn't pray when things were going good, so I wasn't going to pray when I was in trouble. But if Valya had been harmed—

I got out of the elevator first. We started down the corridor.

A few steps from our nearest door, I motioned for the cops to cover both entrances, a man each—and to enter simultaneously. They got the idea. They seized the doorknobs, both at the same instant. Either they thought my .45 was part of the joke, or that I was having hallucinations.

Only one door opened. The other was locked. The cop nearest me disappeared inside—then reappeared, backing out, trying to open his holster. There were two shots. He got down on one knee, placed both hands on the floor, then lay his face against the tiles and flopped over.

His partner looked at me in astonishment. I flattened against the wall and yelled at him to get back. He was too slow. Two bullets from a second gun smacked through the door and the glass exploded. He hissed and grabbed his face. Then, close to me, his back toward me, a Chinese stepped out of the near door. He fired once. So did I—my slug went through him back-to-front, tore the gun out of his grasp, and slammed it the length of the corridor. The cop leaned his face against the wall, did a deep knee bend, and skidded to the floor.

Then everything was quiet.

I was jammed against the corridor wall—and someone else was inside: at least one more, because two guns of different calibers had been fired.

"Valya," I called, "you in there?"

Our telephone rang, paused, rang, paused, then rang again.

"Valya," I said. "Vianor? Hwa?"

The phone rang.

"Mr. Lansing," a voice said, in back of me.

I twisted around. The big Chinese had come out of the washroom, gun in hand. He held fire an instant, undecided. They wanted me alive.

I got him. He dropped his gun, turned, and walked heavily to the stairs. He started down, then fell. I heard him go.

The phone rang. Then, inside, there was a sudden, violent movement. Valya screamed. Vianor's muffled groan was almost a roar.

I went in.

THE CHAIR was still moving. Valya had kicked it. She lay on her back on the floor, under the window, trussed and shapeless. A Chinese was in front of her, stomping her to keep her quiet. Hands bound and gagged, Vianor shielded the Chinese from me.

He dropped. He wasn't quick enough, or I was too quick. He got hit by my bullet. He was hit so hard that he whirled around and slammed against the floor shoulders first, feet still in the air.

The Chinese was rammed backward and half through the window, taking the glass with him. I kept firing. I missed twice in a row at point-blank range and pounded the metal window frame out of shape. He was shooting too, but not at me; he just hung there in the window, blasting at his own feet, missing Valya by inches. My first shot had gone through Vianor's arm and into the Chinese' chest. I steadied and fired once more. Then the window was empty.

The phone rang.

Hwa was dead. Hands tied behind his chair, he was sitting at his desk. The

base of our spindle stuck on his black-satin jacket like a medal: the point was in his heart.

The phone rang.

"Mark," Vianor said. The jolt and fall had driven the gag from his mouth and released his hands—they'd been bound with his belt. I sat him with his back against a desk. He took the gun out of my hand and watched the doors. I got to Valya. I was beginning to shake.

"Mark?" Valya gasped. "Vianor?"

"It's me," I told her. "Vianor's okay."

"I'm all right," she gasped, half-choking, voice muffled. She'd been stripped of her hose and was barefoot. One stocking had been used to bind her ankles. Her skirt had been pulled over her head like a sack, and tied like a sack with her garter belt. The building was in an uproar.

My hands were too weak to undo the knot. I got the copy scissors. The skin of Valya's body bore the dirty imprint of a Chinese slipper, where she'd been stomped when trying to warn me.

VALYA got to a sitting position I slit the satin of the garter belt, then caught her under the arm and stood her up. The skirt came down and our stamp sponge fell from its folds; she'd been gagged with it and worked it loose in time to scream to me. Her hands were bound with the second stocking. The scissors chewed through it. She gagged and put her hands to her face. She'd swallowed glue.

"I'm going to pass out any second," Vianor warned. "Where'd you learn to shoot?"

Valya collapsed into a chair. I got back to Vianor. People from adjoining offices were crowding around the bodies in the hall and trying to get a look inside.

I used one of Valya's hose to make a tourniquet. The bullet had broken Vianor's arm.

"I'm going to be sick," Valya said. "Where?"

"Anywhere," Vianor replied. "Anywhere at all. We're through around here—" Then he fainted.

I remembered the ambulance. I didn't have to summon them—there was a disturbance in the corridor, and two Chinese in white and a European doctor pushed through; then two more Chinese, with stretchers. I didn't wonder that they'd been so near at hand, or that they arrived so soon. The doctor nodded at the tourniquet on Vianor's arm and got to Valya. I told him that she was to go, too, on a stretcher. She was still shaky on her feet.

"Better if you will accompany—" he

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suggested to me as they were being wrapped in blankets and strapped onto the stretchers. He spoke with an accent and was in a hurry.

"All of us," I agreed. "What hospital, French?"

He nodded. Valya smiled at me from the stretcher. The phone rang: this time I answered it.

A girl at the consulate said she'd been trying to reach us. Flight time had been set forward again. The evacuation plane was arriving in a few hours, they'd just heard. Take-off was twelve that night. Many wouldn't be ready on such short notice so there would be space, did I want it? I said I did and *where was the consul?* She didn't know. He'd rushed out a few minutes ago.

We rode down in the elevator together. The consul arrived just as we left the building. He had six of our Navy boys with him. The street was seething with Chinese gathered around the man who'd gone out the window. The consul was whiter than Vianor. He detailed two sailors to go with the ambulance and kept me with him. The doctor got excited. He wanted me to go along. The consul gave him his card, and I found one of mine. I told Valya to stay put and rest, that I'd be along in a few minutes. The ambulance left without me.

WE WENT to the consulate. I showed the plate. The consul said he would return it to the government after the plane had gone. He called the police and the mayor's office and said that the several dead Chinese had attacked men on consular business: that made it a diplomatic affair. He said that he was satisfied his government would see fit to reward the families of the policemen who lost their lives defending American nationals. When he had finished, I was in the clear.

Then I called the French hospital. Valya wasn't there, nor Vianor. It hadn't been their ambulance.

We started calling hospitals. After two hours, I put the plate in my pocket and walked out.

I went to every hospital in Shanghai. The rain never let up. The sky got darker and darker.

Then it was evening. I telephoned the consulate. The two sailors who had accompanied the ambulance had been found unconscious. One was badly injured; neither had revived sufficiently to be able to tell what had happened. The consul wanted to know where I was. I hung up. I didn't see that it mattered.

When I was on the street again, a little Chinese boy put a theatre ticket in my hand and ran. The ticket was for Mi Tai-ch'ang's concluding Shanghai performance—and mine.

An usher guided me to my box. The place was packed, even the aisles. I had company in the box—two Chinese fullbacks. They smiled and made a place for me between them. The lights went down and the orchestra started in. The cymbals tore holes in me and the violins would have cut plate glass. Hot towels were flying around in the gloom like bats. One of the Chinese with me snagged the towel out of the air, and gave it to me. I wiped my face and hands. The Chinese on my other side poured me a cup of tea. I drank it. I was soaked to the skin and frozen. On the stage, two armies were locked in a death struggle. The troops were indicated by banners fas-

tened to the shoulders of the frenzied generals. All the audience had to do was use its imagination. Mine wasn't working.

The two fullbacks took the .45 and the plate. I didn't object. Somebody surrendered on the stage, and the two Chinese said to come along. Finding the plate had made them jump.

They forced a way down front. We ducked through a low door that led under the stage and went on in the dark. I was pushed against a wall and searched again, not so gently this time. Then we went on to a door faintly illuminated by a blue bulb. They knocked, and the door opened.

It was Mi Tai-ch'ang's dressing room; she had been waiting. She dismissed her *amah* and took the plate in her two hands, laid it on her dressing table, and waved the Chinese out. Then we were alone. She had been removing her grease paint. She smiled and said, "I told you you would come to me."

I didn't have anything to say. I sat down. She wiped off the remainder of the make-up. The performance was canceled. She asked, "The other plate?"

"Where did the ambulance go?"

"You have been difficult," she complained. "You cost us some of our best men—and the delay! The plates must go tonight. Because of you, I had to ask assistance." She was part of the Red technique, a technique as old as Delilah. Well, I was overdue for one.

"Where'd the ambulance go? Who's top man?"

"I am." She smiled as she got into the squirrel coat. "You love the Russian girl, eh? Love is useful in war. Come, we go to her."

A black limousine was waiting. A Chinese with a face like a shovel chauffeured, and another sat beside him. The door handles had been removed from the inside. Mi Tai-ch'ang was tense. She asked, "The other plate—where is it?"

"You show me your horse," I said, "and I'll show you mine."

She laughed nervously. "You never surrender! Chiang should have had you with him. He is fleeing, this moment. We will print millions of yuan and bomb all Nationalist territory—with currency. How long will the people support a government whose armies pay with currency that covers the fields and blows through their streets? Already yuan would be snowing over their lines if you had not interfered. But you were formidable. I had to request the aid of our ally—"

She talked and talked and talked, shivering with intensity. I didn't listen. At last I knew where we were headed: the Soviet consulate. The ambulance had been a demonstration of Consul Apakaiev's genius.

We crossed the International Bridge and slowed down in front of the high-walled Soviet-consulate compound.

One of the Chinese got out and talked through a slot in the closed gates; they opened, and we rolled in and past the main building. We threaded slowly around to the rear, through a jungle of parked cars. From the consulate came music and uproarious laughter. The consul was having a reception.

A MAN stepped into the headlight glare and waved us to a halt. Four or five others materialized out of the darkness: Russians. A flashlight gave them a

quick look at us through the closed windows. It was extinguished and we were let out, she and I; the two Chinese were ordered to stay in the car and exit the way they'd entered. Then we were searched, both of us. One of the Russians took the plate away from her, others felt her coat and body. She spat like a cat, threatening and clawing.

We were taken inside. I'd been there before, at consular balls and press conferences, but never via the rear door. We had to feel our way up the unlighted back stairs. Mi Tai-ch'ang was raging. One of the men shoved her roughly ahead and told her to shut her mouth.

We were thrust and led through a dark upstairs corridor, then up again, more stairs, narrower now, into the tower.

UP IN THE tower, we came to a door. Our guides pressed a button at the side—the door was soundproof. A glaring light suddenly shone in our faces, and an eye inspected us through a thick-glassed peephole. We were let in, she and I and the plate. Our escort turned back. The new guard was the ambulance doctor.

Vianor lay on a couch, conscious but bleached white, arm bandaged and in a sling. He looked at me, groaned, and shook his head in despair. Valya was standing beside him, rested and steady. I went to them. We didn't speak. There was nothing to say.

Mi Tai-ch'ang had turned on the Russian the instant he closed the door behind us. She snatched the plate. But he recovered it, hurting her. Voice like a knife, she screamed at him to summon Apakaiev. He didn't move. She slapped him. He returned the blow, twice as hard. She staggered back and stopped, paralyzed, black with hate.

"Trouble in heaven!" Vianor laughed wryly. Then he saw the plate and stiffened. "That isn't . . ."

"Only half," I said reassuringly. "Half the one yuan, the back. I found it this morning, in the storm drain where the Chinese lost them. I brought half. You're leaving in a few minutes."

Then the buzzer sounded. The guard checked through the square of glass and opened the door. Consul Apakaiev entered. Valya took hold of my hand. Apakaiev and I had known each other for quite some time. He'd been in Chungking during the war. He'd handled press relations. He looked like a successful Grand Rapids day-bed manufacturer. He was dressed for the reception.

"Hi!" he said happily. "Lansing! Well, at last. You rogue! We've been following you around all day."

He turned to Valya and Vianor. "You have no idea how concerned he was about you! He wouldn't stay put. From hospital to hospital, *all day*, in the pouring rain. Look at him—he's wet to the skin."

"Svoloch!" Vianor cursed. Valya hung on to me a little tighter. Mi Tai-ch'ang had quieted. She looked lethal. Apakaiev hadn't even noticed her.

"The plates!" Apakaiev said enthusiastically, ignoring Vianor's epithet. "By all means, let me see the plates."

The guard gave it to him. I didn't comment.

"One?" he questioned, eyes round, looking to me, "not two?"

"Evacuation plane goes at midnight," I said. "Put these two on it, and you get the other plate." I looked at my watch. Ten forty-two.

"Don't be an idiot, Mark!" Vianor protested, trying to rise and failing. "You can't do business with that treacherous bastard!"

"Please, please—Lansing, and Ivanov, please!" Apakaiev protested. "Let's be calm! First, let me explain: we don't especially want the other plate. Each is valueless without its mate. For our purpose, one is quite as good as two. But, as we have one, we might as well have two."

"Such drive!" Vianor interrupted, rolling his head disgustedly from side to side.

"You refuse to understand!" Apakaiev said, genially angry. "Not even Miss Mi understands. We don't want the plates. Also"—he looked at her for the first time since he entered—"we don't want her to have them." He lifted a finger and explained, "My dear, twenty-odd hours ago you came to us for assistance. Since then, of course, we contacted Moscow. They instructed us by all means to do what we could to recover the one-yuan plates, to go to almost any extreme—which we have, you'll grant that? Then we were to destroy them."

Mi Tai-ch'ang's lips were ashen. Apakaiev nodded. "Good. Be intelligent. I will explain further: You had orders to get the plates in order to shorten the local war. This China affair is local, my dear. We must be realistic, must think not in terms of nationalities, but of the World Soviet. What is transpiring in Yugoslavia must never be duplicated. That came of giving an individual too much power, too much success, too quickly. Now"—he emphasized every word of his indoctrination—"your Chu Teh, and Mao Tse-tung, and Chou En-lai, and others, are leading your people to liberation from imperialism and medieval feudalism. There is no longer any doubt about the outcome; already, downstairs, tonight, we celebrate—but—if the conflict is prolonged, if the victory is not too easy, if your losses are great, our ties will be stronger."

Mi Tai-ch'ang bent, found a thin blade in the top of one stocking, at the inner thigh, and went for Apakaiev—it was one motion. But it wasn't completed. The guard fired. So did Apakaiev; he'd had his hand in his pocket for the curtain line. Mi's curtain. She fell, dead before she struck the floor.

"Nationalism!" Apakaiev complained, upset. "We were afraid of something like this. I gave orders for her to be thoroughly searched—" He looked at the slowly relaxing body, shook his head, and said, "A people who will require years of discipline and indoctrination!"

He looked up, changed the subject:

"Believe me, the only reason we want the second plate is that we have orders to destroy both. She, of course, had to go, too, but I hadn't planned anything quite so awkward. You tell me where the other plate is, we'll send for it, and you'll make that plane. I'll take you in my car. Fair enough?"

I nodded.

"Whisky?" he asked. "To seal the bargain?"

I nodded again. He had the twitches. The body on the floor bothered him. It bothered me. Valya was sobbing. Apakaiev sent the doctor downstairs to get a bottle.

Alone, he stood with his back to the door, gun still in his fist.

"Relax," I suggested. He giggled, embarrassed, sat down on the guard's stool, and asked, "Well, Lansing?"

"After the whisky."

"All right. Do you know, Americans aren't very different from Russians. Russians with shirttails in, *da*?"

"*Da*," I said, "sure." He was insane. His entire face was working. He saw us as just so many animated corpses. That's what was getting him. He wasn't going to let us out. Moscow couldn't afford the sort of press we'd give it. We were dead.

I started pacing.

Apakaiev told me to sit down.

"Man," I said, "I don't know about you, but I've got the jitters."

He giggled again. He had two steel teeth. I kept pacing. Valya was watching me breathlessly, a pulse beating in her throat. She understood. So did Vianor. This was the moment: it would never come again. I asked Apakaiev, "Where'd he go for the whisky? Vladivostok?"

He laughed aloud.

Vianor yelled: "Mark, she moved!"

Apakaiev choked and forgot me to look at the body. I got to him before he could blink. The steel teeth drew my foot like a magnet. I couldn't have done more damage with a sledge hammer.

I GOT HIS gun and looked at his watch.

Two minutes to curfew: an hour and two minutes to take-off time.

The buzzer clattered.

I slipped the bolt and let the guard in. He was busy balancing things on a tray. He thought I was Apakaiev. I slugged him behind the ear and kept on slugging until he went down; ice cubes bounced across the carpet.

I gave Valya his gun. "Ever use one?"

She hadn't. I told her to keep it hidden and not to use it unless she had to, then point and squeeze the trigger. We were going down the front stairs and out the main entrance. We had to. As we'd gone

up, they'd locked each back-stair landing door behind us.

Vianor was too weak to walk. I got him off the couch and propped him against the wall. He pushed me away.

"You're crazy! You'll never make it with me. Take her and get out while you can!"

"You got me out," I said. "You weigh two pounds less than I did. Grit your teeth, brother. Here we go." I bent and got him across my shoulder. He weighed a ton.

I told Valya to pick up the whisky bottle and put it in his hand—he was to play a drunk. He groaned. His broken arm was catching hell.

We got down the narrow tower stairs and reached the unlighted third-floor corridor. Valya went ahead of me, holding the gun behind her. She didn't have a coat; it had been left on the News Bureau floor.

When we'd made the second floor, I had to take a breather. And my patented ankle had developed a squeak. We could hear conversation below and a burst of drunken applause.

I leaned against the wall to get rid of some of Vianor's weight, reached around behind me and felt for the bottle. I took a big drink and poured some over Vianor. We smelled like a distillery; that was the only disguise we were going to have. Valya took the bottle and pressed it back into Vianor's hand. He breathed loud, but didn't make any other sound; he was suffering the tortures of the damned.

Below us, they started to sing again.

"All right, honey," I told Valya, "that's our cue."

She didn't falter—she had someone to believe in. I didn't. I knew how scared I was.

We were almost at the bottom when Vianor lost his hold on the bottle. It bounced and ricocheted down the hardwood steps. A Russian stuck his head out of a ground-floor doorway to see what the thunder was about. The bottle rolled to his feet. He looked at Valya, then at me with Vianor slung over my shoulder; he burst out laughing and picked up the bottle and gave it to Valya. He'd never been closer to dying.

"Uzhe?" he asked. "Already? So drunk so early?"

"A disgrace!" Valya agreed. "He brings me, I take him away." They laughed together. Valya sounded as though she wanted to cry. "Go inside, please," she begged. "Don't attract more attention. The shame is enough already."

He bowed tipsily, and went back in and closed the door. Valya steadied herself

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against me, gun still held behind her.

We went on; we had a long way to go. Ahead, in front of the wide-open ballroom doors, there was a blaze of light we'd have to pass through; then another seventy feet of illuminated corridor to the front entrance.

A group of Soviet nationals and Chinese guests, men and women, came out of the ballroom and gathered at the doors, cutting us off; I recognized one of the men who had searched me when I arrived.

We needed cover. Twenty feet farther was an alcove with a telephone switchboard; I remembered it; a male operator sat there during office hours.

WE MADE it. My ankle shrieked like a pump on a frosty morning. The metal was giving way under the load. I squeezed back into the alcove's shadow and propped Vianor partly against the top of the switchboard. I whispered, asking him if he was still awake. He ground his teeth. I patted him on the rump. I loved him almost as much as I loved Valya.

Valya looked at the switchboard, then at me. I pointed at it with my chin, questioning. She shook her head—she didn't know how to operate it. But she slid into the chair and studied the keys.

I leaned over the back of the board and looked at the panel. A tiny yellow light glowed in the midst of the maze. Valya put one of the headphones to her ear, then to mine. Someone was talking in Russian, making love.

We waited there while the Russian talked himself hoarse. Then the yellow light went out—the line was open.

Valya went to work. Twice she rang telephones in the offices that opened onto the front corridor. I jerked the plugs.

Then she discovered the dial at one side of the keyboard. I gave her the number of the United States consulate. We heard the bell ringing, on the other side of town. No one answered.

There were more voices in the corridor—people coming up for air.

I dialed the American Club. They answered. Valya put her lips close to the mouthpiece and asked for Callahan . . . asked three times before they understood her. We heard them get him on the line. I took the mouthpiece; Valya held the earphones for me.

At first Callahan couldn't hear. I told him to ruin an eardrum—I just had to whisper. *I was in the Soviet consulate. I'd found Valya and Vianor—* I gave him the score.

He said to give them ten minutes: curfew had sounded, but the consul was there beside him. They'd been everywhere, then had given up and sat by the phone. Where would they find us?

I said we'd be in the street. We'd wait where we were until the last moment, then make a break. I'd try to time it. We were in the main building; we'd be trying for the big gates.

He said if we weren't around, he'd ram the gates. He hung up.

I shifted Vianor's weight back onto my shoulder, and we got out of the switchboard alcove. We couldn't go on; there were too many people in the rotunda in front of the ballroom doors. We went back. There'd been a door opposite the one through which the Russian had emerged when the bottle fell.

I found the door, listened, opened it a crack; the room was dark. I pushed on

in. Valya followed, but was caught in a blaze of light from the door across the corridor—it had been opened again. The same man came out, followed by two women and another man, all tight.

"Hah!" he told Valya, "you return!"

Valya blocked our doorway and said something about curfew. I got Vianor into a chair. I couldn't carry him a step further.

"Chudno!" the Russian exclaimed. "Now we have you with us until five. We all go home drunk in the morning!" He introduced himself to Valya, then introduced his friends. They pushed on in. Vianor saved the situation. His voice came suddenly from the dark: "No lights, comrades. Enter, please, but no lights! We have here a delicate situation. Please close the door."

They did as they were told. I wondered

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if Vianor was out of his head. He said, "Be seated."

"The next five or ten minutes," Vianor said, "are of vital importance to several of us. We must make a decision."

The Russians howled with laughter. Vianor sounded drunk as a lord, but he was under perfect control. We had to wait. Leaving the building, and crossing the compound, and making connections with Callahan and the consul in the street, was going to take some doing. Our timing had to be perfect.

I sat down and pulled Valya into a chair beside me. French windows opened onto the compound, but looked beyond the walls to the International Bridge and the bund. One of the women said, "Tell us of the 'delicate situation!'"

They howled.

"Softly, softly," Vianor admonished. "We will now speak seriously about the delicate situation."

They quieted. I saw beads of sweat roll from Vianor's forehead. He'd lost a lot of blood. I wondered how long it would be before the bodies in the tower were discovered.

"Scrupulous," Vianor said. I looked at him. "Do you know what it means?"

"Exact, precise—fearful of doing wrong," one of the women said.

"Wrong," Vianor corrected, tongue

thickening, out of focus. "A disease. A mental state."

I hadn't been listening, but now, suddenly, I heard everything he'd said. He was talking to them—at me, completing the conversation that forty hours ago had been interrupted by Callahan's phone call.

"Years ago," he droned, "in Manchuria, I traveled down from the interior with three priests. Two were escorting the third. He had become scrupulous. They were taking him away from his mission. In every good, he saw sin. In every virtue, he saw evil. He refused to participate in the mass. He would not touch the Host. He had excommunicated himself! He did penance, constantly, mortifying his flesh and torturing his soul for sins committed when he was a child—sixty years before. He had suddenly remembered them! Some men do not suddenly remember—they never forget."

"He raves!" a voice snorted.

"Let him!" a woman insisted.

Vianor sagged in his chair; he caught himself, lifting his head wearily. I couldn't get my breath; my throat had closed.

Suddenly, beyond Vianor, a mile away, headlights swung onto the bund, heading our way. They moved fast.

"Mark," Vianor said, oblivious of his surroundings, but still speaking his birth tongue, "Valya told me about the other one. Listen to me: you didn't have to be in the street in thirty-seven—you knew the danger. The foot was a sacrifice. You were in Chapei when it burned, in Nanking when the Japanese came—you wouldn't leave Chungking during bombing season. To sacrifice a man for a child's sin, Mark?"

"This morning, you went alone, unarmed—to atone again? You've wanted Valya since the day she returned. You refused—to make the torment greater? Mark, listen—"

The headlights were crossing the bridge. They were halted, then moved forward again: diplomatic privilege.

"Mark, listen." I was listening. I had a pain in my heart, listening. Then, out of the black void, a warm hand touched mine. Valya had given her hand to me. I kept it. "Mark," Vianor said, voice fading, "today, after you lost her, while you walked in the rain, you completed your penance. If we get out of here alive, figure you've been granted absolution—" He was gone, unconscious.

I got him over my shoulder and lifted. It was time to go. Overhead, upstairs, there was a sudden confusion of running feet.

"What nonsense!" someone said. "Who understood a word?"

I had.

VALYA opened one of the French windows. We stepped out into the rain and started across the compound. All the upstairs lights had been turned on. Behind us, the dark room we'd left was suddenly bright.

We kept going, threading among the parked cars. Men were running along the compound walls, searching the shadows. No one saw us.

We got to the gates. They were chained shut. I put my gun against the padlock and blew it off.

Then we were outside.

Headlights were racing down the black street. We ran to meet them. Vianor didn't weigh anything.

I could smell Manitoba.

THE END

Four Black Orchids (Continued from page 58)

wouldn't have guessed it by the way they talked and dressed and kept things stirred up in Millville. We fellows looked up to them for leadership in everything, and they never let us down. They made the lodge meetings a barrel of fun with their cutting up and kidding, and they practically ran the country club. Not that we minded. They put up most of the prize money for our annual golf tournament, which attracted big-name players from all over the state, and then there were the poker games. If the Big Four didn't sit in, it wasn't a poker game—just penny-ante stuff. But when they played, most of the small fry dropped out and watched while the Big Four locked horns, betting dollars like they were so many nickels.

The Big Four drank some—but not too much—although it was rumored that they really pinned on some windingers at a roadhouse run by a red-haired gal who called herself Fifi De Mere. Of course, there were other rumors, but they all died a natural death. Like the time Laura Tuttle got the job as principal of the elementary school. Laura was dark-haired and blue-eyed and pretty as all get-out, but nobody had anything specific against her excepting she was awful young for the job and she was the daughter of Asa Tuttle, the town handyman and booze fighter. The rumor was that she got the job because the Big Four, as members of the school board, were interested in Laura individually and collectively. They did sort of hang around the schoolhouse a bit, but that was in line of duty, and besides it soon became apparent that Laura was going to marry Ken Lathrop, who was working his way through law school, as soon as he passed his bar examinations. Laura and Ken were inseparable, and their intimacy, when it was carried too far, finally led to conclusive proof that the Big Four didn't let personal interests interfere with their civic duty as school-board members.

One morning, just before daylight, some of the fellows, including the Big Four, arrived at the duck club on the edge of the lake to go hunting, and they found Laura Tuttle and Ken Lathrop sitting close together in front of the fireplace. They were wrapped in blankets, but the fellows knew that otherwise they didn't have much on, for most of their clothes were hung over the back of a couple of chairs near the fireplace. They claimed they had been canoeing in the moonlight, their canoe had overturned and sunk, and they'd just come in there

to get warm and dry their clothes. Nobody believed that, however, on account of it was pretty late in the year to be canoeing in the moonlight, and besides the fellows all told different stories about what condition they'd found Ken and Laura in and the thing sort of got out of hand and became a howling scandal.

The school board, which was the Big Four, held a public meeting. Ken Lathrop proved he'd have made a pretty good lawyer by the way he dressed them down. Then Laura faced them. Her blue eyes were crackling, and her dark hair floated around her head like a black thundercloud. She was so angry and her pride was so hurt that she didn't say the things expected of an elementary-school principal. Asa, her father, made it worse by showing up drunk and creating such a hoorah that they threw him out. The Big Four demanded Laura's resignation while the women in the crowd applauded.

Ken quit school and got a job in a factory in a nearby town. Then he married Laura and took her away.

SOME TIME after that, the Big Four came to the country club for a round of golf and found a crowd of the fellows gathered in front of the bulletin board. They shoved their way to the front where they saw a note, typed in purple ink, stuck onto the bulletin board with a thumbtack. The note said:

To an esteemed member of our club:

You, the husband, will be the last to know what the rest of us know because even your best friends won't tell you, but if you have been neglecting your wife of late, look for a black orchid.

A Well-Wisher

"What kind of a stupid joke is this?" asked Henry Wessup, the banker, who usually spoke first for the Big Four.

The others had been studying the note for quite a while. They'd had time to let the message sink in, and some of them seemed a little thoughtful and uneasy.

"Maybe," said one of the fellows, "it isn't a joke."

"I don't suppose," said another fellow, whose wife was so ugly that it was a standing gag in town that the city council was considering an ordinance to keep her off the streets, "that there's one of us married men that hasn't neglected his wife in one way or another, and I'd be kinda worried myself, excepting"—

and then he giggled self-consciously—"my old woman doesn't bat in any black-orchid league."

There were a few titters at that. Everybody glanced quickly at the Big Four and then looked away and tried to make the conversation general to conceal whatever had been momentarily on their minds.

All of the Big Four sort of flushed and looked sore, but still tried to pretend they hadn't understood that collective look. Basil Miller stepped forward and ripped the note off the bulletin board and laughed kinda loud even for him.

"Come on, boys," he said. "Eighteen holes and the winner gets a black orchid."

The foursome played around, more jolly and boisterous than usual, but they didn't linger for cocktails at the bar, and they went home as soon as they had showered.

Henry Wessup's wife, Helen, who was ten years younger than he and pretty in a brittle sort of way, met him at the door. She was wearing a kimono, and her hair was down.

"Whatever on earth are you doing home so early?" she asked. "Did they run out of liquor at the club?"

"Since when," growled Henry, "does a man have to apologize for coming home?"

"Well, the next time," said Helen, "give me warning. For a moment, I was afraid you'd absconded with the bank's funds."

Henry went in and mixed himself a drink and then he sort of prowled about the house. Whereas he usually wouldn't have noticed if the parlor had just been redecorated with pink polka dots, today he instantly discovered that a framed portrait of his father was slightly out of kilter on the wall. He reached behind the portrait and pulled out a wilted orchid. It wasn't exactly black—just a kind of smoky color—but it was indisputably an orchid.

Henry went into the next room and waggled the orchid in Helen's face and maintained a significant silence, waiting for her to utter cries of confusion or consternation. What he didn't realize was that nothing's a secret very long in Millville, and that the telephone grapevine had been busy all afternoon. By now, every wife in town knew about that note on the bulletin board. Helen appeared startled for a moment, and it seemed that she was going to say something; then she sort of regained control

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of herself and looked at Henry without batting an eye or uttering a syllable.

"Well," said Henry, finally forced to break the silence, "haven't you got anything to say?"

"I sure have," said Helen calmly. "I say that never in my born days have I seen such a silly-looking, bedraggled, secondhand orchid."

"What," asked Henry, taken off balance, "has that got to do with it?"

"Plenty," said Helen. "If, for some unfathomable reason, Henry, you wanted me to have an orchid, why didn't you buy me a new one? Where'd you get that—at a fire sale?"

"I," declared Henry, "didn't buy it." "I should have known you wouldn't buy me an orchid," said Helen. "Not even a secondhand one. Then where did you find it, Henry?"

"Behind my father's portrait," said Henry. "What have you got to say to that?"

"I say that that's a mighty peculiar place to find an orchid," said Helen. "Whatever possessed you to look behind your father's portrait for an orchid, Henry?"

"I don't know," said Henry. "The frame was hanging crooked and I just—Then he blew his top. 'Don't stand there trying to make a fool out of me!' he yelled. 'Who is he, Helen? Who's the man that everybody knows about but me? Who's your lover?'"

"Oh, that," said Helen, yawning a little. "If I did have a lover, it'd spoil things if I were to tell you his name, wouldn't it, Henry?"

"Then," said Henry, and he sort of tottered, "you admit it?"

"I don't admit anything," said Helen. "But, just for the fun of it, dear, try and remember which of your friends is missing sometimes when you play poker until three o'clock in the morning or drink at the bar or do whatever it is you do at Fifi De Mere's place."

Then she turned and started out of the room, leaving him in a quivering heap on the sofa.

JOHAN BASSETT's wife, Dora, was young, small, and childlike. She was in the bathtub when he confronted her that evening with a dusky orchid he'd discovered hidden behind some books in the library. She stared at the blossom with innocent amazement.

"What," he roared, "is this, woman?"

"I wouldn't know, darling," she said. "What is it?"

"This," said John, "is an orchid, as if you didn't know."

"Oh, is that what it is?" she said in a pleased voice. "Fancy that. I've never seen an orchid before."

"Well, you're looking at one now," said John, "and what I want to know is, who gave it to you?"

"Gave it to me?" she asked, raising her soapy eyebrows.

"Yes," snarled John. "Who gave it to you?"

"Well, gracious," said Dora, "don't get cross. I'm trying to think." She closed her eyes and concentrated for a moment. "Anyway," she said defensively, "I didn't ask for it."

"You didn't ask *who* for it?" demanded John.

"Well," said Dora, "whoever gave it to me. I didn't ask *him*."

"And *who*," asked John, chewing the words, "is *him*?"

"I told you I didn't know," wailed Dora. "Oh, John, you've got me so confused and I've tried to be so good, but I get so lonesome and—"

Then she covered her face with the washcloth and uttered strangled sounds. Her shoulders heaved, and John stood there miserably wondering why he hadn't noticed that Dora's air of childlike innocence had long since become a sham and a subterfuge.

BASIL MILLER found his orchid in the garbage pail hidden beneath some orange rinds and potato peelings. He went dramatically into the house to face his wife, Lola, who was dark-haired and sultry in a sullen sort of way. Her eyes widened a little at first sight of the orchid; then they narrowed, and she studied Basil while he fought to regain his power of speech.

"Look," he gasped finally. "A black orchid!"

"So I see," said Lola, shrugging. "On you it looks good."

"What do you mean—on *me* it looks good?" asked Basil.

"If," said Lola cryptically, "the shoe fits, wear it."

"What shoe?" asked Basil, becoming a little bewildered.

"You," said Lola, "have been listening to gossip."

"So," said Basil, "you admit that there's reason for gossip."

"Where there's smoke," said Lola, "sometimes there's fire. Have you been playing with matches, Basil?"

"And, as usual," moaned Basil, sticking to his point, "the husband is the last to hear."

"The wife isn't," Lola told him. "You'd be surprised how long I've known about Fifi De Mere."

Basil flushed and swallowed a baseball that had unaccountably got stuck in his throat.

"You're just trying to change the subject," he said finally.

"I am not," said Lola. "You just name your subject, and we'll stick to it until hell freezes over. Fifi De Mere, for instance. Do you want to go first, or shall I?"

Somehow or other, Basil never was able to get the conversation back to the black orchid—or, at least, not on any basis that gave him peace of mind.

WILMER DEAN didn't have to look for his particular black orchid. When he came home, there it was in a vase on a living-room table, and his wife, Sarah, who'd grown middle-aged in a lovely, patrician sort of way, sat in a chair complacently admiring it.

"Where in hell," demanded Wilmer, "did that come from?"

"Pretty, isn't it?" asked Sarah.

"I asked you where did it come from?" repeated Wilmer.

"I'm sure I don't know," said Sarah. "I went over to have a chat with Clara Morrison, and when I came back, here it was. It's almost black, isn't it?"

"It sure is," said Wilmer darkly, "and I suppose you're going to tell me you don't know who put it there."

"Well," said Sarah, "I've been giving the matter considerable thought, and so far, I've eliminated only one candidate."

"Who?" asked Wilmer.

"You, dear," said Sarah. "If you ever bought me so much as a hollyhock, there'd be thunder and black lightning

and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse would be seen riding through the skies."

"You leave me out of this," said Wilmer uncomfortably.

"I already have," said Sarah. Then she sighed soulfully. "Oh, dear!" she said wistfully. "I do wish I knew who thought enough of me to make that lovely gesture. There's no telling what I wouldn't do for a man like that." She turned to Wilmer. "I'm not really so very old, am I, dear?" she asked.

"You're old enough to know better," snarled Wilmer, "and you don't have to tell me the guy's name. I'll find out for myself, and when I do—"

"When you do," said Sarah, "bring him right home to me, will you, darling?" Then she sniffed the air. "Oh, dear," she said. "Molly's burning the roast again."

SO EACH member of the Big Four found a black orchid on his premises, and although we didn't know the details at the time, the zing began to go out of life for us fellows in Millville. The Big Four seldom showed up at the lodge meetings, and when they did, they didn't sing very loud or crack jokes or cut up. The Big Four hardly ever played golf, either, and when they did, they didn't play together. And, as far as the nightly poker game was concerned, it just died a natural death. Not one of the Big Four showed up, even for a couple of hands, and the rest of the fellows simply lost interest. As a matter of fact, hardly anyone visited the country club at night and, after nine o'clock, you could have shot buffalo in the lounge. It wasn't just because the Big Four had deserted us; although the rest of the fellows hadn't found any black orchids around their premises, they weren't any too sure that none had been delivered, and that doubt served to inspire in them an uneasy form of rectitude and an unnatural inclination to stick around their homes after dark.

Of course, it was tough on all us fellows, but the women seemed to like it, especially the wives of the Big Four, who, it was rumored, had been trying for a long time to break up the intimacy among their husbands.

Then Henry Wessup's wife left town to visit her mother, and Henry was driving around town at midnight, worrying about what Helen might be up to, when he passed the country club and saw a familiar jalopy turn into the driveway. Henry turned his car into the driveway and collared the driver of the other car as he was tumbling with the clubhouse door. It was Asa Tuttle.

"Hal!" said Henry, "I caught you red-handed. What're you up to, you drunken bum?"

Asa looked up at him and spoke mildly. "I beg your pardon," he said with dignity, "but I am no longer a drunken bum. It is not that I lack the inclination to imbibe; it is simply that I can no longer afford such a luxury. My daughter, Laura, and my son-in-law, Ken, have a better use for all the money I can spare them."

"And so you proposed to get it by robbing the club, eh?" asked Henry.

"The money I get from the club is well earned," said Asa. "I became night janitor shortly after my daughter and son-in-law left this town under what you might call unhappy auspices."

"Oh," said Henry. "So *you're* the night janitor?"

"Of course," said Asa, "I do not report for duty until the poker game is over, so that's why you have never seen me. At first it was rather hard on me, what with doing odd jobs during the day, but, for some reason, the poker game has ceased and I get to do my work earlier and—"

"Have you," asked Henry, "got a typewriter with a purple ribbon?"

"It's not that I begrudge helping my daughter and Ken," said Asa. "Of course, if Laura were self-supporting, I wouldn't have to help them at all. Ken could quit his factory job and go back to law school and Laura could earn enough for the both of them by teaching and—"

"Answer me," said Henry excitedly; "have you got a typewriter with a purple ribbon?"

"—but," Asa went on, "the school board of this virtuous city neglected to give Laura a letter of recommendation, and she cannot get a job teaching school." Then he looked Henry in the eye. "Why, yes," he said, "I do happen to own a typewriter with a purple ribbon. Why do you ask?"

For a moment, it seemed that Henry might strike Asa. Then all of a sudden he let him loose and backed down the clubhouse steps laughing like a crazy man.

THE NEXT evening Henry called the members of the Big Four to his house, from which his wife was still absent. He poured them each a drink, and they sat on the edge of their chairs and stared curiously at him. It was the first time they'd been together in weeks. "Gentlemen," said Henry, "I have called this little session for the purpose of scotching a ghost. Which one of you fellows found a black orchid in his home that certain evening?"

His three friends looked sore and embarrassed and avoided his gaze.

"Come, come, gentlemen," said Henry jovially, "speak up. We wouldn't be in the state we're in if we had been frank with one another." He pointed suddenly at the real-estate man. "I've got an awful strong hunch, Basil," he said, "that you've been holding out on us."

"That's a lie!" said Basil furiously. "If you're insinuating that my wife would—"

"Tut, tut," said Henry, "let's not lose our tempers. You weren't the only one that found a black orchid, Basil. I'll bet my bottom dollar that both Wilmer and John found one, too. Isn't that correct, gentlemen?"

The three stared at him with such

consternation that he knew he had guessed right.

"As a matter of fact, boys," he went on, "so did I."

The three guests looked at Henry and then at one another. Then the light began to glimmer, and they started to relax.

"That's it, boys," laughed Henry.

"We've been had, gulled, made fools of."

"And my wife didn't help any," said Basil, with a dawning grin. "She didn't exactly admit anything, but she gave me reason to believe—"

"Same here," said John. "And here," said Wilmer. "Mine, too," said Henry. "Boy, will I fix her for that!"

They all gulped their drinks and laughed with a vast and healing relief, and then Basil became grim.

"Who," he asked ominously, "pulled that one on us? Did you, Henry?"

"Didn't I tell you I was a victim, too?" said Henry. "It was Asa Tuttle."

Then he described his encounter of the previous night with Asa.

"I put two and two together," he explained. "I was pretty sure I had the answer, but I wanted to make certain. I knew that Pete Karolis, our local florist, never handled a black orchid in his life, so I spent yesterday visiting the florists in the county seat. I finally found my man. Those black orchids were ordered and paid for by Asa Tuttle."

"But how'd he get 'em into our homes?" asked Basil.

"He does gardening and odd jobs for all our wives," explained Henry. "It was no trick at all."

"When I lay my hands on him," said John Basset furiously, "I'll—"

"You'll have a chance," said Henry happily. "I've sent for him. He's due in about an hour. But let's not be too hard on Asa, boys. You've got to admit that perhaps we were a little severe with Laura—under the pressure of public opinion and all that—and, besides, do we want Asa to fall off the wagon one of these days and go all over Millville telling how he put it over on us and make us the laughingstock of the town?"

"Well, in that case," said Wilmer uneasily, "what's your plan?"

AN HOUR later, Asa Tuttle stood in the living room of Henry's home, gazing serenely at the Big Four.

"Why, yes, gentlemen," he said calmly, "I admit that you have summed up the situation accurately. The idea of the black orchids was mine. I cannot say that I regret it, even though the project taxed my financial resources to the limit—what with my having to help out Laura and my son-in-law and all." He

looked each of them in the eye, and each of them shifted his gaze. "I wanted you gentlemen to feel somewhat like I felt when my daughter was being slandered. I wanted you to know how it feels not to be able to sleep at night. I can see that I succeeded, and I must say that I am extremely gratified."

Henry Wessup cleared his throat and then spoke gruffly to hide the fact that he was at peace with the world and, at the moment, loved everybody.

"We're not condoning what you did," he said, "but we are sportsmen enough to admit that you might have had some perverted reason for believing that you had cause to do it. Now, just to show you we have no hard feelings, we are willing to do this—"

He shoved an envelope across the table toward Asa.

"In that envelope," he said, "is enough money to help Ken Lathrop through college." He then produced another envelope. "In this one," he said, "is a letter of recommendation, signed by us as members of the school board, that will enable your daughter to teach school wherever she chooses. They are both yours providing—"

"Providing what?" asked Asa.

"Providing," said Henry, "that you leave this town and promise never to come back."

"Granted," said Asa as he picked up the two envelopes and placed them safely in his breast pocket. "My departure from Millville will be the most joyous occasion of my life." He started toward the door. "I thank you, gentlemen."

If Asa had stopped there everything would have been all right in Millville again. The lodge meetings would have been full of zip and zing and the poker games would have been full of excitement and action and Fifi De Mere would not have had to close her establishment for lack of patronage.

But Asa did not stop there.

He reached the door and turned back toward the Big Four and grinned amiably and forgivingly at them.

"There is only one thing that puzzles me, gentlemen," he said. "Do I understand that all four of you discovered black orchids on your premises?"

"Why, yes," said Basil. "Wasn't that your plan?"

"It was my plan, all right," said Asa, and his grin broadened, "but, unfortunately, my financial circumstances were such that, as much as I disliked to slight one of you gentlemen, I simply could not afford to purchase more than three black orchids."

And then he was gone.

THE END

For your child, be sure, get Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN in new Children's Size



- proper dosage as prescribed by your doctor—each tablet contains half the amount of regular size Bayer Aspirin.
- cannot be mistaken for candy—each tablet is uncolored and unflavored.

30 Tablets
25¢



The Grandest Larceny (Continued from page 61)

when, at the express request of the New York Stock Exchange, William E. Bishop went to New York from Chicago to fight the bucket shops. In the course of that time, Bishop's has managed to assemble a great many pertinent and, frequently, embarrassing facts about approximately a million and a half individuals. When assigned to turn in a report, Bishop's first looks into its files and then assigns one of its investigators—many of whom possess specialized techniques acquired from working with the Department of Justice, the Treasury Department, and the police—to look into the matter further. A single unfavorable observation in an exhaustive Bishop's report is often sufficient to induce an insurance company to turn a person down. It can also influence an underwriter to resist paying a claim.

ON JULY 15, 1949, an insurance company in Newark, New Jersey, was informed by Veronica Hughes, one of its insured, that five thousand dollars' worth of her jewelry had been stolen two days before from the lobby of a Los Angeles hotel. What ensued from that point on attests as much to the sloppiness of many firms in issuing policies as to their thoroughness in subsequently trying to determine the validity of claims. Upon receipt of Miss Hughes's letter, the Newark company, like many underwriters dealing with a loss in excess of five hundred dollars, turned it over to an independent adjuster.

This adjuster's first report stated that the assured, a striking, twenty-nine-year-old blonde, had left her jewel case, together with other luggage, unattended on a chair in the hotel lobby while she went to make a telephone call. When she returned a few minutes later, the jewel case was missing. The report also stated that Miss Hughes, who had been married briefly, lived in Dayton, Ohio, where she was employed as a nurse by a Dr. Curtis Bacon. She had been given a month's vacation, which she spent in California, where she was often in the company of another Dayton girl, June Phillips. Miss Phillips said Veronica Hughes was staying, during her California vacation, in her, Miss Phillips', apartment.

Veronica Hughes, the report concluded, was a graduate of Cornell University and of Memorial Hospital, Utica, and had never before submitted a claim for the loss or theft of jewelry.

If the loss had amounted to only a few hundred dollars, the adjuster would undoubtedly have recommended its being settled. As it involved five thousand dollars, however, he went to Bishop's Service, Inc. for enlightenment. It was a smart move. Bishop's reported that June Phillips had lied in her statement that Veronica Hughes was staying in her apartment. And, furthermore, both girls had recently entered claims for jewelry losses. What was far more pertinent, however, was that Miss Phillips was the girlfriend of a jeweler who had been convicted of selling, pawning, and otherwise disposing of jewelry received on consignment or belonging to customers. As for Veronica Hughes, Bishop's discovered that she was not a registered nurse, and that the doctor for whom she worked had never received a medical degree.

As things turned out, Miss Hughes

received nothing, although there was actually no way of proving her claim fraudulent. The insurance company simply gambled that she would not be likely to take her grievance to court and risk having her questionable background and habits subjected to examination.

Cases like this are not rare and, as a result, insurance companies go to vast lengths to protect themselves against fraudulence in one form or another. Thus, a woman who has legitimately lost or been robbed of one earring from an irreplaceable set may be startled to have an adjuster point to the following clause, which is in all jewelry floaters:

"Where any insured item consists of articles in a pair or set, this policy is not to pay more than the value of any particular part or parts which may be lost, without reference to any special value which such article may have as part of

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

POSTAL NOTE

Frank R. Canning

Inside my desk, in every drawer,
Are loose and shopworn stamps
galore;

Among the clippings old or
recent,

Lurk dozens of the standard
three-cent,

While in with carbons, pens, and
tissues,

I find commemorative issues;

In fact, it's seldom I've the
luck to

Find a paper one's not stuck to.

In every cranny, niche, and nook,
They're scattered everywhere I
look

In rich profusion, never failing,
Until a letter's due for mailing.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

such pair or set; nor more than a proportionate part of the insured value of the part or set."

Another clause in most jewelry floaters specifies that the insurance is not written to cover property belonging to more than one person unless the persons are related to each other.

Underwriters are unpredictable, however, and in certain circumstances, they insure jewelry belonging to two persons not related to each other. One such circumstance applies to engagement and wedding rings, which may be issued coverage in the names of (as W. H. Rodda remarks, with understatement) "the two interested parties." For all its scent of orange blossoms, however, this, too, can have its repercussions.

What happens, for example, if the engagement ring is stolen before the couple gets to the altar? Or, more unthinkable still, what happens if the engagement ring is stolen, and the couple subsequently decides that marriage would be a huge mistake? The Texas Court of Civil Appeals found itself confronted

with just such a teaser a few years ago. Here, briefly, is what happened:

The plaintiff, who was the fiancé, had bought an engagement ring for fifteen hundred dollars, presented it to his betrothed, and then secured a marriage license. Shortly afterward, the ring was stolen and then, a few weeks later, the plaintiff decided not to get married after all. He thereupon sued the insurance company, alleging that the ring was still his because the bestowal of it was conditional upon his marrying the girl. After furrowing its collective brow for an interval, the court announced that the fiancé, in presenting his girl with the ring, had conferred title to it to her.

No jewel robber ever realizes as much on his haul as the papers report. A man who steals a hundred thousand dollars' worth of diamonds, for example, will consider himself singularly fortunate if he winds up with thirty thousand dollars in cash. Some experts on the subject feel, in fact, that this is an improbable figure. One of them, John Scott Tobin, a former New York City detective who is now a private investigator and highly successful at solving jewel robberies, says that few thieves can realize very much more than ten per cent of the actual value of the stolen jewelry. In the first place, according to Tobin, a thief has to take the stones to a fence. The fence must then spend money to have the settings changed, and after that, he must resell at the risk of being caught. It is, incidentally, a fairly simple matter for a skilled craftsman to disguise precious stones and thus make their recovery difficult. It is Tobin's estimate that out of a reported hundred-thousand-dollar jewel robbery, the thief gets around twelve thousand dollars and the fence draws down a bit over twenty thousand dollars.

Most insurance companies waste little time resisting what their intuition and experience tell them are legitimate claims for theft. They are, however, extremely reluctant to make a settlement if they suspect fraudulence on the part of the claimant. Frequently, indeed, it would seem that there is less honor among victims—or, more accurately, alleged victims—than among thieves. People who have suffered severe gambling losses, for instance, are apt to pawn their jewelry, wait three or four weeks, and then present a claim for loss or theft. There are also those who, upon incurring an actual loss, suddenly decide, "I'll make the claim bigger than it is. This isn't stealing. It's an insurance company, isn't it?"

BY NOW, of course, insurance companies are aware of most of the factors involved in jewel robberies. Last January, however, they discovered that they still had things to learn. On the night of January thirteenth, Magda Gabor was robbed of twenty-seven thousand dollars in jewels and furs. As the thieves approached her, they said, "Where are the rings you wore on your sister's program two evenings earlier, and had disappeared on Eva Gabor's television program two evenings earlier and had displayed two rings, worth ten thousand dollars and six thousand dollars. The New York police described this as the first jewel robbery in history to be "cased by television."

THE END

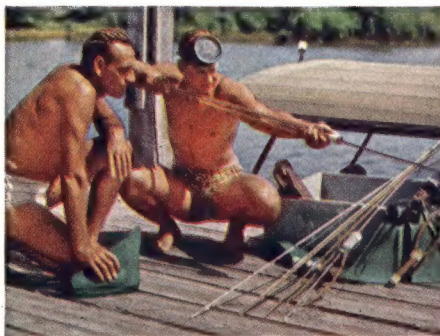
Underwater fight to the finish

1 "Defying sharks to spear sea giants is Arthur Pinder's idea of fun," writes a friend of Canadian Club. "I followed Pinder down 30 feet in Bahama waters. With only a sling gun, he tied into a 300-pound sea bass. As the foam of battle swallowed them up, I fought my way up for air..."



2 "After a wild fight, Pinder finally subdued the sea bass and I helped him boat his giant prize. He'd stayed with this leviathan for 15 minutes, snatching gulps of air each time they surfaced."

5 "Hunting's no hardship when it's great whisky you're after," I said. "No matter where I travel, I always find my favorite, Canadian Club." Why this worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bour-



3 "Anything that swims is fair game for Pinder's primitive sling gun. Back at Bimini, I got a closer look at the bamboo-and-rubber gun. 'Give me a rod and reel,' I said, when Pinder suggested another foray into shark waters. 'I'm fond of too many pleasures in life...'"

bon—yet there is no other whisky that tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.



4 "I see what you mean," Pinder said at the Compleat Angler in Bimini. I'd ordered the best in the house. The waiter brought Canadian Club!



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"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

90.4 PROOF

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